



The LADIES' REPOSITORY

APRIL.

THE FOUNDESS OF SAINT CYR.

(CONCLUDED.)

THERE was one thing that Madame de Maintenon placed above instruction, and labor even—religion. These beautiful and simple words were her maxim: "Piety before all, reason next, and talents for what they are worth." Madame de Glapion, her pupil and friend, one of the most remarkable Lady Superiors of Saint Cyr, asking her one day what she understood by that solid education she was so anxious should be given the young ladies—"I understand," said she, "that it is to apply yourself, before and above every thing else, to forming the piety, understanding, and manners of your girls, to inspire in them the love and practice of all the virtues which can be suitable to them for the present and future; and to this end it is necessary to labor unceasingly both to destroy and to plant in these young hearts, which is to be done daily by the public and private conversations that you should have with them, skillfully turning to account all opportunities for inculcating good principles, good maxims, and yet more, good sentiments and habits."

We see that in all this education the religious sentiment is predominant. Piety is the principal affair of life, monastic piety it is true, more external than profound, as we shall have occasion to remark, and insufficient from the Gospel stand-point, but nevertheless having power over the heart and conscience. Saint Cyr can not serve as a model for our educational institutions of the present day; times are changed—we have other exigencies and other needs, we wish for our daughters a higher and more varied course of instruction, but we could not desire a more severe discipline, nor principles of education more solid and true. Although Madame de

Maintenon sacrificed to the exclusive aim of forming the heart and judgment of her pupils many things that we could not sacrifice nowadays, it is none the less true that all serious men will not compare, without feelings of bitter regret, this austere and moral education with the modern education, which in its turn too often sacrifices the heart and judgment to the frivolities and vain amusements of life. A monastic and childish piety is far better than worldly levity. The religious sentiment possesses a secret virtue that raises the heart above selfishness and the miserable interests of this life. An education which reposes on these eternal principles may go astray in its details, but it will always produce great virtues and noble characters. A worldly education will only produce heartless women and unscrupulous men.

Many volumes of Madame de Maintenon's correspondence have been published in the course of the past few years. All the letters they contain relate to Saint Cyr, and, what is remarkable, there is scarcely one of them that does not contain an exhortation, a religious thought or some lesson in piety. We feel in reading them that we are drawing near in some points to those powerful generations for whom the interests of faith had a capital importance. There is, in fact, in the religion of this period a dying reflection of a great light, there are virtues of great strength, and combined with the refinements of the general corruption something harsh and austere which still recalls the religious passions of a departed century. This entire generation is still mastered by religion, even in its enthusiasms and most excessive disorders. We catch a glimpse of a mortal struggle in souls, that allows neither repose in vice nor peace in conversion. The very persons who astonish us by the scandalousness of their

immorality surprise us by the extent and excess of their penances.

A few years later, at the time of the favor of Madame de Maintenon, this general ardor subsided—this twofold enthusiasm was calmed. At the time that manners assumed a more regular external character, piety, regulated and restrained, appeared under more subdued forms. A like constraint rendered both vice and virtue pliant. It would be unjust to hold Madame de Maintenon responsible for the great hypocrisy that marked the close of this long and unhappy reign; the example of her devotion was insufficient to effect this result. Other more general causes contributed to it: the conversion and old age of the King, the disasters of France, and the all-powerful influence of the Jesuits.

When the mask fell, that is, when Louis XIV died, bearing to his tomb the last grandeur of the age, all this devoutness changed to a hideous materialism. Such was the sad close of the century of Bossuet and the most brilliant orators of whom the Catholic Church can boast. We are startled when we reflect that but a few years separate this time of sacrilegious comedy from the funeral orations of the Bishop of Meaux, the struggles of Pascal and the sacred influence of Fenelon.

Madame de Maintenon has often been accused of hypocrisy; it has been said that she made a stepping-stone of her devoutness to reach the height of fortune that transformed the widow of Scarron into the morganatic wife of Louis XIV. Nothing justifies this calumnious assertion. This woman could be discreet and even adroit in profiting by her advantages, and in managing at once her conscience and her position, but she was never base nor a hypocrite. After reading her letters to Saint Cyr it is impossible to even think such a thought. Besides, she was devout for a long time before she could have suspected the part which Providence would one day call her to enact. An anecdote of her childhood, related by M. Héquet, shows us how closely in her the religious sentiment was allied to a firm and decided character. Her aunt, Madame de Villette, had nurtured her in the principles of the reformed religion. Her mother, wishing one day to take her to mass, the child refused to go. "You do not love me, then?" said her mother. "I love God more," replied the little Huguenot. Being taken to church she there committed such acts of irreverence that her mother at last, tried beyond endurance, gave her a box on the ear. Presenting immediately the other cheek, "Strike," said the child; "it is beautiful to suffer for one's religion." When Madame de Neuillant, who had obtained an

order from the court to remove her from the care of her aunt and restore her to the bosom of orthodoxy, tried to convert her, the young girl obstinately resisted and disputed with every body, not excepting the curate, to whom she said one day, when she had reached the limit of her arguments, "You know more than I do, but here is a book—the Bible—which knows more about it than you do. This book does not say what you say, and that is why you do not wish any one to read it."

Neither threats nor punishments could effect any thing with this child; it was necessary to have recourse to mildness and win her by kindness and address, until at last, half-convinced, she cried, "I will believe all you wish, if you do not ask me to believe that my aunt de Vellette will be damned." At twenty, as the wife of Scarron, living in the midst of a frivolous and often compromising circle of society, she obeyed with a scrupulous exactness all the prescribed usages of the Catholic Church. Madame de Caglio shows her to us in the house which was open to men of wit and pleasure, eating, in Lent, a herring at one end of the table, and withdrawing immediately to her chamber, "because she understood that, at her age, a less exact and austere course would remove all restraint on the license of these youth and become prejudicial to her reputation." Before this time, in 1654, she already spoke the language of devout feeling, and wrote to a woman whom great weakness had compromised, "Apply to some good man who will lead you in the ways of the Lord. All is vanity and vexation of spirit, as experience will teach you. Cast yourself into the arms of God. It is he alone of whom we do not weary, and who never wearies of those who love him."

Afterward her widowhood, her dependent position, and her misfortunes urged her forward in the path of devotion. She chose a spiritual director, the Abbé Gobelin, a man of not much elevation of mind, who, dazzled by the unexpected grandeur of his penitent, lost his mental balance, and no longer able to guide her, was replaced by the Abbé Desmarets, afterward Bishop of Chartres. M. de Noailles justly remarks that the history of Madame de Maintenon could be made out less readily from the admirers of her beauty, her wit, and her influence, than from her successive spiritual directors. This is true; her piety developed in the direction given it by the men who had charge of her conscience, it was still worldly with the Abbé Gobelin, who lacked force and decision, but more severe under the Bishop Desmarets; both confessors with shades of difference, but with the

same narrowness of mind, initiated her into the religion of St. Francis de Sales and practical devotion. We shall also have occasion to remark that her spiritual directors, as well as all other members of the clergy who were connected with her, thought above all of fitting her for the part that the Church designed her to take. This was the conversion of the King, and the destruction of heresy throughout the kingdom.

In her turn Madame de Maintenon had charge of souls at Saint Cyr, and that charge was far from being a sinecure, for all the opinions of the age, quietism with Fénelon, Jansenism, and even the Protestant heresy had there found ready access; religious passions fermented there so much the more that religion was the only thing taught with any system. She opposed all these various tendencies, with the calm perseverance and authority of speech that distinguished her, the religion she herself practiced, simple, sound, and straightforward piety, unquestioning and not refined upon, the ideal that she sought for unceasingly and thought she found in her beloved author, St. Francis de Sales.

"Inspire in them," she wrote as early as 1686 to Madame de Brinon, "a simple, straightforward piety, which consists in separation from sin, in walking with God, and suffering ourselves to be led with docility; if it pleases God to call them to a high perfection and extraordinary ways, let it be a secret between them and their confessor." "A good way," said she again in 1715, "to guard against falling into this belief [Jansenism] is to adhere to the reading of the old and approved authors, such as Grenade and Rodriguez, St. Francis de Sales, etc.; for those of the gentlemen of Port Royal convey a venom all the more dangerous that their style is more flattering to the natural and educated taste. As for me I have never relished any of their books, although they are very fine; the mind is pleased with them, but the heart is not better fitted to serve God, and I have never felt myself more inclined to good from reading them. It is not so with my good St. Francis de Sales; I could not read a page of his without longing to serve God, nor without its seeming to me that I was going to work wonders."

She had naturally little taste for what she termed religious subtleties. Her clear and sound mind was by no means inclined to mystical researches; therefore she did not cease to preach to her dear girls, not very docile in this respect, the simplicity of faith and submission.

"They are only too happy not to be obliged to know all these differences," said she, in a con-

versation with the young ladies of the "blue class," "since it is not for them to pronounce decisions; it is this that causes me often to bless God that I am a woman, because it is expected of us not to speak of these things, and even to be ignorant of them, and that is one peril the less for us. If you are asked of what party you are, answer that you do not take sides on the undecided opinions of the Church; that you believe all that it believes, and condemn what it condemns. This is the course I took in my youth, which I passed with great wits who were constantly disputing about these matters: I never took part in their disputes."

It was thus that, without too well foreseeing the consequences, she taught the artless faith, so strongly recommended nowadays, which cuts short all difficulties, saves from all perils, spares all struggles, and allows the heart to sleep in the sweet peace of obedience.

With the firm resolution of having no personal opinions in matters of faith, and of submitting blindly to the decisions of the competent authority, Madame de Maintenon lived peaceably in the midst of the parties which were surging about her, serving them up to the time when the Church declared itself against them, abandoning them then without scruple, and even giving their persecutors the support of her name and influence. The facility with which she renounced successively her own views and friendships, to follow directions opposed to her instincts and feelings, is astonishing. Fénelon, for example, had charmed her as much by his doctrine as by the graces of his person. She had even for a moment the thought of giving to the "young saint" the direction of her conscience; she had introduced his works at Saint Cyr, where all those young heads enamored by mysticism talked only of "renunciation" and "perfect love." Fénelon was condemned, and Madame de Maintenon persecuted quietism with a zeal equal to that with which she had attempted to spread it. The peaceable house of Saint Cyr had thus its interior drama, its scenes of tears and griefs, and *lettres de cachet* exiled the most zealous of the nuns. The same submissiveness marked her relations with the Jansenists and the Cardinal de Noailles. It was this frightful docility that led her to surrender the country to the intrigues of the Jesuits, whom she did not love, and caused her, gifted with a sensitive heart, without passions, or hate, or revenge to gratify, or interests or political ambition to satisfy, to be dragged into sharing, while she deprecated all the cruelties and horrors that sullied the close of the reign of Louis XIV. The necessity of sustaining her position con-

stantly overruled the inclinations of her heart. If we were to confine ourselves to showing the bonds which bind Madame de Maintenon to that narrow and superficial devotion of which St. Francis de Sales was the hero and apostle, we should give but a very incomplete idea of her religious physiognomy. We should not explain that impression of strength and grandeur that the reading of her correspondence leaves on the most prejudiced mind. Madame de Maintenon exceeded, in fact, the narrow limits to which her spiritual guides sought to confine her mind. All littleness was repugnant to her character; an admirable good sense guarded her against all exaggerations of doctrine and piety. So, though she liked the practices of convents, she stopped short of the point where these become puerile or too ascetic. She aimed at perfect devotion; but only just so far as where the equilibrium of the faculties ceases, she submitted her intellect, but had a horror of superstition.

"Explain to them the duties of religion," she wrote to Madame de la Mairie; "we are satisfied if they know by heart the commandments of God, without teaching them to what they oblige us, they know 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me,' and worship the Virgin; they say, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and maintain there is no sin in robbing the King. I have seen all that I say." "Try," she said to the nuns of St. Louis, "try to inculcate a horror of the disposition of cowardly souls, who do not wish to commit mortal sin for fear of being damned, and yet reserve to themselves what must be displeasing to God. . . . Lead them to God by this way of love much more than by fear, and make them enter thereby into this childlike liberty and confidence; but let them know, above all things, that the first step in the Christian life, and the true mark of conversion, is separation from sin; all others are doubtful."

Does not this recall the little Huguenot who resisted Madame de Neuillant so firmly? Is there not in these forcible words a reminder of her austere youth? May not this be the foundation of the accusation of Calvinism made against her in her life-time, and to Louis XIV even? If we recall, at the same time, her profound dislike to mass, her decided taste for the singing of psalms, her persistence in keeping her reformed domestics near her, in spite of the wishes of the King, shall we not conclude that the impressions of her childhood were not entirely effaced, and formed a happy counterpoise to less severe and less Christian tendencies? However this may be, it is the moral inspiration that in Madame de Maintenon relieves the monotonous language of mawkish devotion. We can not fail to recog-

nize in her something firm and manlike. We do not admire in her letters either her moderation exclusively, or her good sense, or that wise eclecticism which causes her to avoid extremes, and makes her choose the good in all things. I am less struck by the depth than the clearness of her views, by the extent than by the force of her ideas. Fénelon, speaking of her, said hers was "the language of wisdom, speaking by the mouth of the graces." This may have been true of her conversation, but it is not of her style, which is more correct than graceful. Madame de Maintenon's great merit is, that she understood religion as a moral power, which sanctifies the life, and elevates the soul above sin at the same time that it detaches it from the world, without withdrawing it from the most humble duties and pains. It was this that assured the incontestable success of her letters. We would like to find in them a greater precision of doctrine, a deeper feeling, a profounder faith, a less superficial knowledge of the Gospel. Virtue and the fulfillment of duty do not constitute the whole of Christianity, but render it respectable in the eyes of the world. Madame de Maintenon caused it to be loved at Saint Cyr by means of an elevated and very moral kind of preaching. From this point of view, the republishing of her "Edifying Letters" will not be useless at the present time. We could not finish better than by citing another extract, in which she sums up the teachings of her whole life:

"ADVICE TO THE YOUNG LADIES OF ST. CYR.

"February, 1708.

"Although there is in the spirit of the institution of the nuns of St. Louis an article which concerns you, and ought to suffice you, you wish me to mark out for you something especially for yourselves; and I do it heartily, loving you as my children, and desiring ardently that you may profit by the education that the King provides for you.

"To fulfill his designs you must be good Christians, and teachable; these two qualities include what you should desire.

"Study your religion, then, constantly. Love the Catechism, for it contains all the articles of faith, the mysteries, and all that we are to do to fulfill the law of God. Practice what you learn; be pious, humble, charitable, silent, modest. Christianity consists in the practice of all the virtues. Piety is profitable in all things; a crown without piety would only the more surely cast you into hell. How unfortunate you would be without piety! You would not be happy in this world, and would be forever miserable in the other. Lay up, then, my dear girls, a good store of piety to support you amid the perils and

privations to which you may be exposed. This is the bulwark of your safety; this is what you should seek at the expense of every thing else, and when you have acquired it you will assuredly possess the docility, which is the second quality that I desire for you. Submit willingly to the rules of your house; do not despise any observance; accustom yourselves early to subjection. Do not be disdainful, but be kind and simple; love to please your teachers, and to console them for the trouble you give them. . . . Let the especial character of the young ladies of Saint Cyr still be sound piety and attachment to wholesome doctrine. This, my dear children, is what I recommend to you. Of what use will it be that you have wished me to write you, if you do not put what I say in practice? True piety is that which attaches us to the duties of our condition; your piety will not be true if, while you are at Saint Cyr, you do not make it consist in observing for the love of God the rules and customs of the house. You would pray in vain from morning to evening, if you did not pray in the way God requires, and at the time he requires.

"Your piety would not be true if, being nuns, you should not be faithful to the institution in which God placed you. Your piety would not be true if, being married, you should leave your husband, your children, and your little servant, to go to church, at a time when you are not obliged to go there. Let sound piety be the piety of the pupils at St. Cyr. Attach yourselves to the Church; follow its spirit and maxims; be simple in your choice of reading; avoid the curiosity which destroys many of our sex; avoid suspicious books and persons; take the safest path, which is the practice of the Gospel, according to the duties of your state, as explained by a spiritual guide of irreproachable doctrine."

THE POETIC SENTIMENT IN RELIGION.

RELIGIOUS experience has reference chiefly to the emotions and passions which enter into the character, and have to do with the whole history of the Christian life. God dwells in the Christian's heart; he occupies the seat and center of the emotional being. Every sentiment, passion, or desire, should find its well-spring, its channel, and its end in God. There is a class of sentiments and emotions which, although they are always found in connection with the love of Christ in the soul, in certain modified and sanctified forms, are liable to become dominant, and to some extent destructive of the pure principles of love to God, and complete

submission to his will. Teachers of religion should understand the use and importance in religious experience of these sentiments, which are truly and properly the poetic; and likewise their abuses, and so be qualified to employ them, and control their manifestations to the glory of God.

We shall attempt, first, to show the relation and use of the poetic in religion, and, secondly, the abuse of this sentiment. Poetry is the measured beautiful. It is the language of the emotions; or, rather, the emotions themselves expressed through the medium of the imagination, or directly and potently acting upon and inspiring it. Poetry, as we shall use the name in this paper, is the grand and majestic moving, in measured tread, of the emotions as impelled and accompanied by the fancy and the imagination. Poetry, as thus in part defined, is more or less common to the race, and has constituted a prominent characteristic of man in all ages of the world. Traces of the poetic are found far back in his early history; indeed, it is a matter of natural inference, if not of positive proof, that it must have been the rule rather than the exception with our first parents in Eden prior to the fall. There was every thing in their surroundings to breed the poetic. Montgomery saw, in the early history of the race, poetry enough to suggest to his mind "The World Before the Flood," a poem of considerable length and great beauty. The first poem proper in the Bible is Lamech's speech to his wives. That poems had been pronounced prior to this there is little room to doubt, since the measured and imaginative form of speech was frequently and, indeed, almost constantly employed by the ancients, and constitutes a very prominent feature of the entire of the Old Testament Scriptures. Civilization seems to tone down the poetic, to clip the wings of the muses, and to fetter the fancy. Not because poetry is no longer necessary, or because it becomes distasteful. It is as necessary as history or mathematics, and as agreeable as the sunshine of the morning, or the song of the nightingale to the weary cottager. Civilization consumes time by increasing the real and supposed wants; it inclines to matter of fact, and leaves but little power for fancy's flight.

Not so with mind in its ruder form. The race, in all the periods of its less cultivated state, developed a fondness and an aptness for poetry that ceases to characterize us now. We speak more particularly of the poetic sentiment than of poetry as expressed in measured speech. And yet, although measured speech and the rules that apply to it are of comparatively recent origin, scarcely dating beyond the

days of Aristotle. The ancients were accustomed to employ a rude measure frequently in their social conversation, especially when that conversation became animated. It characterized all their expression of religious sentiment in private and in public, in meditation and in prayer. It was common to them on all occasions of pleasure or of grief. Whenever the emotions were stirred, or the fancy pleased, there was poetry. In the Psalms of David, and the Lamentations of Jeremiah, we have the most noted examples of such poetic expression. It is still characteristic of the Christian world, to some considerable extent, as is seen in our songs of praise and funeral hymns.

The poet, he who could give expression in beautiful and intelligent language to the measured and majestic sentiments of the soul under the inspiration of the imagination, or of the Divine Spirit, has ever been in requisition, and usually held in high esteem. Almost all the writers of the Old Testament were poets. It is true they did not all write a book of poetry, as did David and Solomon, but they frequently felt the kindling of poetic passion, and under the influence of the glowing sentiment they threw off those little waifs which have come floating down the stream of time to us, laden with the riches of ancient minds, and on fire with the love of God.

Moses was not only legislator but poet—the Homer as well as the Solon of his time. Some of the grandest and most beautiful lyrics the world ever read are from his pen. The prophets were all poets—from the loftiest to the lowliest—from the fire-girt Ezekiel, with his heavenly machinery of wheels in wheels, to the gloomy Joel with his swarms of locusts—from the rapt Isaiah, with his visions of a conquering Christ, to the awe-struck Habakkuk with the vision of Jehovah's burning wrath.

Poetry was an essential element in the religion of the Jews, as is evinced in the poetry of the prophets, the Psalms of David and others, and the temple of Solomon with its God-given service and its divine architecture. In the service choir answered to choir as the High Priest, accompanied by the rest of the priesthood, addressed the Levites:

"Praise ye Jah!"

And the Levites returned the strain, the congregation joining:

"Praise him, O ye servants of Jehovah!"

And the congregation addressed the priests:

"Ye that stand in the house of Jehovah!"

Then the Levites:

"In the courts of the house of our God!"

In the architecture of the temple there was poetry of the highest order, that appealed to and excited the imagination and impressed the heart.

Poetry is no less essential in our worship than it was in the worship of the Jews. It sustains an important relation to our religious life. We employ the measured language of song in our social and public services; without it they would be comparatively soulless. When the feelings are wrought upon by the Divine Spirit, no other than the lofty, measured language of the emotions will answer our purpose. Sometimes we sing it, and the measured and harmonious sounds help the measured speech, and both together aid and relieve the measured movements or emotions of the soul. Sometimes when graciously wrought upon we simply repeat some poetic language; and some of these quotations from our hymn-book, as they fall from the lips of men and women untaught in the schools, become the mighty vehicles of God's truth and of God's power to other hearts. Frequently, as all have at times observed, the language of the witness for Christ seems, under the mighty influence of divine inspiration, to fall spontaneously into measured form, and even at times into perfect rhyme. We have witnessed these religious poetic manifestations at camp meetings, when the Divine Spirit, in great measure, has been poured out upon the people. It is as often witnessed in the sermons of ministers who, without manuscript, look for and receive the baptism of power. We have already remarked that the poetic is as essential now, in our Christian experience and Christian worship, as it was to the Jews; and it is also true that we enjoy it to a very large extent, not only in our modes of worship, but also in our places of worship, which is legitimate and profitable. The grandeur of the Temple had its uses; so has the proper adorning of our places of worship. The imagination is, without doubt, a more important agency and element in Christian experience than we are given to suppose. I will submit the question, without attempting an answer, whether there can be any pure love of God or faith in the Redeemer, without involving the exercise of the imagination.

I come now to consider the abuses of the poetic sentiment in religion. I am aware it is a delicate task, and I shall try to deal discreetly.

The faculty of the imagination, it would seem, is near akin to creative energy, for it sees the forms of things unseen and unproduced. Its creations are real though intangible. There is a natural propensity to follow the poetry of the heart. This tendency is seen among all

idolatrous nations, who form to themselves gods after their own imaginations.

The abuse of the poetic in religion is seen in those churches where beauty of sound or form is sought to the almost entire neglect of the spiritual. It may develop itself in many ways. One form of it may be church architecture, where nothing is deemed sacred or appropriate that does not assume the gothic. Another form of its development may be church paintings; another, church service, arranged and conducted to please the fancy and gratify the taste for the merely poetic. Every thing is stately, grand, and beautiful. If Christ is there he is a dead Christ, concealed by evergreens and decked with artificial flowers. There may be plenty of crosses, but there are no blood stains upon them—pure Parian, or gold, or pearl. These crosses are not borne in the daily discharge of Christian duty—in acts of charity, self-denial, and mercy. They may be worn upon the breast, but are never carried in the heart. The light shines, but it is only a gaslight, or the dim flicker of a sperm candle, that will scarcely enable others to see their good works and glorify God. In such instances poetry predominates to the destruction of piety.

Another, and perhaps far more dangerous development of the poetic in religion, and an instance of its dominance over the spiritual, is found in modern Transcendentalism—a religion that has much of the human and little of the divine in it—a religion that seeks for grandeur more than it seeks for God, except as he may be exhibited in the tulip, the daisy, or in the faded leaves of Autumn—a religion that has plenty of fancy but no faith, and plenty of words without wisdom—a religion that exalts man above the heavens, and degrades God to the level of a servant: such is Transcendentalism.

That many of the followers of Parker and Emerson are honest in their religious convictions we no more doubt than we do that they are misled.

Margaret Fuller is a fair sample of those whose poetic, transcendental religion has led them captive in their benighted gropings after God without a Christ. She says: "Loving or feeble natures need a positive religion, a visible refuge, a protection as much in the passionate season of youth as in those stages nearer the grave. Mine is not such. My pride is superior to any feelings I have yet experienced, my affection is strong admiration, not the necessity of giving and receiving assistance or sympathy. When disappointed I do not ask or wish consolation. I know I feel the time must come when this proud and impatient heart shall be

stilled, and turn from the ardors of search and action to lean on something above. I believe in a God, a beauty, and perfection to which I am to strive all my life for assimilation. From these two articles of belief I draw the rules by which I strive to regulate my life. Reverencing all religions as necessary to the happiness of man, I am yet ignorant of the religion of Revelation. Tangible promises, well-defined hopes, are things of which I do not now feel the need. At present my soul is intent on this life." At length a change came—a wonderful and poetic change. It was Thanksgiving day. She returned from church dissatisfied with the sentiments of the preacher—dissatisfied with the congregation and with herself. It was a pensive Autumn day. She wandered forth to a spring; there was no pleasure in it. She felt alone in the world. It was an hour of fearful agony. She came at length to where the withered leaves lay thick "about a little pool, dark and silent." "I sat down there," she says; "I did not think. All was dark, and cold, and still. Suddenly the sun shone out with that transparent sweetness, like the last smile of a dying lover, which it will use when it has been unkind all a cold Autumn day. And, dear reader, even then passed into my thought a beam from its true sun, from its native sphere, which has never yet departed from me. Then and there I saw there was no self, that selfishness was all folly, that it was only because I was absorbed in self that I suffered, that I had only to live in the idea of the all, and all was mine. This truth came to me, and I received it unhesitatingly, so that I was for that hour taken up into God. In that true way most of the relations of life seemed mere films. I was dwelling in the ineffable, the unutterable." Such was her religious experience. Not one word, not one thought of Christ. A beautiful poetic and moral sentiment of humanity is taken for real piety. Similar to this is the experience of Madame Roland, as given by her biographer: "God thus became in Jane's mind a vision of poetic beauty. Religion was the inspiration of enthusiasm and sentiment. The worship of the Deity was blended with all that was ennobling and beautiful. Moved by these glowing fancies, her susceptible nature, in these tender years, turned away from atheism, from infidelity, from irreligion, as from that that was unrefined, revolting, vulgar. The consciousness of the presence of God, the adoration of his being became a passion of her soul." This state of mind was poetry and not piety. It involved no sense of the holiness of the divine law, no consciousness of unworthiness, no need of a Savior.

The poetic sentiment in peculiarly susceptible

minds may become a tolerable counterfeit for piety. Herein is the fact accounted for, that decidedly irreligious men have written some of our most beautiful hymns—hymns which serve to breathe the very spirit of devotion; instance, some of the productions of Moore and Lord Byron. There is a modern style of poetry coming to be quite extensively employed in social religious meetings that is not worthy of the name, and is addressed chiefly, and some of it entirely, to the fancy, and is far from being creditable to Christians or acceptable to God. And yet many good people, mistaking the merely poetic sentiment for the influence of the spirit, suppose themselves happy where there is no solemnity and little faith. "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting."

Akin to this is the temptation and danger of ministers of the Gospel catering to the weaknesses of unsanctified minds—seeking popularity and the crowd by concealing the unpoetic ugliness of sin, and by so covering up the blessed cross with green flowers of an uncultured fancy as to present a religion of poetry instead of a religion of power. Christ is to be set forth, in all our ministry, as the central object of attraction.

A Spanish artist painted the Lord's Supper with matchless perfection. He dashed his brush impatiently over the canvas as he overheard a bystander applauding the wine which shone inimitably and sparkled in the goblets. "Is it possible," he exclaimed, "that any one should see that picture, and think of any thing but the face of Jesus?"

ECCE BIBLIA!

THE Bible! how can I portray its value? How measure the unmeasurable divine wisdom contained in it? By what line fathom that deep sea of love on which it launches the redeemed, eternity-bound mariner? Could I grasp infinity, could I weigh immortal glory, I could then set forth the full value of the Bible. I will, therefore, only indicate some of its characteristics as a book of literature, and for this life.

In this respect it surpasses every other book. Words in any case are useless except as a vehicle of thought. And language is most perfect when it conveys in the simplest manner the weightiest truths. In this the Bible has no equal. The thoughts are the purest, and the expression the fittest and most complete.

Look into its narratives, in that lucid brevity and beauty, which come so near to actual sight of the scenes related. Glance at its biogra-

phies. They are no dry delineation of the virtues of humanity, nor distortions of its vices; no wicked specimens embalmed in the aromatic dressings of the writer. Its characters are all living, breathing men and women, and make a part of the great, living world. We are as well acquainted with Abraham, Moses, and David, with Sarah, Rebekah, and Rachel, as if we had been their contemporaries. We have often sat by them in their tent and walked with them in the fields. And we have heard them tell the tale of their beautiful life until it has become a part of our own.

As a book of history the Bible has no competitor. Even Tacitus and Herodotus will not bear comparison with Moses and the evangelists in simplicity and beauty of style, or for the grandeur and value of the facts they record. This is the most ancient as well as comprehensive of histories. It carries us back to the birth of Time, when God brought chaos out of nothing, and then light and order, fertility and beauty out of chaos. In it we stand by the cradle of the race and see it in its primitive innocence and simplicity.

The Bible describes distinctly the incoming of evil into the world, and thus does more to solve that most difficult of problems than all human speculations. It also gives the clew to subsequent history, by the intimations of a coming seed of the woman, who should finally vanquish the woman's tempter. Toward that victory every thing in Bible history gradually moves forward. It teaches us that nothing in this life is final, but that every thing ultimates in the boundless hereafter. Nothing comes by chance either. Nothing stands alone, and nothing stands still. Every thing is a part of something else, and of the great moving whole. The first link in the chain is connected alike with the second, the fiftieth, and the last. Adam holds a historic relation to the latest of his descendants, as really as a natural one to the first. So does Abraham, the covenant father of the faithful, to the whole company of believers.

One dispensation leads on to another and a higher. The law is preliminary to the Gospel, and the Gospel to heaven. The world moves steadily on toward something higher and better. What a unity! What a glorious harmony! What a grand progress!

And why is this? Because God is above the world, and every-where at work within it. God made the world and governs it. It is "of him, and through him, and to him." This is the true philosophy of history, and it is because the Bible history is the simple record of the unfolding plan of this government, that it so

immeasurably surpasses in value all other histories.

As to the *poetry* of this divine book, it might be sufficient to say that it is the source of all the most pure and elevated sentiment which has brightened and blessed the world. At this fountain the noblest genius has never been weary of drinking, and from it the feeblest faith and most uncultivated piety have never gone away unrefreshed.

The Hebrew poets took their inspiration from those living springs which gush out from underneath the throne of the Lamb. They went up into the mount of God and breathed in air warmer and purer than ever bathed the head of classic Olympus. They caught their sublime strains in listening to the harpings of heaven. What wonder that beautiful images crowded upon their minds, that the floods clap their hands, that the fields sing, and the sea lifts up its voice, that "the mountains skip like rams, and the little hills like lambs," when the great God is seen to be over all and in all, and the whole external beauty is as his smile, lingering on this sin-marred world! And how sublime is that grand *Te Deum*!

"Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons and all deeps; fire and hail, snow and vapors, stormy wind fulfilling his word; mountains and all hills; fruitful trees and all cedars; beasts and all cattle; creeping things and flying fowl; kings of the earth and all people; princes and all judges; both young men and maidens, old men and children: let them praise the name of the Lord, for his name alone is excellent, his glory is above the earth and heaven."

When I speak of philosophy I am obliged almost to say there is none outside of the Bible, except what has been drawn from it. Yet it does not so much teach philosophy as make its students profound philosophers. It is a book of living principles and great facts. It is not idealistic or nominalistic, but a most practical realism for the enlightenment and regeneration of humanity. It punctures the balloon-like inflations of a self-conceited naturalism, and yet tasks the reasoning powers on the plain of a most rational science, while it lends them the helping hand of a vigorous faith.

It treats of man and his Maker, of their mutual relations and of man's duties and destiny. It tells him what he is, whence he came, and whither he is going. It appeals to the conscience through the intellect, according to the laws of mental action, and is thence the best *intellectual* philosophy. It furnishes the only perfect rule of duty, social and ethical, and is, therefore, the best *moral* philosophy. Setting

God on the throne, it places his law above every ordinance of man, as a supreme rule for nations as well as individuals, and is thence the wisest profound *political* philosophy.

Transparently theistic, it opposes alike polytheism, pantheism, atheism, and naturalism. It is neither Platonic nor Aristotelian, except so far as rays of truth from it may have been wrought into one or the other of these systems; yet it is more and better than either. It belongs neither to the fickle French school, nor to the mystic German, nor the materialistic British, but is a master in schools, from the university down to the Sabbath school.

But although the inspired Word is not a treatise on natural science, yet, in a sense, the Bible is the most thoroughly scientific of books. It is in the most entire agreement with all true science, and is more promotive of progress in this department than any other book. All the great discoveries have sprung up under its influence. To repay this debt natural science is contributing to the more exact interpretation of the Scriptures. According to their popular language the sun rises and sets, and the earth is established that it can not be moved. When Galileo discovered that the sun is stationary, and that the earth revolves around it, the theologians joined issue with the man of science, and the Pope and cardinals compelled him to abjure this most important discovery. They charged astronomy with hostility to the Bible, and issued anathemas against it. But it was not infidel. It was not in disagreement even with the letter of Scripture rightly understood. The new theory of science corrected the old interpretation of the Bible, and science and the Bible are now most harmonious on all the principles of astronomy.

Some have had fears concerning the recent discoveries and discussions in geology, but there is no occasion for fear. Scientific men may make mistakes; they have not on all points reached settled results. Skeptics and smatterers in science may abuse its principles, and seek to array them against the Bible; but in the end both the Bible and science will avenge themselves upon such perverters, and stand clear from all accusations.

God's revelation of himself in the Bible and in nature can not be at variance, unless he can be divided against himself. The students of these two great books can not, by any fair interpretation of either, be placed in antagonistic or even rival attitudes. Each has reason to seek light from the other. Neither has any occasion for jealousy, or to fear the effects of advancement in the other. Least of all have I, as a

student of the Bible, reason for such fear. If I am wise, I shall lay all nature under tribute—the laws of matter and of mind—to assist me in my work of interpreting it. I shall shun no department of science, but submit it to all tests and to every scrutiny. I shall invoke light from trees and stones, and air, and earth, and seas; from history, geography, geology, chronology—and all that I may the more accurately elicit the mind of God in his Word by that mind as revealed in his works.

Already have geology and paleontology demonstrated the scientific accuracy of the Mosaic account of creation in the first chapter of Genesis, and rescued it, as veritable history, from the hands of the allegorists, as well as the skeptics.

"No monument," says the learned Balbo, "either astronomical or historical, has yet been able to prove the books of Moses false, but with them, on the contrary, agree in the most remarkable manner, the results obtained by the most learned philologists and the profoundest geometricians."

"There is so much," says Professor Guyot, "which the recent readings of science have for the first time explained, that the idea of *man* as the author of the account of the creation becomes utterly incomprehensible. By proving the record, *true* science pronounces it divine; for who could have correctly narrated the secrets of eternity but God himself?"

The nationalizing influence of our English version of the Bible is lucidly set forth in a Roman Catholic Review. "It lives on the ear," says the writer, "like a music that can never be forgotten—like the sound of the church bell, which the convert hardly knows how to forego. Its felicities seem to be almost *things*, rather than words. It is part of the national mind, and the anchor of national seriousness. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. The power of all the gifts and trials of man is hidden beneath its words. It is the representative of his best moments; and all that there has been about him that is gentle, and pure, and penitent, and good, speaks to him forever out of the English Bible. In the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant with one spark of righteousness about him whose spiritual biography is not in his Saxon Bible."

What now shall I say of that feeble dissent which finds faint utterance from here and there, a wallower in the sloughs of sensualism, or some fantastic soarer into the cloud-lands of mysticism and speculation? They say that in its literal historic sense it is contradicted by science;

that it is a mill-stone about the neck of piety; that it hinders freedom, and is a clog to progress. They stigmatize its heaven-inspired words "as wizard mutterings," the "cabalistic ventriloquism of a semi-barbarous age."

But what do such men know about piety or real progress?—men who gravely ask whether such a book should be our master or our servant.

The Bible our master! Yes; I unhesitatingly aver it, and for the best of reasons. It has God for its author, truth for its subject, and salvation to its end. "It is," says Rudolph Stier, "because this living word, in a thousand ways, *has* directed, and *is* ever directing, my inner being with all its intelligence, thought, and will, that I have subjected to it the freedom of my whole existence."

Yes, I exalt the Bible to the point of sovereign authority over the intellect and the will. I bow before it in submissive reverence as a Divine rule. I press it to my heart in obedient love. Will the pseudo-wise ones pronounce this mental vassalage, childish and imbecile attachment to old and worn-out dogmas? Be it so; I glory in such inthrallment to heavenly wisdom, and rejoice in such subjection to the eternal law. There are no bolts or bars in my bondage; I am a free man, and the fullness of my freedom is in the strength of my loyalty and love. I remember that time is old, but not worn out; that truth is old, but none the less true for its age. And I remember that some other things also are old. These infidel reproaches, with such a plenitude of folly cast upon the Word of God, are as old as sin, and as false. They are new only to those who have found them in old books, and brought them out in new ones. But their age can not make them true, nor their novelty commend them as any thing but refuges of lies.

Show you the worth of the Bible as a book of life! Ah! never, till I can portray the fadeless glory, the immortal crown, the unending, never-disturbed, perpetually augmenting felicities of the redeemed. Never, till I can number the present and prospective population of heaven, and measure the moral distance between these and the dwellers within the dark and fathomless abyss. Never, till I can describe "what eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man—the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

"The Bible!
It is the index of eternity.
He can not miss
Of endless bliss
That takes this chart to steer his voyage by;
A book to which no book can be compared
For excellence.

"Preëminence
Is proper to it, and can not be shared.
It is the Book of God; what if I should
Say, God of books?
Let him that looks
Angry at that expression as too bold,
His thought in silence smother,
Till he find such another."

EDITH'S EXPERIENCE.

PART I.

"O DEAR! It is so hard to know what is just right!"

Edith Lacy had been sitting by the window of her room for more than an hour, idly looking down upon the street—if the gaze can be called looking which sees nothing. During this time several of her young acquaintances had passed by, and, glancing up with smiles and bows, had wondered at the grave face which gave no response to their courtesies.

There was nothing in the prospect outside so to absorb her attention. It was a lovely October morning, and the leafage of the great maples on either side of the street was just beginning to change, under the touch of the early frosts; but the grass was as green as in June, and most of the hardy Autumn flowers retained their beauty. So there was nothing particularly novel in the view; and, if there had been, Edith's thoughts were far away from Nature and its loveliness.

At last some one called to her, and she started like a person awakening from sleep.

"Edith! Edith Lacy! Wake up! Are you in a trance? or turned into marble?"

Looking out she saw her brother Arthur and her cousin May Heathering standing on the walk by the front gate, and regarding her with such puzzled looks that she could not help laughing.

"O, so you are alive! And you are not an image in a museum? What ails you? Are you practicing for a tableau?"

"No, May; I have been thinking."

"Have you? I have done it myself lots of times. But it never produced such an effect. It did n't make me speechless and senseless."

"Not speechless, May," said Arthur. "I am sure you were never in that condition. I am not so sure about the other adjective."

"Hear him, Edith? If he were my brother, as he is yours, I would train him to speak more politely. He goes off nobody knows where, and stays till he is quite forgotten, and then comes back a traveled gentleman, with the manners of a bear."

"What a little scold you are, May," said Edith, looking down affectionately into the laughing

blue eyes of her cousin. "But you had better not scold in the street. I will go down stairs if you will come in. Or you and Arthur may come up here."

"Thank you. We are going to Drew's to look at the new goods. Come with us. Nannie Gray says there has nothing so splendid been seen here this season."

"How does she know?"

"Why, Johnny Drew told her. Did n't he go to Paris to select the goods? And is he not devoted to Nan, soul and body? That is *how* she knows. Put on your hat, Edie, and do n't wait to ask questions."

"You must excuse me, May. I have no time to spare this morning."

"Well, you *did* look remarkably busy when we came up; did not she, Arthur?" said May, pulling her cousin's sleeve to recall his attention from a pair of very diminutive ponies that were being slowly driven down a cross street near. "There was never a prettier personification of idleness. I thought I should never be able to scream loud enough to arrest your ladyship's attention. I think a little of your valuable time must have been wasted, Edie."

"The greater reason why I should improve the rest," she answered pleasantly.

"So you will not go?"

"I think not."

"Very well. I wish you had managed to say so sooner; my time has been running to waste, and I *must* see these goods before Georgie Baker gets a look at them. She has such a way of overhauling things; she takes all the freshness out of them; they are just like last year's styles after she has turned them over."

"Does Mr. Drew know? It is a pity that the criticisms of one young girl should spoil his trade."

"Nonsense, Edith. You are as bad as Arthur. He has been shrugging his shoulders in that contemptuous way ever since I asked him to go with me. It is a way that he has brought from France. He would be as hump-backed as a camel if he had to go shopping with me every morning. He acts as if I had affectionately begged him to be hung. And that is all the politeness that he has brought home from his two years' stay in Europe."

Arthur looked up to his sister with such a comical expression of annoyance, that she could not help smiling.

"Never mind the politeness, cousin May," he said, rather impatiently. "Let us go ahead and have this important business accomplished. Have you any errand for me, Edie?"

"I should like a book from the library."

"Yes, I will bring one if I survive this shopping excursion. Its grave responsibilities seem so momentous that I—"

May hurried him off before he could complete his sentence.

Edith did not fall back into her dreamy mood after they left her, but she became very thoughtful as she returned to the question she had been considering.

"There is cousin May," she said to herself; "she is a case in point. Her chief aim is to be fashionable. She knows the smallest details of the dress styles, if they change every week. She joined the Church when I did, and since the first few months we have lived pretty much alike. There is Nettie Adams and Georgie Baker, and all the rest of us; we are steeped to the eyes in worldliness, and we trip up to the Lord's Table on Communion days with our silks rustling, and our feathers and curls floating, like a procession in Vanity Fair. And God looks down upon us, and reads the innermost heart. O, it is not right, it *can not* be right, to remain in the Church of Christ and live in this way. But ought I to leave the Church?"

This last was the question which had so absorbed her. It was not a new thought; it came up often, as it does to all worldly professors who are not entirely hardened. It was not, "Shall I give up the vanities of dress and gay society, and become a noble, consistent, Christian woman?" but, "Would it not be better to leave the Church than to live in it so inconsistently?"

She sat thus moodily thinking, without forming a single resolution, or a desire even, for a higher life, until the door opened, and her mother entered with a large parcel in her hands.

"It is your new dress, my dear."

Immediately the thoughtful, unsatisfied look vanished, and Edith was the picture of life and animation. There was to be a large party in the evening, and the new dress had been chosen for it.

"Will you try it on, Edith?"

"No. I went over to Mrs. Fanning's last evening, and wore it while she arranged the trimming. Is it not lovely?"

"Yes. And very becoming as to color."

"Let me wear your garnets, please, mamma. These carbuncles are too showy, and the pearls too tame. Nannie Gray will wear her new diamonds. Heigh ho! I do n't suppose I shall ever attain to diamonds if I live to be as old as Methuselah."

"I was intending to wear the garnets myself, but the hair ornaments will do very well. Bring my jewel-box here and we will try the effect of the garnets."

For two hours the mother and daughter were busy, studying the details of dress, anticipating the elegancies of Mrs. Wright's parlors, and the ceremonious etiquette of the evening, commenting in advance upon the probable toilette of that poor but proud Mrs. Howe, who must pinch herself in the comforts of life in order to make a genteel appearance in society, and mildly condemning the eccentric Miss Flinton, who, without pretending to be religious, gave nearly the whole of her large income to the poor, and dressed so ridiculously plain that her presence in society acted as a steady reproof to fashionably religious people.

At the late dinner Arthur entertained them with a history of May's shopping, which had consisted in turning over and pricing an immense quantity of goods, and in buying a few yards of narrow velvet ribbon.

"It was the hardest work I ever did," said Arthur. "Talk about delicate women! There is n't a man in town who could endure such fatigue. And May would think two hours of useful occupation a sad trial of her strength."

"Were the goods as beautiful as May expected?"

"I can not tell you. I did nothing but lean against the counter and yawn. It was so inexpressibly stupid."

"I am afraid that May found you a rather ungallant knight," said Edith smiling, as she imagined her cousin's indignation. Arthur laughed heartily.

"I wish you could have heard her, Edith. From the moment we left one store till we entered another she treated me to a regular scolding. At last—it was in Drew's store—I nearly fell asleep, and when I roused myself to attend to her she was gone. 'Went out ten minutes ago,' explained one of the clerks. 'Saw her through the window walking very rapidly toward home.' So my occupation being gone with her, I gave up shopping for to-day."

"May will forget it all before night," said Mrs. Lacy. "I do not wish to blame you, Arthur, but you are apt to omit some of the proprieties of society."

"Yes, mother," he answered good humoredly, "but then society is such a terrible bore. Especially when one has been free from it for two years. It seems too bad, mother, that society will not allow us a moment's ease or comfort either, when we could live so charmingly, so happily even, without its aid. For my part I would rather be an Arab in a desert-tent than to be tied down to such an aimless, good-for-nothing existence."

"You will go with us to-night, Arthur? I

think Mrs. Wright gives this party partly on account of your return."

"No, Edie. I have wasted the morning to please May. I shall go to the prayer meeting this evening. If Mrs. Wright asks for me you can tell her that I belong to the Church, and that it has a prior claim."

"I shall tell her no such thing. Why, Arthur, one-half of the guests this evening will be Church members."

"I do not doubt it."

Arthur shrugged his shoulders in the way that had so provoked May, and began to speak to his mother about some alterations in the green-house. He had brought the plan of some architectural novelty from England, and in the discussion of this the party was for a time forgotten. Mrs. Lacy, who was one of the most gentle and timid mothers that ever was ruled by strong-minded children, was, nevertheless, quite proud of the daughter who shone in society, and of the son who would not submit to its trammels. She never tried to control either.

"He has his father's independent ways," she would say to her intimate friends. "And Edie has the same disposition. But they are both good, dutiful children, and as careful of me as if I were made of rubies and diamonds."

That was true. It was impossible to be unkind to the sweet, lovable mother who never urged them to perform an unpleasant duty, and who was perfectly content if her children were happy.

On their way to the party they drove by the church, and Edith remembered that the pastor had appointed the evening service for a particular purpose; that earnest prayers might be offered for those Church members who had apparently lost their spiritual life. It was a warm evening for October, and the vestry doors were open. She could see that a very small number had responded to the pastor's call. Most of the seats were empty, and the whole place had a desolate, deserted air as seen from the carriage. Certainly the Savior seemed to be forsaken of his friends to-night. Edith knew that in a few moments she should meet many of his professed disciples in the gay, crowded rooms, where there would be no mention of Christ or his slighted service. She shuddered. "O, what hypocrites we are! God knows it."

A dread of meeting all this hypocrisy and inconsistency, when the neglected Savior should come as a judge, came over her.

It was but a momentary fear, shaken off as soon as the carriage stopped, and there was no trace of the cloud upon her face as she joined the gay crowd in the parlors, and silently began

to note the dress and manners of the people around her. A smiling nod from her cousin May showed that she had forgotten the annoyance of the morning, and was rejoicing in the consciousness of being fashionably attired. To Edith's more cultivated eyes she looked overdressed and uncomfortable.

"Look, mamma!" she said in a low voice. "Look at May. She is just a collection of flowers. Every color in the rainbow. Why did n't some one tell her better? With her complexion, too!"

"Do you know that lady by the piano, Edith? Not Georgie Baker. She is speaking to Mr. Wright now."

"It is Georgie's cousin, Ida Hoffman. She is from Philadelphia. A great heiress, Georgie says."

"She is elegantly dressed. That black lace skirt, with its gold stars, is unlike any thing I ever saw. Have you met her before?"

"I saw her in church last Sunday. She was dressed very plainly then—in some sort of gray dress, with a bonnet to match—a little Quakerish, I thought. But here comes May. I dare say she knows all about her."

May was quite ready to give the desired information.

"In the first place she is ever so rich. I do n't know how rich, but I do know that she can spend all she likes. Why do n't you ask Arthur? He knows more about her than I do. He met her in Europe. Georgie says she seldom goes into society. She is eccentric. Hunts up beggars to feed and clothe. Runs a sewing-machine for their benefit. But when one is really rich and aristocratic," added May soberly, "it will do to be odd."

"She is very handsome, May."

"Is she?" May looked at Miss Hoffman curiously. "Well, rather good looking, certainly. Looks better than she did in church. I thought she had no style at all there. O, I was so tired when the meeting closed. I had been trying all sermon time to make out the pattern of Georgie's sleeve. She has such a provoking way of getting a style before any one else. I hope Ida Hoffman will get ahead of her if she does nothing else."

"She does not look as if she would care particularly about such things. There is a sweetness and a purity in her face that we do not often meet. In society, I mean. She looks good. That describes her."

"Perhaps," answered May carelessly. "I do n't know. Look at Nannie Gray's hair. Grecian knot, cascade curls, and diamond comb. What does that mean? I have studied every

fashion-plate for this month, and there is nothing like that. I must get a nearer view."

May tripped off with the load of flowers and jewels that disfigured instead of ornamenting her rather small figure, and Edith turned again to look at the stranger.

"Beautiful, certainly," was her comment. "The delicate bloom of her cheeks contrasts so charmingly with those large hazel eyes and chestnut hair. She does not look like an independent character. And yet she has courage enough to be odd, which is, in her case, I suppose, only another word for consistency. She is a Christian, of course. O, dear!" sighed Edith, "I wish I had the courage, or strength, or whatever it is, to either get out of the Church or serve God faithfully in it."

Miss Hoffman remained but a short time, and was introduced to very few people. She evidently did not wish to attract attention, and she withdrew so quietly that her absence was only remarked by those who happened to be near her.

Edith, in spite of her sober reflections, was soon able to enter heartily into the pleasures of the evening. She joined in the light games that were being played, and her merry laugh rang out as joyously as if there were not a care in the world. Dancing was discussed in undertones, and many a little foot tapped the carpet impatiently because it was interdicted. But the affable hosts, as well as many of the guests, were Church members, and—it was two years ago, dear reader—dancing was not then considered a means of grace.

"I think dancing is quite as spiritual as these tiresome plays," said May Heathering, frankly. "Not half so childish. Much more graceful as an exercise. I like it."

There were many laughing assents to May's speech, but the plays continued until the young party were weary and glad to sit down and rest. Edith made one of a little group in a corner, and sat, gayly conversing on indifferent subjects, until the arrival of a new guest, whose presence always occasioned a little ill-natured comment.

She was a middle-aged lady, forty-five years old at the lowest estimate. She was dressed more showily and expensively than any young girl in the rooms, and she seemed to these fresh, blooming young people, just as overdressed elderly women always do, to be a sort of ugly caricature of themselves.

"What a sinful waste of money!" said one of them, piously. She forgot that her pretty bracelet was purchased with the money that her mother had saved to buy flannel for a rheumatic uncle.

"It would be ridiculous if it were not sinful," said another.

"If she were an old maid I could understand it," remarked a third, "but she has a husband, such as he is."

"I suppose," said May Heathering, "that she has a right to wear what she pleases if she can pay for it. Though why she wants to look so like a peacock I can't conceive."

"Her husband has only a clerk's salary, and that ruby-colored silk cost a fortune. A pretty figure she cuts in it."

Edith said nothing. She never joined in such ill-natured criticisms, though she had often privately wished that the lady in question would dress more in accordance with her years and position. But she knew her to be a kind-hearted woman, always ready to hasten to the relief of the sick and the needy; always running over with sympathy for any one in trouble. So she listened rather impatiently as the remarks went on.

"Such a lean, sallow, wrinkled, bony mortal! False hair, false form, and false teeth. She is cushioned all over," said pretty little Miss Lincoln very positively.

"But she is not a false friend," said Edith indignantly. "She proved that last Winter when you had the varioloid, and other people were afraid to come near you. I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself, Cad Lincoln."

The young girl colored rosilily, but she answered pertly, "I forgot that you were here, Edith Lacy. We all know that you are perfection itself. I wonder who made those funny speeches about this same person not quite a year ago at Mrs. Baker's party. Do you remember how you discussed her coiffure with the crimson calceolaria on the top and all the colors in the world at the back?"

"Yes," said Edith in a low, pained tone, "I remember it well. I have very often regretted it since. I did not know Mrs. Calmar then. Besides," said Edith, hesitating a little, "I did not then profess to be a Christian."

"I do n't profess to be a Christian now. I'm glad I do n't," said Cad with a meaning glance around the circle near her, "because I would n't shrink from the duties of a Christian if I pretended to be one. To-night, for instance, I should have attended the prayer meeting and so have missed this party. Do you suppose I would be seen whirling about in these childish games if I knew that a company of real Christians were mourning over my worldliness and praying for me in the vestry over yonder?"

A number of the young girls fidgeted uneasily under this speech. Several consciences were a

little troubled for the moment. Two young men, who had for the first time forsaken the house of God for the sake of amusement, very gravely thanked Miss Lincoln for her plain language, and then politely took their leave of the company.

"Well, Cad," said Mary Heathering indignantly, "you've done it now. Such a time as Annie Adams and Nettie and I have had to get Fred and Warner to come! And now it is all to be done over. It is too bad; is n't it, Edith?"

Edith, thus appealed to, hardly knew how to reply. The girls waited silently, half hoping that Edith would find some way to reconcile their pursuit of worldly pleasure with the claims of religion. "I am afraid, Mary," she said at last, "that we have ignorantly become members of the Church without being really changed in heart."

"Speak for yourself, Edith," answered Mary angrily, "you have no right to judge us. Look over these rooms. Why, half of the people are Church members. Dr. Hazleton is a class-leader, and he goes to the opera quite often. Mr. Gray is our Sunday school superintendent, and he does a great deal to interest the children. Don't you remember what pains he took with those funny dialogues and comical tableaux at the last Sabbath school exhibition? There is Mr. Wright. To be sure he do n't tie himself down to the dull weekly meetings. He is a Mason and an Oddfellow, and has a great deal to take up his time, but he does labor beautifully when we have a revival. I suppose, Edith, you do not call all these people hypocrites?"

"No, Mary. I have, as you say, no right to judge them."

"Ye shall know them by their fruits," quoted Cad Lincoln mischievously. Like other worldly people she had not a particle of faith in the sincerity of those professors who did not find their happiness in the service of Christ. She was keen-sighted to discover their failings and delighted to proclaim them, but there were Christians in the Church worthy of the name, and these she never commented on.

"I believe in religion," she would often say, "but these gay professors who are always ready for a jolly time are no better than I am."

Edith was glad to leave the young people and sit down by her mother. "Caddy is right," she said to herself. "It is terribly inconsistent to be a member of the Church and to be here."

Mrs. Lacy was the center of a group of middle-aged gentlemen and ladies, and they were all engaged in animated conversation.

"You look tired, my dear," she said, noticing

Edith's depressed looks. "Sit down here and rest. We are discussing a subject that will interest you."

"What is it, mamma?"

"The claims of society. We do not agree in our opinions."

Edith thought it strange that the theme which had haunted her all day should so pertinaciously follow her here, and she waited with some curiosity to hear older people discuss it.

"Mr. Gray," said her mother, "calls these pleasant little reunions 'the froth of society.' They are vapid, insipid, he says, when contrasted with rational pursuits."

"I believe that Mr. Gray usually honors us with his presence," said Edith smiling.

"Yes," he answered. "Shall I tell you why? I have a wife and two daughters who spend half their time in copying the fashion plates. They work harder than our washwoman. It is the most exhausting occupation known, because it can not be done mechanically like plain sewing, but concentrates all one's powers. Now you will agree with me, Miss Edith, that it would be cruel, after such labor, to keep them from showing their success."

"What nonsense!" interrupted his wife.

"My dear," he continued, "did we not go to the opera last Monday evening on purpose to exhibit our clothes? There was nothing else talked of for a week previous. The music has scarcely been mentioned since, but, Miss Edith, we know what every body wore."

"Mr. Gray has mounted his hobby now," remarked his wife. "He likes to talk in this strain. But if you will believe me, ladies, he planned our dresses for this evening himself. He is a regular humbug. He notices every article of attire, and will be able to give a description to-morrow of every toilet here."

"Yes, it saves time," said the gentleman gravely. "A few timely suggestions will often shorten the process of dressing from one to three hours. And time once gone can never be recalled," he added lightly, as if he were uttering a jest rather than a tremendous truth.

Edith glanced at Mrs. Gray's rich dress of emerald velvet with its old rare laces yellow enough to prove their claims to antiquity, and then followed the direction of Mr. Gray's eye to his daughter's in the next room. Nannie Gray was very fair in her tulle dress embroidered with floss silk. Her uncommonly beautiful hair was waved and puffed, twining into soft rings about her forehead and twisting into short spirals upon her neck. Grace was dressed differently, but with the same attention to her style and complexion. Both girls were indisputably lovely,

and Edith understood the proud expression of the father's artist eye as he watched them.

"But O," she thought, "is it worth while! For it is appointed unto man once to die, and after death is the judgment."

SHALL WE PROCURE A SUBURBAN HOME?

SHALL we remain in the city, or shall we procure a suburban home?

This is a question asked in thousands of city homes every year. It is provoked by the increasing difficulty of finding genteel residences, at any thing like reasonable prices, in cities, and by the example of those who have already decided the question by becoming owners or occupants of rural villas.

In answering it I am not inclined to be dogmatic. Indeed, so much depends on circumstances and conditions, known almost exclusively to the inquirers, that it would be absurd to give a direct and unqualified reply. Thus far, however, it is safe to generalize. If the questioner have pecuniary ability, a love of nature, and a family of suitable age and habits, let him, by all means, secure a rural home. But if he be straitened for means, if the observation of natural objects awaken no emotion in his breast, or if his family have exclusively city tastes and habits, let him pause long and consider carefully before quitting his city residence.

In naming *straitened means* as a reason for not going to the country, I am aware that I am encountering a notion, prevalent among city people, that suburban life is economical. A merchant who pays \$2,000 *per annum* for his city home sees his brother merchant living in a beautiful villa or cottage which cost some \$10,000 or \$12,000. Comparing the interest on the cost of the villa with the sum he pays for rent, he concludes that money may be saved by moving into the country. Forthwith he rushes to the suburbs, purchases a lovely home, moves into it, and finds, to his great surprise, that at the end of the year the balance is on the wrong side of the household ledger. He has spent more money for family and home expenses than he did in the city. If economy was his sole object in becoming a suburban resident, he is disappointed and vexed.

How is it, my reader asks, that a rural home is more expensive than a city one? Several causes operate to make it so. A rural home has grounds, more or less extensive, surrounding it. These grounds require cultivation to keep them in order. Cultivation implies labor;

and that, in these times, costs money. Hence, you see, that in estimating the cost of living in the country, the wages of a hired man, for at least six months in the year, must be put down among the items.

Of course, it is possible to live in a cottage home, with only a few rods of ground about it, and so avoid this expense; but I am writing of those elegant and refined homes which charm the eye of the observer, and which are the ideals of our city readers. Such homes *must* have smoothly shaven lawns, choice ornamental trees, clumps of flowering shrubs, and beds of beautiful flowers. The cultivation of flowers, to any great extent, requires the aids of the conservatory and green-house, which, again, are somewhat costly luxuries. Besides all this, the suburban resident speedily discovers that, if his family is to really enjoy the country, a horse and carriage must be added to the equipments of the household. Thus expense is added to expense, until, without being at all extravagant, the owner of a rural home finds it more costly than was his brown stone-fronted city abode.

Now, I do not state these things to condemn them; on the contrary, I do not know of any way of spending money—Christian benevolence excepted—so wisely and profitably as in erecting and keeping up a beautiful rural home. If the love of the beautiful soften the memory and refine the feelings; if the cultivation of trees, shrubs, and flowers afford innocent and profitable occupation; if riding and driving be promotive of health, then their cost is money well spent. When Judge Field, of whose estate I wrote in my last, showed me a group of six standard rhododendrons, which he imported at a cost of some four hundred dollars, I was disposed at first to consider him extravagant; but when I saw the exquisite delight with which he described the hundred flowers which one of those noble plants produced in one season, and considered that this enjoyment was reproduced every time he viewed or thought of them, I asked myself if the Judge could have purchased as much innocent pleasure in any other way with four hundred dollars. I contrasted the act with the habit of wealthy city people, who often spend thousands of dollars in a season upon grand parties, which yield them little else than annoyance and care, and I concluded that the Judge had made a better use of his money than they. In a word, then, I do not condemn the expenditure of reasonable sums of money in rural embellishments. I only state the facts as they are, that my city readers who are contemplating rural life may understand that they can not combine curtailment of expenses with an elegant establishment

in the country. They can have a *cheap* rural home if they choose, but it can not be both elegant and cheap. They must keep in mind the fact that the beautiful costs money.

I have said above that a *love of nature* is a condition of enjoying country life. The characteristic of rural life is *quiet*. It implies less of human society and more companionship with nature than city life. If, therefore, a man and wife have no love of nature in them, they had better live among red bricks and brown stones than among trees and flowers. Without this delightful affection, their highest inspiration in creating or keeping up a beautiful rural home will flow from their vanity. They will do it for the sake of having it said, "What a beautiful place Mr. and Mrs. — have!" This inspiration, like all low motives, will soon fail them, and then, finding no pleasure in the beautiful itself, they will become disgusted, and return to the city. For this reason, every one contemplating a rural home should answer the question, "Do I love nature?"

In answering this inquiry, it should be recollected that there may be a nascent love of nature, which has been kept inactive for lack of opportunity to develop it. If this be so, the self-questioner, by reviewing his past experience, will recall the fact that in early life glimpses of beautiful scenery, the sight of a fine flower, or of a noble tree, made his heart swell with delight, and left a life-long desire for the opportunity to live among objects which so charmed the eye, and moved the chords of the spirit to such exquisite enjoyment. Persons with such recollections need not fear to move into the country. The love of Nature is in them. They have but to bring themselves into communion with her to draw from her that delicious and ever-increasing pleasure with which she always rewards her true worshipers. She will not only show them her own mysterious beauty, but she will reveal Him whose all-pervasive presence molds her manifold forms, and sustains her wonderful life.

Granting, then, that means to maintain, and taste to enjoy, a beautiful rural home are not wanting, there is only one other point to be considered: Have the ladies of the household rural tastes, or are they so bred and wedded to city habits as to disqualify them for the enjoyment of country life? This is, in no mean sense, the *gravamen* of the question, and can not be ignored with impunity by any head of a city family contemplating rural life.

I have known gentlemen of means and rural tastes, whose wives and almost adult daughters had been city bred, exchange their richly fur-

nished city mansions for elegant villas and beautiful grounds in the country. They have lavished their wealth in the adornment of their lawns, in the erection of conservatories, green-houses, graperies. They have embellished their villas and grounds until they were charming enough to be the abodes of fairies and peri. But, in spite of all this unstinted expenditure, and this abounding beauty, they have been unhappy because of the fretting discontent of their wives and daughters. Long accustomed to city habits, tastes, and associations, and having never cultivated tastes for the beautiful in nature, those mothers and daughters have grieved over the loss of their city amusements, and pined away their days in complaint of being compelled to live in the "dull, horrid country." Thus they have made themselves and their husbands and fathers miserable. In vain have the latter tried to interest them in the cultivation of flowers; in the study of Nature in her manifold changes, and her infinite variety of curious and lovely forms; in riding and driving, and in the other occupations and pleasures of rural life. Their hearts were in the city, and they would not see any good thing outside of it. Doubtless, had they been *compelled*, by uncontrollable circumstances, to live in the country, those ladies would have tutored themselves into some kind of sympathy with its requirements. But there was the rub. It was not *necessary*; it was only their husband's and father's choice, and, therefore, those rebellious daughters of our ancient Mother Eve would not be comforted, but, by alternate coaxing and teasing, kept up a constant warfare in favor of a return to the city.

With this picture of many actual experiences before my readers, I scarcely need to say that gentlemen having wives and daughters with such antipathies should consider a removal to the suburbs inconsistent with their own happiness. As loyal husbands and fathers, they must sacrifice their preferences upon the altar of female prejudices, remembering that those prejudices have arisen out of the hitherto compulsory connection of their families with city life. True, it may be said that the ladies ought to lay aside their prejudices; and, if I were giving advice to ladies only, I should entreat them to do so, however much of self-denial it might require. But, after all, "when a woman will, she will, and when she won't, she won't;" and in this case, until "she will," I advise husbands and fathers not to make the experiment of trying to be happy in a rural home.

But when the wife harmonizes in taste with a husband having pecuniary ability, and the *children are young*, there is not only no risk of

losing domestic happiness, but every prospect of increasing it by going into a rural home. The country is paradise to young children. I often stop to admire the *abandon* with which they give themselves up to their innocent pastimes beneath the trees on the greensward, until I almost wish myself a child again, that I might share their superabounding delight. By all means take young children to the country; teach them to search for its hidden pleasures with intelligent curiosity, as they grow up, and they will never sigh for city amusements.

The question at the head of this article is now answered. If the city merchant, mechanic, or professional man who is asking it has the necessary means and tastes, with a willing wife and young children, let him by all means procure a rural home as speedily as he can. But if either of these conditions be wanting, I advise him to wait until his circumstances are more in harmony with his wishes. In another paper I will answer the question, what sort of a rural home shall I procure?

PROTESTANTISM AND HOME.

FAMILY habits and Protestantism seem to go together. In Spain a diminutive cup of chocolate brought into the bed-room is the apology for a breakfast; in Russia the meal as we have it is unknown—each one eats something when he is hungry. Were eating and drinking the sole objects to be attained by gathering around a table, one might, indeed, feed apart as in company; but only consider what interchange of mind, what acquaintance with one another's hearts, what refuges from tired thought, what cheerfulness and sociability would be lost thereby!

"'T is sweet, 'mid noise of plates and dishes,
To speak one's sentiments and wishes,"

sang the author of "Boyle Farm;" and certainly it is only when conversation seasons the repast that the feelings of men become more refined than that of brutes. Meal-times are often the only seasons when the man of business sees his family. Deprive him of them and he becomes a joyless laborer for those whom he never hears nor sees; but give him their cheerful chat at breakfast and supper, how briskly he toils during the intervening hours!

In France and Italy the young men see nothing, know nothing of their sisters, consequently care little or nothing for them; in England and America sisters are their brothers' cherished friends and correspondents. The Dean of Carlisle says he has known young men at college wholly restrained from vice simply by the

hallowed and blessed influence of their sisters. We have known a brother in Australia write to his authoress sister in England, whom he had not seen for twenty years, "You can not tell what a calming, quieting effect your books have upon me; they seem to decolonize me, if I may coin a word."

How touching a picture is given in the memoir of Frances and Elizabeth Bickersteth, of the suffering of Fanny lying on her bed of pain, with her father and brothers kneeling round her! Such a scene would not occur in Italy or France. The young girls are shut up within convent walls during the freshest, most charming period of their youth. Truly their brothers may say, "A garden inclosed is my sister; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed." Her thick-coming fancies died at their birth, unspoken to sympathizing young sister or brother, indulgent mother, or sensible, intelligent father; her desire for useful knowledge meets with no response. Instead of being wisely drawn out of self by the thousand harmless and useful outlets of Protestant life, she is driven to self-contemplation, and vain, vague longings and repinings.

When, perchance, she is at length released by marriage from this joyless captivity, she frequently finds herself, like Madame Guyon, a mere boarder under the roof of her mother-in-law, the most disregarded person in the house, with no household cares, no servants under her control, no purse, no liberty to take exercise and find society abroad, save under humiliating restrictions and surveillance—in all respects, except in name, a child still. Or else it is the husband who becomes the cipher; Madame receives on appointed evenings the Signora Rosuara, or the Signora Bianca, is at home to her male friends, and perhaps one or two ladies, who retail all the small talk of the day, interspersed with plenty of compliments to the hostess, whom, however, the gentlemen do not always sufficiently respect to refrain from smoking their cigars. In these circles the master of the house is always absent; he is paying his compliments to some other Signora Rosuara or Signora Bianca; an evening *tete-a-tete* with his wife would be insupportable with them both. Her mind is unfurnished; they have no common objects of interest; they could only talk over the vexed question of domestic expenses.

It is Protestant freedom, with the education and customs which grow out of it, that develops the true ideal of home. It gives to woman a just estimate of her place and worth in society, and secures to her the opportunities and means of fitting her to make and preside over the home.



THE CONVERSION OF CONSTANTINE.

Down the northern highways tramping,
From dark forests, broad and hoar,
From the fastness, from the valley,
From the inland, from the shore,

Sweep the hordes of wild barbarians,
With a war-cry shrill and long;
Sacking Rome for sake of plunder,
Is the burden of their song.

They are gathered, where o'er levels
Purple shadows, darkening, lie,
And the swampy flats are silvered
When the moon creeps up the sky.

Cruel woes that need avenging,
Wrongs so deep of hearth and home,
Fill the broad breasts of these Northmen,
At the citadel of Rome.

When, across the Tuscan mountains,
Broke the morn in saffron hue,
He who wore the golden fillet
Saw the tent-heads in the dew.

Far as strainèd eye could wander,
O'er the plain and down the vale,
Horde on horde he marked them swarming,
And his lip and cheek grew pale.

Never from the days of Remus,
Never since these walls were plann'd,
Had such savage tribes of Northmen
Thus o'errun this favored land.

Who can help? for help is lacking;
"Rome is conquered," cowards prate;
Weak and worn, the trembling cohorts
Cower within the northern gate.

Yet the purple-robed ruler,
When his present strait was sore,
Gathered up the threads of Memory,
For a vision strange of yore

Seemed to come, when one star trembled
O'er the Tiber's yellow wave,
One in snowy robe and girdle,
Guide Divine, to seek and save.

Yea, the Love and Light of Christians,
When that star began to pale,
Stood in majesty before him,
With a word that could not fail.

"Pray, in faith, that light may glimmer,
Ask that strength, too, may descend,
So the Christian's Lord and Savior
Shall become to thee a friend."

Rose the sun in giant splendor,
Cloudless glared the diamond sky,
Morning dews no longer silvered
All the levels far and nigh;

Golden showers of light, now lustrous,
Tinted flowers upon the sod,
When a fervent prayer ascended
To the great white throne of God.

And at once that prayer was answered,
Doubts forever cleared away,
Night of error, hour of darkness,
Fled before the Star of Day.

Through the Sign of Man's Redemption
Makes the eye that see it dim,
"In this Sign alone thou conquerest;
Thou shalt triumph, too, in Him."

And the word that never faileth
Failed not, as the Word had said,
For His sign was o'er the legions,
And their enemies lay dead.

As the mist before the sunlight,
In some lone and shady dell,
As the leaves in sad November,
So the Northmen fled or fell.

When the banner was uplifted,
There came strife and wild dismay,
And the tramp of routed legions
Died not with the close of day;

Broken ranks of foes, fear-stricken,
When the evening shades grew long,
While around the Cross triumphant
Rose the Christian soldiers' song.

Victory o'er the powers of darkness,
Conquest of the empire old,
Past the cruel age of iron,
Come the heavenly age of gold:

Empires fade, and wane the kingdoms,
Systems rise, and wax, and fall;
But the Cross of Christ shall triumph,
And our God be Lord of all.

AT NIGHT.

How calmly shine the stars to-night—
What holy watch they keep—
How graciously they shed their light
While men and nature sleep!

How high above our feverish fret,
Our transient griefs and glee,
Our petty strifes, our vain regret,
Seems their eternity!

O stars, you change not—year by year
I come from lands afar,
And o'er this vale, I hold so dear,
Shines each remembered star.

All else is changed—friends come and go,
And none their places fill;
Hills change their faces, forests grow,
But you are constant still.

I see one now, fairest of all,
Whose name to me was taught
By one who heard the Master call,
And went—but cometh not.

O steadfast star, I watch you now,
And think what words he said,
While, like an aureole pale, your light
Fell round his silver head.

His soaring spirit surely loves,
O star, your changeless light;
Somewhere beyond you now he roves,
Where it is never night.

Shine faith into my soul, bright star,
That, as each day declines,
I through the dark may look afar,
Where light eternal shines;

That, while I walk uncertain here,
Whatever may befall,
I still may keep my vision clear
To see Christ through it all.

THE FORUM AT POMPEII.

THERE is surely, for thoughtful men, nothing more remarkable and interesting than the contemplation of the two ruined cities, Herculaneum and Pompeii, which, nearly eighteen hundred years ago, were, by the eruption of Vesuvius in the year 79, so vividly depicted by classic writers, buried beneath the ashes, and which, now exhumed, give us a very distinct idea of the life, and pursuits, and state of culture of the people of that time, who, in a measure, surprised at the moment of the frightful catastrophe, have lain buried more than a thousand years beneath ruins, earth and volcanic ashes.

Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Stabiae were three flourishing cities of the Campania country at the foot of Vesuvius. Pompeii had perhaps 40,000 inhabitants, and lay at the mouth of the navigable river Sarno, in the background of a bay, which, in consequence of striking physical changes in the vicinity, has been filled in so far with earth that Pompeii to-day lies nearly two miles distant from the sea. The lava did not at that time reach Pompeii, but the city was suffocated by a hot rain of ashes, upon which from later volcanic eruptions fell other, more extensive deposits, over which has been gradually formed a stratum of earth. By this means a great part of the city has been preserved and the discovery of it in more modern times has incalculably advanced the science of archaeology, since not only the structure of the houses of that time, but their whole arrangement and furniture, and, so to speak, the whole private life of the ancients may be clearly learned.

The first traces of the ruins of the old city were discovered in 1689, but only since 1721 have been carried on the systematic excavations which have now brought to light nearly a half of the city, and are still being constantly pushed forward, and, indeed, under the new Italian Government with renewed energy. The visit to Pompeii is now very practicable. For a very moderate entrance-fee the inspection of the city is placed under the control of organized military guards, to whom it is forbidden to receive drink-money, and who, with the greatest zeal, show to the stranger every thing worth seeing. The newly risen city, with her four market-places, streets, temples, public and private buildings, affords the visitor the truest, most complete portrait of a Græco-Italian city during the first age of the Christian era.

Pompeii was inclosed by double walls, of which the outer was about twenty feet, the inner twenty-five feet high, and both were united by a ram-

part of earth fourteen feet broad, and overlooked, at intervals, by towers and gateways. But walls, towers, and gates must have already suffered greatly from earthquakes, so that they, without doubt, lay partly in ruins at the time of the destruction of the city. The streets of the city, of which about thirty have now been exhumed, are straight, but so narrow that most of them admit the passage of but a single vehicle. They are flagged with blocks of lava, and overlooked on each side by elevated, paved footpaths. At most of the street-crossings are found public fountains, with reliefs or even altars to the Lares.

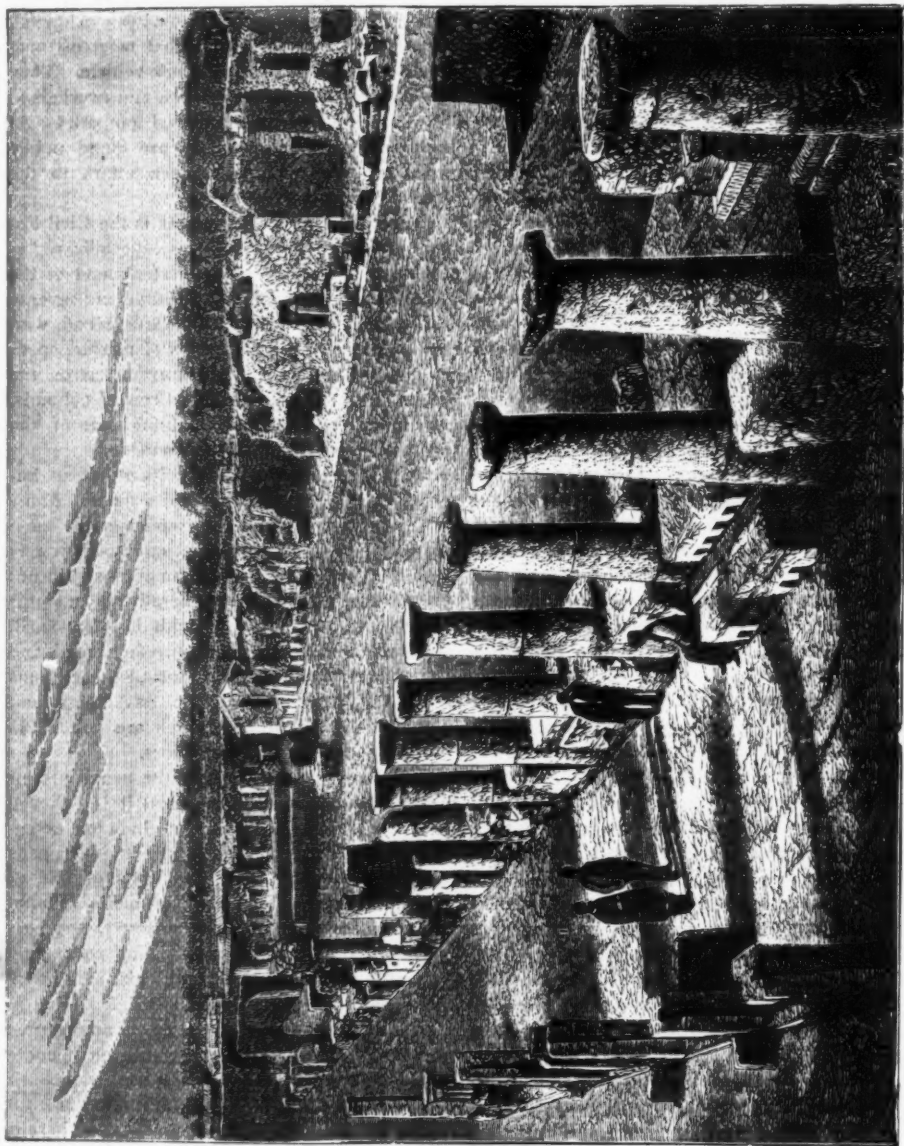
Below the four market-places is the Civil Forum, which our picture more especially represents; it lies at the south-westerly end of the city, and shows an area one hundred and seventy yards long, and nearly forty yards broad, with impluvium, overlaid with slabs of marble, opening on the north side, but surrounded on the other three sides by a Doric row of columns, which, on the east and adjoining part of the south side, forms a double colonnade.

This forum makes still, in its ruins, an impressive and commanding appearance. Many of the public buildings are imposing by reason of their size and beauty, and contrast strongly with the greater part of the small, insignificant private houses, which are generally only a single story high, and furnished with but few small windows, three feet high by two feet broad, and contain very small rooms. But all these rooms have very exquisite mosaic pavements and smooth walls of stucco, which are painted in various and most beautiful colors.

I will endeavor to explain the usual interior arrangement of the houses, and it is believed that the houses in Rome were built on essentially the same plan. The street door opens upon the vestibule, which consists of one or more not very commodious apartments. Opposite the street door a door opens into the *atrium*, or court, which is the chief living room, and generally contains more sumptuous articles of ornament than any other apartment, having in the better houses a mosaic pavement and painted walls. The atrium is roofed, with an opening in the center, toward which the roof is inclined on all sides. Under the opening is a tank for the reception of water from the sky, and here is often a fountain fed by water-pipes from the public aqueduct. Behind the atrium is the *tablinum*, designed as a repository for the family archives, statues, portraits, and ancestral relics. Opening on either side of the atrium are smaller apartments. Behind the tablinum is the *peristyle*, surrounded by porticos that rest on rows

of equidistant columns, and generally ornamented by statues, vases, and other works of art. The peristyle, like the atrium, has an opening in the roof, with a tank, or, it may be, a fountain beneath it; and this is the garden of

the house, planted with trees, shrubbery, and flowers. From the peristyle open the lodging-rooms, and the eating-room, or *triclinium*, so called from the three couches which were placed on three sides of the low table, the fourth side



THE FORUM AT POMPEII.

being left open for the removal of the dishes. The lodging-rooms are mere kennels, just large enough for a couch, with no space for any other furniture, and with no light except from the peristyle—an arrangement which indicates that the

toilet must have been made elsewhere—by the men, probably at the public baths. The triclinium is spacious, and, in the richer houses, very highly ornamented.

In addition to these apartments there are

various store-rooms, bath-rooms, sometimes a library, sometimes a chapel for the Lares and the Penates, sometimes saloons designed for festive or other purposes. In the less sumptuous houses the atrium serves as the kitchen, the cooking being performed over braziers or stoves. In houses of a better sort the kitchen is a separate apartment, in the rear of all the others. In very large houses, there is a second peristyle, with guest chambers opening from it. Such is the general construction of the Pompeian houses, of course with many deviations from the plan, and in the richer dwellings, with additional apartments for various purposes of convenience and luxury.

Most of the houses on the principal streets contain on their ground floors counters, or merchant-shops, which generally extend the whole length of the house, and are connected with apartments lying behind them. Over many of these shops are still to be seen suspended symbolical coats-of-arms and sign-boards with the name and rank of the owner. Some of these houses, that of Sallust, for example, of Pansa, and others, are complete works of art, which still, in their ruins, excite admiration and delight. The Temple of Jupiter, of Mercury, of Venus, of Isis, of Fortune give to the architect the clearest insight into the beauty of ancient structures, as the two theaters and the amphitheater testify to the boldness, solidity, and extent of such public buildings as were erected in the ages of antiquity.

The Pompeian house enables us to attain, in many respects, a clear comprehension of its inmates. The ideas embodied in that most complex and blessed of words, home, can have no place in such dwellings. There was nothing that could have served the purpose of a family apartment. The atrium made the nearest approach to it, but that was public, a common passage-way, and the place for a great deal of the household work. Moreover, the rain-water cistern in the center must have been a disassociating institution, and the smoke, when the cooking took place there, still more so. Life must have been passed chiefly out of doors, and the places of public amusement that have been already discovered would have seated the whole population twice over. Retirement must have been as alien from the habits of the people as domesticity, and we can hardly conceive of the more delicate tracery of character and the amenities of life as existing without the opportunity for both.

While we find in Pompeii numerous tokens of the refinements of self-indulgent luxury, the moral character of the inhabitants must have

been coarse and sensual. There were discovered not a few works of high art, especially in carving and statuary—the subjects being generally the commonplaces of the Greek and Roman mythology; but the paintings on the walls are, for the most part, voluptuous scenes, and some, which must have been perpetually before the eyes of whole families, are such as would be now tolerated only in the acknowledged haunts of profligacy.

It would lead us too far, should we attempt to enter into individual descriptions of uncovered Pompeii. But we must not pass over in silence the fact that the present exhumations, under the direction of the most distinguished archæologists and architects, are conducted far more thoroughly and systematically than formerly, and, therefore, furnish far more important contributions to science. Thus it has lately been attempted, with the most favorable result, to restore human forms in gypsum casts, which point out exactly those situations or occupations in which their originals were when overtaken by death. Formerly human remains were very rarely found, and, therefore, one was inclined to believe that the inhabitants of Pompeii, warned by earthquakes and other prognostics, might have been able, on that fatal 23d November, 79, to escape by flight, and that the human forms so seldom found belonged only to belated loiterers, or plundering thieves; but recently, in the exhumations, have been many times discovered cavities which form an exact model or impression of the human form. Instead of breaking these and digging them up, as had formerly been done, such hollows are lately filled with gypsum, and afterward, when this has become hardened, the outer, stony deposit is removed, and by this means are retained the restored, completely plastic forms, in their different situations and occupations, of the stifled men, then laid away on the place and in the circumstances of their death, in order to testify to modern explorers thus significantly and effectively of the frightful catastrophe which once overtook this populous city.

Such gypsum figures, in perfect natural form, tell us even more vividly than the descriptions bequeathed to us by the younger Pliny, of those days of terror, whose frightful incidents the English romance writer, Bulwer, has attempted to make the subject of a deeply thrilling romance. But how fearful must have been the scalding rain poured out over the suffocated cities is shown by the fact that the foundation of the swamp-land, which separates Pompeii from the sea, and extending over many miles, consists also of those volcanic ashes.

MARTYRDOM OF PHILIPPA DE LUNZ.

THE terrible massacre of St. Bartholomew, though sudden as the eruption of Vesuvius which buried the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and dreadful as the earthquake that in a few moments overwhelms a city, was not the furious outburst of a momentary passion, but was the awful culmination of more than a half century's persecutions heaped upon the French reformers. Beginning in the reign of Francis I, continuing, with now and then a temporary lull, through the reign of Henry II, gaining power and boldness during the short and loose reign of Francis II, it reached its mad denouement under the boy-king Charles IX, and his vacillating, treacherous queen-mother, Catherine de Medicis. During these years of preparation there were times when France seemed ready for the outbreak of the catastrophe, but a merciful Providence, sometimes in a most remarkable manner, turned aside the threatened blow. Such were the terrible tragedies at Meaux, in October, 1546, and which were imitated in other parts of France; the persecutions in Poitou and Anjou, Le Puy and Velay, in 1556, and the tumult of Amboise in 1560.

In 1556-57 there appeared a furious outburst of persecution, in the midst of which occurred an event that foreshadowed the coming doom of Saint Bartholomew, and which exhibits the terrible process of education which was preparing the populace of Paris and other cities for the coming massacre.

This outburst of persecution may be partly traced to the changes that had taken place, under the power of the Reformation, in other countries. Mary was fiercely persecuting her English subjects, Cranmer having atoned for his weakness by his heroic martyrdom in 1556; Philip II had succeeded to the throne of Spain, and reënacted his father's cruel edict of 1550; and Paul IV, the restorer of the Inquisition, sat in St. Peter's chair; France was at war with Spain, and had suffered many reverses; Francis, Duke of Guise, was unsuccessful in Italy, where Alva, as yet unstained by blood, was carrying all before him; while on the northern frontier the constable Montmorency tried in vain to make head against the impetuous attacks of Emanuel Philibert, of Savoy, who commanded the Spanish troops in Flanders.

In July, 1557, Philibert laid siege to St. Quentin, where Admiral Coligny held out stubbornly against overwhelming odds. Montmorency marched to the relief of the city, and reënforced the garrison by five hundred soldiers, under the command of Andelot, but suffered a

bloody defeat a few hours afterward, August 10th, when his cavalry was routed and his infantry cut to pieces. He himself was wounded and made prisoner along with Marshal St. André. So complete was the rout, so crushing the defeat—the severest that France had received since the battle of Agincourt—that the Parisians trembled lest the conqueror should appear before their gates. A few days after the fortress of St. Quentin fell, Coligny and his brother Andelot being made prisoners.

These national disasters aroused the Catholics to fury and indignation; in the spirit of the heathen persecutions of the first Christians, they attributed them to the Huguenots, and as the ancient pagan persecutors, on the occurrence of any calamity, cried, "The Christians to the lions!" so these infatuated Romanists began the cry, "The Huguenots to the stake." Their disasters were regarded as judgments from heaven, and the evangelicals were made the scape-goats. Priests mounted their pulpits and inflamed the passions of their ignorant hearers by the coarsest vituperations. "God is punishing us because we have not avenged his honor," they shouted, and the populace yielding to the superstitious impulse caught up the cry. They soon had an opportunity of putting into practice the lessons they had been taught, which they did in a fearful instance, which our artist has forcibly illustrated, and for the description of which we draw on Henry White's recent history of the "Massacre of St. Bartholomew."*

On the night of the 4th of September, 1557, a number of adherents of the new religion, amounting to three or four hundred, assembled at a private house in the suburbs, on the left bank of the river, for the purpose of united worship. They belonged to the upper classes, some of the ladies being attendants on the queen. The service had been conducted in quiet, the Lord's Supper administered, and the congregation was about to separate, when they found the street—the Rue St. Jaques—blockaded by a furious mob bearing torches and armed with every weapon they could catch up. "Death to the traitors! down with the Lutherans!" they shouted, as they rushed to the door and tried to force an entrance. They were kept at bay by a few resolute gentlemen who, by their rank, were entitled to carry swords, while the women and the elders sought to escape through the garden which opened into the fields. But every outlet was guarded, and all opportunity of flight cut off.

What was to be done? Death, a horrible death at the hands of the mob appeared immi-

* Published by Harper & Bros., New York, 1868.

nent. The only chance of safety lay in seeking the protection of the magistrates before the city gates were opened, and all the ruffianism of

Paris was let loose upon them. With this intent a few gallant gentlemen volunteered to attempt to reach the Hotel de Ville, the others



MARTYRDOM OF PHILIPPA DE LUNZ.

remaining to guard the helpless women and old men. Suddenly the door of the house was thrown open, and the desperate little band rushed out and cut its way through the crowd,

with the loss of only one of their number. Throughout the long night those left behind waited in trembling apprehension for the dawn. They prayed to God for support, and sometimes

one of their number would read a consolatory chapter from the Bible, the yells of the populace drowning the voice of the reader.

Daylight came at last, but it brought no relief. The doors were forced, and the unarmed worshipers would have been torn to pieces had not a detachment of the city guard arrived and taken them off to prison, saving many of them for a still crueler death. As the helpless captives were dragged through the streets, the mob reviled and cast mud at them. On reaching the Chatelet they were thrust into filthy dungeons from which the vilest criminals had been removed to make room for them; where the light of day hardly penetrated, where "they could neither sit nor lie down, they were so crowded."

The Protestants of the city were thrown into consternation, so many of their members being in peril of their lives. Extraordinary prayers were offered up in every family for the delivery of the martyrs, and a remonstrance drawn up by the elders was presented to the king, who put it aside unnoticed. But there was no eager haste to punish the prisoners any farther, the example of their seizure having frightened many back to the bosom of the Church. But the priests and fanatical agitators were busily at work to keep up the popular excitement and prevent the escape of the captives. The "heretics" and all who would shelter them were vehemently denounced from the pulpit, and inflammatory placards were stuck on every wall.

When the excitement had abated, and the affair was almost forgotten, the prisoners of the Rue St. Jaques were brought to trial. Their lives were forfeited by the mere fact of their presence at what, by the edict of the king, was an unlawful assembly, and the alternative of recantation or death was presented to them; but they were inflexible. They found that man's weakness was God's strength.

Philippa de Lunz, a lady of excellent family, a widow, and only twenty-two years old, was among the captives. She was brought before the tribunal and interrogated several times. Her answers were strong and decisive, and she rejected with indignation the proposition to save her life by recanting. She was condemned to death, but was still offered pardon on condition of recantation, and her execution was delayed. On the 27th of September, 1558, after her unyielding answers had destroyed all hope of pardon, and more than a year after her imprisonment, she was led out to death, in company with Nicholas Clinet, or Clivet, a schoolmaster, and Taurin Gravelle, an advocate, both elders in the Reformed Church.

Before they were placed in the tumbrel that

was to carry them to the stake in the Place Maubert, they were to have their tongues cut out, to prevent their praying aloud or addressing the people on the road to death. The two men suffered this cruel mutilation without a groan. Turning to Philippa, the executioner roughly bade her put out her tongue. She did so immediately. Even he was struck by her intrepidity. "Come! that's well, *truande*," he said; "you are not afraid then?" "As I do not fear for my body," she replied, "why should I fear for my tongue?" The knife flashed an instant before her eyes, and her tongue fell to the ground. She was then thrust into the cart at the feet of her two companions, and bound to the same chain. Before leaving the prison she had taken off her widow's weeds, and put on the best garments left her, saying, "Why should I not rejoice? I am going to meet my husband."

Around a pile of fagots in the Place Maubert there had collected all that was vilest in Paris, dancing and calling out for blood, just as some two hundred years later a similar mob danced round the victims of the guillotine. The King is said to have been a spectator of the horrible scene that followed. It was Philippa's fate to look on while her two companions were burned to death. But even this did not shake her faith, which found support in earnest prayer. And now her turn had come; the executioners roughly seized her with their strong arms, shamefully tearing her clothes, and held her over the hot ashes until her feet were burned to the bone. Then, with a refinement of cruelty, the savage torturers hung her head downward in the fire. Thus the already blood-dyed robe of Popery received another stain, and heaven received another saint.

A few days later four more of the prisoners suffered death at the same place. One of them, as he opened the shutters of his cell on the morning of his execution, that he might behold the sun rise once more, exclaimed, "How glorious it will be when we are exalted above all this!"

One of Calvin's noblest letters was written at this time to the prisoners still remaining in the Chatelet, and more particularly to the women, whom he exhorted to imitate the strength and faith of Madame de Lunz: "If men are weak and easily troubled," he said, "the weakness of your sex is still greater, according to the order of nature. But God that worketh in weak vessels, will show forth his strength in the infirmity of his people. . . . He who sets us in the battle supplies us from time to time with the necessary arms, and gives us skill to use them. Consider how great were the excellences and

firmness of the women at the death of our Lord Jesus Christ. When the apostles had forsaken him, they still remained by him with marvelous constancy, and a woman was his messenger to inform them of his resurrection, which they could neither believe nor understand. If he so honored them at that time, and gave them such excellence, do you think he has less power now, or that he has changed his mind?"

Calvin showed that this was not a barren sympathy by making every effort to induce the cantons of Berne and Zurich, and the German princes to intercede in behalf of the poor prisoners. Their intercession prevailed to save such as remained alive. The doors of the Chatelet were thrown open; the younger prisoners were transferred to monasteries from which they easily escaped; while others obtained a full pardon after making an ambiguous confession of faith before the bishop's officers. Pope Paul IV complained bitterly of this moderation, and declared that he was not astonished at the bad state of affairs in France, now that the king trusted more in the support of heretics than in the protection of Heaven.

FACES.

A FINE face, whatever the moralists may say to the contrary, is an enviable possession. No one, we fancy, however low he may pretend to undervalue mere beauty of countenance, and especially as compared with moral worth, but secretly acknowledges its superiority over homeliness.

A beautiful face is an inspiration, appealing to our best and finest sensibilities. It is the most perfect expression of that marvelous handiwork which is seen in all the wonderful creations of Nature.

Every body knows that this charm, which although said to be only "skin-deep," is so powerful and controlling, does not depend upon mere regularity of feature, or fairness of complexion. To define it as seen occasionally would be a more difficult task than the simple enumeration of parts, or even the analysis of relation of parts. Here beauty is a subtler thing, requiring a more skillful pencil than that which portrays simple forms and colors. A fine perception will discover the influence of some invisible power, which has been molding the unconscious clay, and lending its indefinable, but not less real, attraction to otherwise unlovely features. On brow and lip are seen the delicate tracery of an unmistakable artist—not less real because nameless, and without a niche in the fame-temple of

the old masters. Silently, but effectively, is the work done, and the results observed.

The face is the interpreter of the mind, revealing to intelligent observation the quality and habit of thought. If we would have fine faces, we must think high and beautiful thoughts. No face was ever poetical that was not the repetition of a poem within; none was ever spiritual that was not the expression of an underlying religion. Every one's experience can bear testimony to some face, homely, even ugly in form and coloring, which was attractive, perhaps fairly beautiful, with the light of pure and lofty thought. The soul's radiance had flooded the plain features, and transfigured them into beauty, as clouds in the West, irradiated by the setting sun, cast back their loveliness and glory to the shadowy Eastern horizon.

American faces, as a class, are not inspiring to the artists. One rarely sees a truly individual and striking face. The tame uniformity disappoints the seeker for marked and original traits. As a people we have been, and are, associated with things peculiarly practical. Nearly all are absorbed in the one grand aim of making money. If there were no other proof, our faces are sufficient evidence. The tendencies of our country are not to produce dreamers and poets, but merchants and mechanics. Nor have we been surrounded by the refining influences of art, like the people of older lands; and, as a consequence, the effects of constant association with the most grand and beautiful of human creations are not impressed upon our faces. We have been too busy with the necessities of life to paint many pictures, or to fill even a small gallery with statuary. Nature, it is true, has done much for us; she has given us broad rivers and lofty mountains, as well as Europe. And art, even in its purity and perfection, is but an echo of Nature, but it is a sign that Nature has touched us; that we have caught something of her sweet spirit and meaning; that her dew and freshness has fallen upon our hearts. We have felt the stirrings of a noble ambition to repeat the strain of some woodland song before its last note has died away; or to reproduce upon canvas the fleeting hues of some rare sunset; or yet again to catch the momentary loveliness that flashes over some inspired face. This is to emulate the works of the master artist, and it is worthy of us. Until we are thus moved by lofty impulses, and exercised with lofty thoughts, and inspired by elevated aims, our faces will preserve a tame, trivial, expressionless character.

We need the uplifting and beautifying influence of real sentiment to make our faces attractive; not the affectations and conceits of the

vulgar imitator, who dresses his coarse thoughts in pretended prettiness and finery, but the fine and delicate imaginations that spring up from association with what is best and truest. The all-wise Master has himself drawn the outlines of feature, as well as tinted the complexion, and these can not by any refining of thought or uplifting of aspiration be changed; but the more essential qualities of beauty, which are the slow but sure result of a development of mind or character, are left to the skill of our own hand. No one need sigh over his plain countenance—the lack of a noble forehead, a finely chiseled mouth, or a dark eye, when the finer and more moving elements of beauty are within his reach.

Great painters have given us representations of the faces of angels; their ideal of those pure inhabitants of the skies. They are the visible expressions of those shadowy beings that sometimes come to us in dreams—radiant, spiritual, lofty. We have seen, although rarely, human faces that reminded us of them. They were the unmistakable evidences of some remarkable and exalting experience—some wonderful revelation had come to the soul. It had been touched by a sublime hope or affection; an overwhelming sorrow had flooded it, and the rainbow of promise had afterward appeared. Or if this was not the fixed habit and tone of the face, it was its occasional expression. An unusual aspiration, a play of fancy, or a sudden gleam of imagination had lighted it up with unwonted fire—or this glory was the sudden and evanescent splendor that follows in the break of an electric thought.

They who can, by the advantage of wealth, surround themselves with works of art are peculiarly fortunate. These things have a refining influence upon the mind, and so upon the face, which is its eloquent language. But it is only the favored few who can derive their inspiration from this source. The majority must depend upon other means for their æsthetic food. But imagination goes a great way, and when paintings, and statues, and music are not the gifts of fortune, it may, if we will bring to us from afar, yea, from every haunt of art, the choicest creations of man.

True sentiment vivifies all that it touches; it is the sparkle and flash of the wine of thought. No one need be deprived of the best sources or inspirations of sentiment. Companionship with the Author of all beauty is the secret of the unspeakable loveliness of an angel's face. The glow and rapture which irradiate the lineaments of Raphael's angels are the reflection of that more radiant beauty which has shone upon them so long from the divine and kingly face of the

Son of God. The plainest features borrow a light and grace from constant association with spiritual things. In proportion as we think upon whatever is lovely and whatever is pure, our faces will grow more and more like the lofty yet lovely face of Jesus Christ.

"Beautiful! yes, but the blush will fade,
The light grow dim which the blue eyes wear,
The gloss will vanish from curl and braid,
And the sunbeam die in the waving hair.

Turn from the mirror, and strive to win
Treasures of loveliness still to last;
Gather earth's glory and bloom within,
That the soul may be bright when youth forever is past."

THE STORY OF CAWNPORE.

CAWNPORE! What lady in any civilized land has not heard of "the city of melancholy fame," or learned something of the sad story of fruitless valor and unutterable woe that was there exhibited?

Twelve years have passed over since these deeds were done, but the fearful record of them will be read with deepest interest by Christian men and women long after the present generation has passed away. This story can never die. Wherever and whenever read, it should be remembered that England alone did not suffer there. The dire agony of Cawnpore was shared by *American* gentlemen and ladies; indeed, they took precedence in these sorrows, for the group first "led as sheep to the slaughter," before the murder of those from the intrenchment was perpetrated, included the Rev. Messrs. Freeman, Johnson, M'Mullen, and Campbell, with their dear wives and children, from Futtyghur—the very next station to the one then occupied by the writer of this paper, who, with his family, had to conclude whether to join this party, and attempt escape by the Ganges, or else "flee to the mountains" on the north. He decided for the latter, and thus escaped the fate that befell these brethren and sisters, whom he had already learned to esteem so highly for their own and for their work's sake.

Of few of "the martyrs of Jesus" in any age may it more truly be said than of them, "These are they which came out of *great tribulation*." The sharp agony of that hour is ended, and they have met again where He who loved them has long since "wiped away all tears from their eyes." The American Presbyterian Church, to which they belonged, should nobly press on the work for which they died, and be earnest to reap the harvest made so fertile with their blood.

"The massacre of Cawnpore" has been truly called the blackest crime in human history.

Every element of perfidy and cruelty was concentrated in it. No act ever carried to so many hearts such a thrill of horror as did the deed that was done here on the 15th of July, 1857. Yet no complete account of it has been laid before the American public. To supply this deficiency, so far as our space allows, is the aim of this paper. Our authorities are the best:

Trevelyan, Thomson, Bouchier, The Friend of India, and the Calcutta Quarterly Review, together with the personal communications of Havelock's soldiers; while photographs, taken on the spot, enable us accurately to present "the well" into which the ladies were thrown, and the beautiful monument which a weeping country has placed over their remains.



THE "NANA SAHIB."

The name of the *author* of the Cawnpore massacre is, of course, well known.

The picture of him here presented was drawn by Major O'Gandini, and sent home from India; but, as it originally appeared, it was inaccurate, representing him with flowing beard and long hair, whereas, like all the Mahratta people, to whom he belonged, he was clean shaven in both

head and chin, the mustache alone remaining. He was fat, with that unhealthy corpulence which marks the Eastern voluptuary, of sallow complexion, and middle height, with thoroughly marked features. He did not speak a word of English. His age at the time of the massacre was about thirty-six years. As this man will forever be identified with the sanguinary fame

of Cawnpore, it seems appropriate to give the reader a more definite account of who he was, and his antecedents.

His full name was *Seereek Dhoondoo Punth*, but the execration of mankind has found his cluster of titles too long for use, and prefers the more familiar appellation of "*The Nana Sahib*."

Bajee Rao, the Peishwa of Poonah, was the last monarch of the Mahrattas, who, for many generations, kept central India in war and confusion. Driven by his faithlessness and treachery to dethrone the old man, the English Government assigned him a residence at Bithoor, twelve miles from Cawnpore, which he occupied until his death, in 1851. With his traditions and his greyhounds, his annuity of eight lacs of rupees (\$400,000) yearly, and his host of retainers, Bajee Rao led a splendid life, so far as this world was concerned. But the old Mahratta had one sore trial: he had no son to inherit his possessions, perpetuate his name, and apply the torch to his funeral pyre. This last office, according to the Hindoo faith, can only be performed properly by a filial hand. In this strait he had recourse to adoption, a ceremony which, by Hindoo law, entitles the favored individual to all the rights and privileges of an heir born of the body. His choice fell upon this Seereek Dhoondoo Punth, who, according to some, was the son of a corn merchant of Poonah, while others maintain that he was the offspring of a poor Konkane Brahmin, and first saw the light at Venn, a miserable little village near Bombay. The Nana was educated for his position; and, on the death of his benefactor, he entered into possession of his princely home and his immense private fortune. But this did not satisfy the Nana. He demanded, in addition, from the British Government, the title and the yearly pension which they had granted to his adoptive father. His claim was disallowed, as the pension was purely in the form of an annuity to the late King. But the Nana was not to be foiled; failing with the Calcutta authorities, he transferred his appeal to London, and dispatched an agent to prosecute it there. This opens another amazing chapter in the history of this man. The person selected, and who had so much to do afterward with the massacre of the ladies and children, was his confidential man of business, *Azeemoolah Khan*, a clever adventurer, who began life as a kitmutgar—a waiter at table. He thus acquired a knowledge of the English tongue, to which he afterward added French, and came at length to speak and write both with much fluency. Leaving service to pursue his studies, he afterward became a school-teacher, and in this latter position attracted the notice of the Nana,

who made him his Vakeel, or prime agent, and sent him to London to prosecute his claims. *Azeemoolah* arrived in town during the height of "the season" of 1854, and was welcomed into "society" with no inquiry as to antecedents. Passing himself off as an Indian Prince, and being abundantly furnished with ways and means, and having, withal, a most presentable contour, he gained admission into the most distinguished circles, making a very decided sensation. He speedily became a lion, and obtained more than a lion's share of the sweetest of all flattery—the ladies voted him "charming." Handsome and witty, endowed with plenty of assurance, and an apparent abundance of diamonds and Cashmere shawls, the ex-kitmutgar seemed as fine a gentleman as the Prime Minister of Nepal, or the Maharaja of the Punjab, both of whom had been lately in London.

In addition to the political business which he had in hand, *Azeemoolah* was at one time prosecuting a suit of his own of a more delicate nature; but, happily for the fair English woman who was the object of his attentions, her friends interfered and saved her from becoming an item in the harem of this Mohammedan polygamist. He returned to India by Constantinople, and visited the Crimea, where the war was then raging between England and Russia. He bore to his master the tidings of his unsuccessful efforts on his behalf, but consoled him with the assurance that the youthful vigor of the Russian power would soon overthrow the decaying strength of England, and that then a decisive blow would be sufficient to destroy their yoke in the East. Subtle and blood-thirsty, *Azeemoolah* betrayed no animosity until the outburst of the rebellion, and then he became the presiding genius of the assault and final massacre. Meanwhile he moved amid English society at Cawnpore with such deep dissimulation as to awaken no suspicion, and he was even the whole time carrying on correspondence with more than one noble lady in England, who had allowed themselves, in their too confiding dispositions, to be betrayed into a hasty admiration of this swarthy adventurer. So that, on the first day of Havelock's entrance, when he and his men came straight from "the Slaughter-House" and fatal well to the palace of Bithoor, they discovered, among the possessions of this scoundrel, the letters of these titled ladies, couched in terms of the most courteous friendship. How little they suspected the true character of their correspondent, and how bitter and painful the emotions which, under such circumstances, their letters raised in the breasts of Havelock's men! And yet this sleek and wary wretch was edu-

cated and courtly even to fascination, while the heart beneath his gorgeous vest cherished the purposes of the tiger and the fiend. So much for education and refinement without religion or the fear of God.

Dr. Russell, "the *Times* correspondent," mentions having met Azeemoolah in the Crimea, seeing with his own eyes how matters were going on there. He was fresh from England, where, a few weeks before, he might have been seen moving complacently in London drawing-rooms, or cantering on Brighton Downs, the center of an admiring bevy of English damsels. But in the Crimea the secret of his soul was betrayed when, one evening, in a large party, he was incautious enough to remark that the Russians and the Turks should cease to quarrel, and join and take India. The remark caused some feeling, but aroused no suspicion of the lurking vengeance. India could gain nothing by such a change of masters; he knew this well enough, but such a change would humble England and probably suspend or annihilate Christian missions there, and these results would be to him a full compensation for the change.

The sensual and superstitious Maharajah, of Bithoor—as Nana Sahib was called—had thus found an agent after his own heart to work out his will. Bithoor Palace, where the Nana resided, was spacious, and richly furnished in European style. All the reception-rooms were decorated with immense mirrors and massive chandeliers in variegated glass, and of the most recent manufacture; the floors were covered with the finest productions of the Indian looms, and all the appurtenances of Eastern splendor were strewn about in amazing profusion. But it would be impossible to lift the veil that must rest on the private life of this man. Nowhere was the mystery of iniquity deeper and darker than in this palace of Bithoor. It was a nest worthy of such a culture. There were apartments in that palace horribly unfit for any human eye, where both European and native artists had done their utmost to gratify the corrupt master, who was willing to incur any expense for the completion of his loathsome picture-gallery.

In the apartments open to the inspection of English visitors there was, of course, nothing that could shock either modesty or humanity, though a person of fastidious taste might take exception to the arrangement of the heterogeneous collection of furniture and decorations with which the Nana Sahib had filled his house, when he aimed to blend the complicated domestic appliances of the European with the few and simple requirements of the Oriental.

The Maharajah had a large and excellent stable of horses, elephants, and camels; a well-appointed kennel; a menagerie of pigeons, falcons, peacocks, and apes, which would have done credit to any Eastern monarch, from the days of Solomon downward. His armory was stacked with weapons of every age and country; his reception-rooms sparkled with mirrors and chandeliers that had come direct from Birmingham; his equipages had stood within a twelvemonth in the warehouses of London. He possessed a vast store of gold and silver plate, and his wardrobe overflowed with cashmere shawls and jewelry, which, when exhibited on gala days, were regarded with longing eyes by the English ladies of Cawnpore. For the Nana seldom missed an occasion for giving a ball or a banquet in European style to the society of the station, although he would never accept an entertainment in return, because the English Government, which refused to regard him as a royal personage, would not allow him the honor of a salute of twenty-one guns. On these occasions the Maharajah presented himself in his panoply of kincob and cashmere, crowned with a tiara of pearls and diamonds—as here represented—the great ruby in the center, and girt with old Bajee Rao's Sword of State, which report valued at three lacs of rupees—\$150,000. The Maharajah mixed freely with the company, inquired after the health of the major's lady, congratulated the Judge on his rumored promotion to the Supreme Court, joked the assistant magistrate about his last mishap in the hunting-field, and complimented the belle of the evening on the color she had brought down from the hills of Simla.

All this was going on when the writer was in Cawnpore in the Fall of 1856. These costly festivities were then provided for, and enjoyed by, the very persons, ladies, children, and gentlemen who were, before ten months had passed, ruthlessly butchered in cold blood by their quondam host. Till his hour arrived nothing could exceed the cordiality which he managed to display in his intercourse with the English. The persons in authority placed implicit confidence in his friendship and good faith, and the young officers emphatically pronounced him "a capital fellow." He had a nod, a kind word for every Englishman in the station; hunting parties and jewelry for the men, and picnics and cashmere shawls for the ladies. If a subaltern's wife required change of air the Rajah's carriage was at the service of the young couple, and the European apartments at Bithoor were put in order to receive them. If a civilian had overworked himself in court, he had but to speak the word,

and the Rajah's elephants were sent on to the Oude jungles for him to go tiger hunting. But none the less did he ever for a moment forget the grudge he bore the English people. While his face was all smiles, in his heart of hearts he brooded over the judgment of the Government, and the wrong of his despised claim.

The men who, with his presented sapphires and rubies glittering on their fingers, sat there laughing round his table, had each and all been doomed to die by a warrant that admitted of no appeal. He had sworn that the injustice should be expiated by the blood of ladies who had never heard his grievance named—of babies who had been born years after the question of that grievance had passed into oblivion. The great crime of Cawnpore blackened the pages of history with a far deeper stain than Sicilian vespers or September massacres, for this atrocious deed was prompted neither by diseased or mistaken patriotism, nor by the madness of superstition. The motives of the deed were as mean as the execution was cowardly and treacherous. Among the subordinate villains there might be some who were possessed by bigotry and class hatred, but Nana Sahib was actuated by no higher impulses than ruffled pride and disappointed avarice.

The city of Cawnpore is situated on the banks of the Ganges, six hundred and twenty-eight miles from Calcutta, and two hundred and sixty-six miles from Delhi. At the time of the great rebellion the English general commanding the station was Sir Hugh Wheeler. He had under his command four Sepoy regiments, and about three hundred English soldiers. In addition to these there were the wives and children of the English officers and of his own force, and of the force at Lucknow. Oude having been but recently annexed, the families of the officers in Lucknow could not yet obtain houses there, and so were left for the present under the care of Sir Hugh Wheeler at Cawnpore. When alarm began to extend the ladies and children of the stations around also went to him for protection, so that, before the rebellion broke out, the General found himself responsible for the care of over five hundred and sixty women and children, with only three hundred English soldiers, and about one hundred and forty other Europeans.

Sir Hugh had been over fifty years in India. His age, and his blind confidence in the loyalty of the Sepoys under his command, ill-fitted him for the position he then held. He would not credit the imminence of the danger, nor make that provision against it which some of those under his orders believed to be urgently neces-

sary. He still trusted the loyalty of the Nana Sahib, and placed the government treasure—an immense sum of money—under his care; and there was even a proposal to send the ladies and children off to the Bithoor palace for safe-keeping. There was a strong magazine on the banks of the Ganges, well provided with munitions of war and with suitable shelter, to which Sir Hugh might have taken his charge, and where, it is believed, he could have held out till relief reached him; but unfortunately he thought otherwise, believing himself not strong enough to hold it. So he crossed the canal and took a position on the open plain, in two large, one-storied barracks, and threw up a low earth-work round it, and thought himself secure till assistance could reach him from Calcutta. He did not take the precaution to provision even this place properly or in time, and also left the strong intrenchment on the Ganges stored with artillery of all sizes, and with shot and shell to match, with thirty boats full of ammunition moored at the landing-place—left all to fall into the hands of his enemies; and it was actually used, profusely used, against himself in the terrible days that followed. The few cannon which he took with him were no match for those he left behind, and which he had afterward to fight so fiercely and at such disadvantage.

On the 14th of May intelligence reached them of the fearful massacres of Meerut and Delhi. On the 5th of June the Cawnpore Sepoys broke into open mutiny, having been joined by other regiments from Oude—the Nana Sahib had been in intimate communication with the ringleaders—yet, for some reason or other, probably a disinclination to murder their officers or to face the few English soldiers there, the Sepoys seemed more inclined to leave the station and march for Delhi than to remain and attack the English. They actually started, performed the first stage, and encamped at a place called Kullianpore. The wily Azeemoolah and his master now saw that their hour had come. Arriving in the camp they persuaded the Sepoy host to return to Cawnpore and put all the English to the sword before they left the place. The unwillingness was overcome by the promise of unlimited pillage and the offer from the Maharajah of a gold anklet to each Sepoy. They retraced their steps. That night the English officers were, some of them, sleeping in their own houses, imagining that they had seen the last of that Sepoy army. But early the next morning the Nana announced his intention to commence the attack at once—and there was barely time to summon the officers and families outside ere it began. Every thing of value,

clothing and stores of all kinds, had to be suddenly abandoned. He who in that close and sultry night of midsummer had sought a little air and sleep on his house-top might not stay "to take any thing out of his house;" he who had been on early service in the field might "not turn back to take his clothes." Few and happy were they who had time to snatch a single change of raiment. Some lost their lives by waiting to dress. So that, half-clad, confused, and breathless, the devoted band rushed into the breastwork, which they entered only to suffer, and left only to die.

Within this miserable inclosure—containing two barracks designed for only one hundred men each, and surrounded by a mud wall only four feet high, three feet in thickness at the base, and but twelve inches at the top—where the batteries were constructed by the simple expedient of leaving an aperture for each gun, so that the artillery-men served their pieces as in the field, with their persons entirely exposed to the fire of the enemy. Within this inclosure were huddled together a thousand people, only four hundred and forty of whom were men—the rest were women and children. Here, withal, any thing that could be called shelter, without proper provisions for a single week, exposed to the raging sun by day and to the iron hail of death by day and night, these Christian people had to endure for twenty-two days the pitiless bombardment, rifle-shots, and storming-parties launched at them from a well-appointed army of nearly 10,000 men.

How well those four hundred and forty men must have fought, when, with closed teeth and bated breath, the Brahmin and the Saxon thus closed for their death grapple, where no quarter was asked or received, may be imagined. But who can imagine the terror and the sufferings of that crowd of five hundred and sixty ladies and children, not one of whom could be saved even by all the valor of those brave men that fought so hard and died so rapidly to protect them! Of the whole number only *three* men escaped, Captain Delafosse, Major Thompson, and private Murphy.

America and Europe have ever forbidden their warriors to point the sword at a female breast. But Asiatics have no such scruples. The Hindoos, who allow their women few or no personal rights, and the Mohammedans, who doubt if they have souls, have no tenderness for the position or treatment of the weaker sex. The sharp-shooters and gunners of the Nana Sahib were true to their heathenism. They gave no rest and showed no mercy. Some ladies were slain outright by grape or round

shot, others by the bullet—many were crushed by the splinters or the falling walls. At first every projectile that struck the barracks, where they were crowded together, was the signal for heart-rending shrieks, and low wailing more heart-rending still; but ere long time and habit had taught them to suffer and to fear in silence. The unequal contest could not last long. By the end of the first week every one of the fifty-nine professional artillerymen had been killed or wounded, besides those who had fallen all round the position. Sun-stroke had dazed and killed several. Their only howitzer was knocked clear off its carriage, and the other cannon disabled, save two pieces which were withdrawn under cover, loaded with grape and reserved for the purpose of repelling an assault. Even the bore of these had been injured so that a canister could not be driven home, and the poor ladies gave up their stockings to supply the case for a novel but not unserviceable cartridge. As their reply waned more faint, the fire of the enemy augmented in volume, rapidity, and precision—casualties mounted up fearfully, and at length their misfortunes culminated in a wholesale disaster. One of the two barracks had a thatched roof. In this, as more roomy, were collected the sick, and wounded, and women. On the evening of the eighth day of the bombardment the enemy succeeded in lodging a lighted "carcase" on the roof, and the whole building was speedily in a blaze. No effort was spared or risk shunned to rescue the helpless inmates; but, in spite of all, two brave men were burned to death. During that night of horror the artillery and marksmen of the enemy, aided by the light of the burning building, poured their cruel fire on the busy men who were trying to save the provisions and ammunition, and living burdens more precious still, out of the fire, while the guards, crouching silent and watchful, finger on trigger, each at his station behind the outer wall, could see the countless foes, revealed now and again by the glare, prowling and yelling around the outer gloom like so many demons eager for their prey.

The misery fell chiefly on the ladies; they were now obliged to pass their days and nights in a temperature varying from 120 to 138 degrees, cowering beneath such shelter as the low earth-work could give—and all this to women who had been brought up in the lap of luxury, and who had never till now known a moment of physical privation. There were but two wells within reach; one of these had been used to receive their dead—for they could not bury them—the other was so trained upon day and night by the shell of the enemy that at last it became the

certain risk of death to remain long enough to draw up from a depth of over sixty feet a bucket of water for the parched women and children. Yet necessity compelled that risk, while it made the sip of water rare and priceless, but left none to wash their persons or their wounds. A short gill of flour and a handful of split peas was now their daily sustenance. The medical stores had been all destroyed in the conflagration—there remained no drugs, or cordials, or opiates to cure or alleviate. The bandages for the newly wounded were supplied off the persons of the ladies, who nobly parted with their clothing for this purpose till many of them had barely enough left to screen their persons. And to this condition were these once beautiful women reduced—herded together in fetid misery, where delicacy and modesty were hourly shocked, though never for a moment impaired. Barefooted and ragged, haggard and emaciated, parched with drought and faint with hunger, they sat watching to hear that they were widows. Each morning deepened the hollow in the youngest cheek and added a new furrow to the fairest brow. Want, exposure, and depression speedily decimated that hapless company, while a hideous train of diseases—fever, apoplexy, insanity, cholera, and dysentery—began to add their horrors to the dreadful and unparalleled scene. Alas, even this does not by any means exhaust the list of terrors, but we can go no further. American ladies will add their generous tears to those which have been flowing for their sorrows in many an English home during the past twelve years.

They tried hard to communicate with the outside world—with Lucknow or Allahabad—for they had a few faithful natives who ventured forth for them; but so close was the cavalry pickets around their position, that only one person ever returned to them. These spies were barbarously used. The writer saw some of them after the rebellion in their mutilated state—their hands cut off or their noses slit open; and one poor fellow had lost hands, nose, and ears. The native mode of mutilation was horribly painful—the limbs being chopped off with a tulwar—a coarse sword—and the stumps then dipped in boiling oil to arrest the bleeding.

Things had now reached their dire extremity. The sweetness of existence had vanished, and the last flicker of hope had died away. Yet moved by a generous despair and an invincible self-respect, they still fought on for dear life, and for lives dearer than their own. By daring, and vigilance, and unparalleled endurance these brave and suffering men staved off ruin for another day and yet another. Long had their eyes

and ears strained in the direction of Allahabad, hoping for the succor that was never to reach them. The 23d of June dawned—the anniversary of the battle of Plassey—the Nana Sahib had vowed to celebrate that centenary of the rise of the English power in its utter overthrow; the Sepoys had sworn by the most solemn oath of their religion to conquer or perish on that day. Early in the morning the whole force was moved to the assault—the guns were brought up within a few hundred yards of the wall—the infantry in dense array advanced, their skirmishers rolling before them great bales of cotton, proof against the bullets of the besieged, while the cavalry charged at a gallop in another quarter. It was all in vain. The contest was short but sharp. The teams which drew the artillery were shot down, the bales were fired, the sharpshooters driven back on their columns, and the saddles of the cavalry were emptied as they came on. The Sepoy host reeled before the dreadful resistance and fell back discouraged, nor could they be induced to renew the effort. That evening a party of them drew near the position, made obeisance after their fashion, and asked leave to remove their dead. This acknowledgment of an empty triumph was a poor consolation to these gaunt and starving Englishmen under the shadow of the impending doom of themselves and those whom they so well defended.

The result of this day's conflict produced a sudden change in the plans of the Nana Sahib. He began to despair of taking the position by storm, and events were forbidding him to wait for the slower process of starvation. The Sepoys were already grumbling, and another repulse would set them conspiring. The usurper saw he must bring matters to a speedy conclusion; for, in addition to Sepoy discontent, rumors had already reached him of an avenging force having left Benares to save those whom he had resolved to destroy. He had not a day to lose; it behooved the monster to bring the matter to a speedy conclusion by any means, even the very foulest—as all others had failed. He, therefore, resolved to insnare where he could not vanquish, to lure those Christians from the shelter of that wall within which no intruder had set his foot and lived. He suspended the bombardment and opened negotiations. The world had never yet heard of treachery so hellish as what he meditated then. And though some of the ladies had their fears, yet none imagined the purpose that was in the depths of the dark hearts of this man and his minion Azeemoolah. Admiration of their bravery was expressed, and sympathy for the

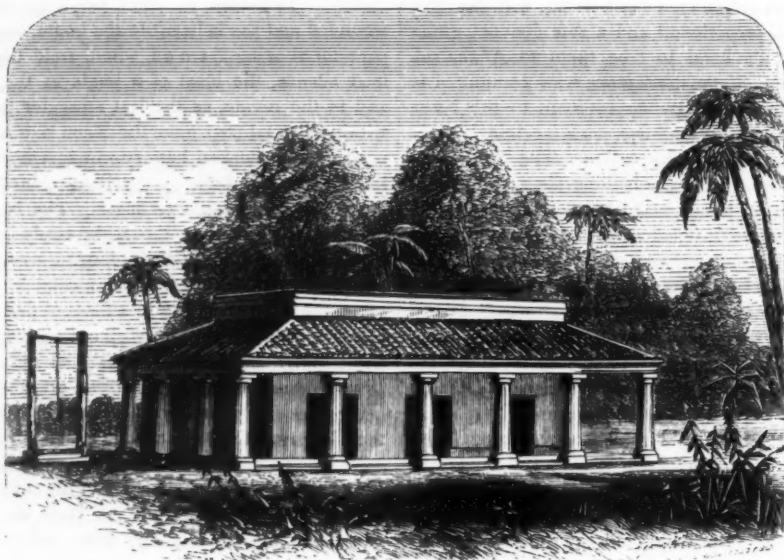
condition of the ladies still living, with the offer of boats provisioned and a safe conduct under the Nana's hand to take them to Allahabad. The terms of the conference were committed to paper and borne by Azeemoolah to the Nana for his signature; all was made seemingly right and safe for the capitulation. The boats were actually moored at the landing-place and provisions put on board, and the whole shown to the committee of English officers. That night they could obtain water, and deep were the draughts of the blessed beverage which they imbibed; they could also sleep, for the bombardment had ceased, though a cloud of cavalry held watch round their position. They slept sounder the next night, and the Nana intended that they should.

Some criticisms have been made upon their agreement to surrender at all. But it may be answered that, had that garrison consisted only of fighting men, no one would have dreamed of surrender. But what could be done when more than half their number, male and female, had already been killed, and the balance was a mixed multitude, in which there was a woman and child to each man, while every other man was incapacitated by wounds or disease, with only four days more of half rations of their miserable subsistence, and the monsoon—the tropical rains—hourly expected to open upon them in all its violence? The only choice was between death and capitulation; and if the latter was resolved on, it was well that the offer came from the enemy.

Eleven o'clock next morning—June 27th—came. Every thing was ready; all Cawnpore was astir, crowding by thousands to the landing-place. The doomed garrison had taken their last look at their premises and at the well, into which so many of their number had been lowered during the past three weeks. The writer has walked over the same ground, between their intrenchment and the landing-place, and has wondered with what feelings that ragged and spiritless cavalcade passed over that space on that day. But they had at least this consolation: they thought that their miseries were ending, and that they were going toward home, and all its blessed associations. They moved on, reached the wooden bridge, and turned into the fatal ravine which led to the water's edge. Two dozen large boats, each covered with a frame and heavy thatch, to screen the sun, were ready; but it was observed that, instead of floating, they had been drawn into the shallows, and were resting on the sand. The vast multitude, speechless and motionless as specters, watched their descent into that "valley of the shadow of

death." The men in front begin to lift the wounded and the ladies into the boats, and prepare for shoving them off, when, amid that sinister silence, the blast of a bugle at the other end of the ravine, as the last straggler entered within the fatal trap, gave the Nana Sahib's signal, and the masked battery which Azeemoolah had spent his night preparing, opened with grape upon the confused mass. The boatmen who were to row them thrust the ready burning charcoal into the thatch, plunged overboard, and made for the shore; and, almost in a moment, the entire fleet was in a blaze of fire. Five hundred marksmen sprang up among the trees and temples, and began to pour their deadly fire in upon them, while the cavalry along the river brink were ready for any who attempted to swim the Ganges. Only four men made good their escape—two officers and two privates—one of whom soon afterward sunk under his sufferings; and they owed their lives to their ability in swimming and diving, and were indebted for their ultimate safety to the humanity of a noble Hindoo, Dirigbijah Singh of Oude. The Nana Sahib was pacing before his tent, waiting for the news; a trooper was dispatched to inform him that all was going on well, and that the Peishwa would soon have ample vengeance for his ancient wrong. He bade the courier return to the scene of action, bearing the verbal order to "keep the women alive, and kill all the males." Accordingly, the women and children whom the shot had missed, and the flames spared, were collected and brought to land. Many of them were dragged from under the charred woodwork, or out of the water beside the boats. Some of the ladies were roughly handled by the troopers, who, while collecting them, tore away such ornaments as caught their fancy, with little consideration for ear or finger. Their defenders were all soon murdered, and lay in mutilation on the banks, or in the boats, or floated away with the stream. The ladies were taken back along the road, through a surging crowd of Sepoys and towns-people, till the procession halted opposite the pavilion of the Maharajah, who, after receiving his wretched captives, ordered them removed to a small building north of the canal, which was to be the scene of their final sufferings on the 15th of the following month. We present a sketch of this place, known afterward as the "House of the Massacre."

It comprised two principal rooms, each twenty feet by ten, with three or four windowless closets; and behind the building was an open court, about fifteen yards square, surrounded by a high wall. Guarded by Sepoys, within these limits, during nineteen days of tropical heat, were



"THE HOUSE OF MASSACRE,"

Where Nana Sahib murdered the ladies and children, July 15th, 1857.

penned up together these 201 ladies and children, and 5 men—206 persons in all—awaiting their doom from the lips of a monster. "The Well" into which he had their mangled bodies thrown is shown on the left side of the picture. Their food during those terrible days was very coarse and scanty indeed; and, to add to it, the keenest indignity that an Oriental could give, it was cooked for them by the Methers. They lay on the bare ground, and were closely watched day and night.

That evening the Nana Sahib held a State review in honor of his "victory," ordered a general illumination of the city of Cawnpore, and posted a proclamation, in which he called upon the people to "rejoice at the delightful intelligence that Cawnpore has been conquered, and the Christians have been sent to hell, and both the Hindoo and Mohammedan religions have been confirmed, and calling upon all to be obedient to the present Government," etc.

The Maharajah at length enjoyed the compliment he had so long coveted, and was so long denied—at the review he was greeted with the full sum of twenty-one guns, his nephew and two brothers receiving seventeen each. He wore his royal honors for seventeen days and no more. Distributing \$50,000 among the mutineers, he returned in state to his Cawnpore residence. This was a hotel kept by a Mohammedan, and in which the writer slept when at the place a few months previously. He took possession of these premises; they were only

about seventy-five paces from the house shown above, where the poor ladies were confined. Here he lived from day to day in a perpetual round of sensuality, amid a choice coterie of priests, panders, ministers, and minions. The reigning beauty of the fortnight was one Oula or Adala. She was the Thais on whose breast sank the vanished victor, oppressed with brandy and such love as animates a middle-aged Eastern debauchee. She is said to have counted by hundreds of thousands the rupees which were lavished upon her by the affection or vanity of her Alexander.

Every night there was an entertainment of music, dancing, and pantomime, the latter some caricature of English habits. The noise of this revelry was plainly audible to the captives in the adjoining house; and as they crowded round the windows to catch a breath of the cool night air, the glare of the torches and the strains of the barbarous melody might remind them of the period when he who was now the center of that noisy throng thought himself privileged if he could induce them to honor him with their acceptance of the hospitality of Bithoor. To such reality of woe were they reduced. Heat, hardship, wounds, and want of space and proper nourishment were beginning to release some from their bondage before the season marked out by Azeemoolah for a jail delivery such as the world never witnessed before. A sentence of relief may be added here, as rumors contrary to the fact have been circulated—Trevel-

yan, whom we have largely quoted, declares that the evidence shows that these ladies died without mention, and we may hope without apprehension, of dishonor.

The hour of retribution dawned at length. Outraged civilization was coming with a vengeance to punish the guilty, and to save this remnant if it were possible. General Havelock and his brave little brigade were on their way, making forced marches daily. The Nana roused himself to meet the danger. He had forwarded armies to resist the approach, but twice his forces were hurled back, bringing to him the news of their disaster. Reserving his own sacred person for the supreme venture, he now ordered his whole army to be got ready. But before setting out he took advice as to what was best to be done with the captives. It was seen that dead men or women tell no tales and give no evidence, and this was important in case of a reverse. While he also reasoned that, as the British were approaching solely for the purpose of releasing their friends, they would not risk another battle for the purpose merely of burying them, but would be only too glad of an excuse to avoid meeting the Peishwa in the field, so he and his council concluded. Their decision was that the ladies should die, and that, too, without further delay, as the army must march in the morning.

We purposely omit many of the details of the horrors of that dreadful evening, as we have read them, or heard them described by Havelock's men, and will try to give the result in brief terms. About half-past 4 o'clock that afternoon—July 15th—the woman called "The Begum" informed the ladies that they were to be killed. But the Sepoys refused to execute the order, and there was a pause. Nana Sahib was not thus to be balked, even though the widows of Bajee Rao, his step-mothers by adoption, most earnestly remonstrated against the act. It was all in vain. The Nana found his agents; five men—some of whom were butchers by profession—undertook the work for him. With their knives and swords they entered, and the door was fastened behind them. The shrieks and scuffling within told those without that these journeymen were executing their master's will. It took them exactly an hour and a half to finish it; they then came out again, having earned their hire. They were paid, it is said, one rupee (fifty cents) for each lady, one hundred dollars for the whole, and were dismissed. Then a number of Methers (sweepers) were called, and, by the heels or hair of their head, these once beautiful women and children were dragged out of the house and

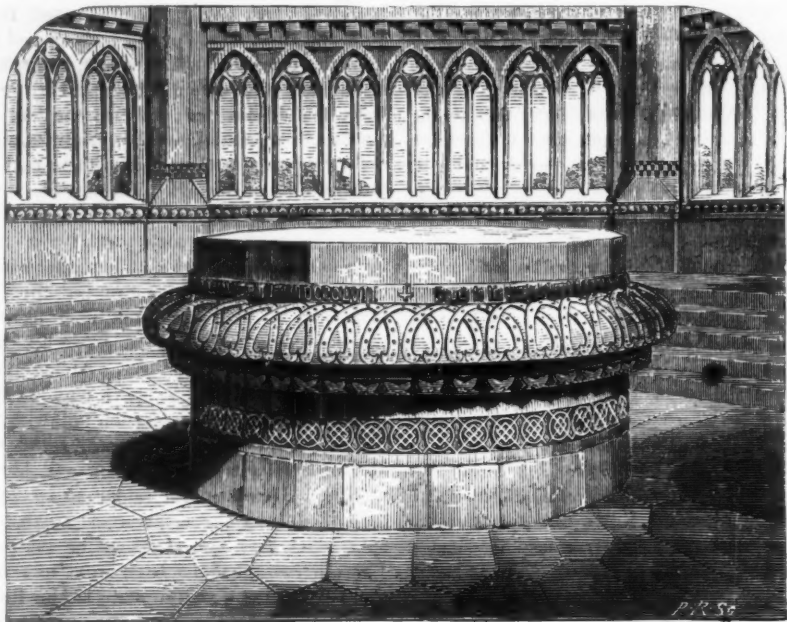
dropped down into the open well—shown in the last picture—which had been used to irrigate land, some fifty feet deep—the dying with the dead, and the children over all! Next morning, when the army marched, no living European remained in Cawnpore.

Commanding in person, the Nana Sahib went forth that day to meet Sir Henry Havelock, bent on doing something great in defense of his tottering throne. And, notwithstanding the disparity of their numbers, he soon realized the difference between them and the group of invalids and civilians whom he had brought to bay behind that deserted rampart. Now he saw before him, extending from left to right, the unbroken line of white faces, and red cloth, and sparkling steel. With set teeth and flashing eyes, and rifles tightly grasped, closer and closer drew the measured tramp of feet, and the heart of the foe died within him, and his fire grew hasty and ill-directed; and, as the last volley cut the air overhead, the English, with a shout, rushed forward at their foes. Then each rebel thought only of himself. The terrible shrapnel and canister tore through their ranks, and they broke ere the bayonet could touch them. Squadron after squadron, and battalion after battalion, these humbled Brahmins dropped their weapons, threw off their packs, and spurred and ran in wild confusion, pursued for miles by the British cavalry and artillery. At nightfall the Nana Sahib entered Cawnpore upon a chestnut horse drenched in perspiration and with bleeding flanks. On he sped toward Bithoor, sore and weary, his head swimming and his chest heaving. He had never ridden so far and fast before. It was the just earnest of that hardship which was henceforth to be his portion. Far otherwise had he been wont to return to that palace after a visit of state to the English; lolling, vinaigrette in hand, beneath the breath of fans, amid the cushions of a luxurious carriage, surrounded by a moving hedge of outriders and running footmen. Placing his harem on steeds, with some treasure and provisions, and with his brothers and such as chose to follow his fortunes, he then, having filled to overflowing the measure of his guilt, passed away like a thief in the night, and left his wealth to the spoiler, and his halls of guilt to the owl and the snake. He and his following entered the jungles of Oude, and penetrated deep into desolate wilds, where the malarious fever soon thinned off his company, and reduced the remnant to the last distress. For the last that is known of this man's doom we have to depend upon the reports of two native spies who followed him, and two of his servants who subse-

quently found their way out of those Himalayan solitudes. Wasted and worn at last by fever and starvation to utter desperation, they are reported to have held a council and concluded to put their swords each through his own women, and then to separate and die alone. Certainly a remnant of any of them has never since been seen. The Nana Sahib wore that great ruby which was so celebrated for its size and brilliancy. His priests had told him that it was an amulet which secured to him a charmed life. He trusted in it, no doubt, to the very last. It was probably in his turban when he wandered up that deep ravine to die alone; and if so there it lies to-day, for no human hand will ever pene-

trate those pestilential jungles to gather it. The eagles of the Himalayas alone, as they look down from their lofty height for their prey, are the only eyes that will ever see the burning rays of that ruby as it shines amid the rags of the vagrant who perished there twelve long years ago!

On the 17th of July at daybreak the English army reached Cawnpore; they passed the walls of the roofless barracks, pitted with shot and blackened with flames, and then came to "the Ladies' House," and as they stood sobbing at the door, they saw what it were well could the outraged earth have hidden. The inner apartment was ankle deep in blood. The plaster all



"THE WELL"—INSIDE VIEW. (*The bodies are beneath this center-piece.*)

round was scored with sword-cuts; not high up as when men had fought, but low down and around the corners, as if a creature had crouched to avoid the blow. Fragments of dresses, large locks of hair, and children's little shoes were scattered round. Alas, it was thirty-six hours too late! The well beside the house held what they had marched and fought so hard to save, and marcher^d and fought in vain. They had to leave them as they found them; so they filled up the well and leveled the house to the earth. Over that well a weeping country has erected a graceful shrine, and round it has turned the ground into a fair garden, and made the whole sacred to their memory. We present views of

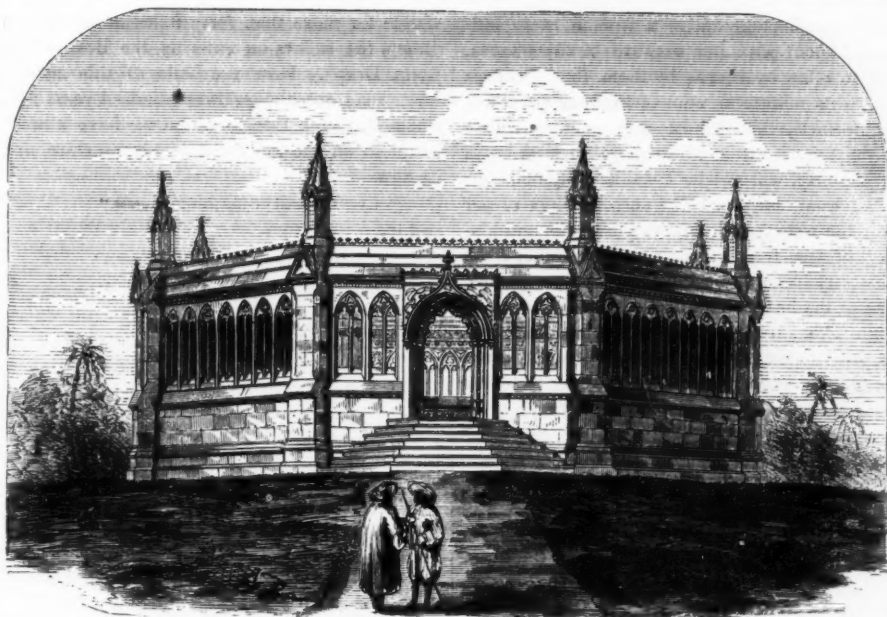
the outside and inside of the shrine, engraved from photographs taken on the spot.

Around the rim of the stone, covering the well's mouth, is this inscription:

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF A GREAT NUMBER OF CHRISTIAN PEOPLE, CHIEFLY WOMEN AND CHILDREN, CRUELLY MASSESACRED NEAR THIS SPOT, BY THE REBEL NANA SAHIB, AND THROWN, THE DYING WITH THE DEAD, INTO THE WELL BENEATH ON THE XV DAY OF JULY, MDCCCLVII."

Around the door outside are the words of the 141st Psalm: "Our bones are scattered at the grave's mouth, as when one cutteth and cleaveth wood upon the earth."

The garden, inclosed, and planted, and made so lovely, with the monument in the center, is



THE SHRINE—OUTSIDE VIEW. (*The top of "The Well" is seen just inside the door.*)

now such a contrast, in its peace and beauty, to the sorrows once endured within its limits, that one is reminded of the words which Havelock's men cut on the temporary monument which they placed over the well: "I believe in the resurrection of the body." The entire premises have been placed by Government under the appropriate guardianship of private Murphy—one of the three survivors of that fearful siege—and here he may be seen daily accompanying visitors from many lands, who, with sad thoughts and respectful steps, approach the Ladies' Monument in the Memorial Garden of Cawnpore.

JEAN INGELOW AND HER WRITINGS.

LINCOLNSHIRE, on the eastern coast of England, was the birthplace of Alfred Tennyson and of Jean Ingelow. Boston, in this shire, where, in 1830, Miss Ingelow was born, is one hundred and sixteen miles north of London. It is an ancient seaport town at the mouth of the Witham. The surrounding country is low and flat, but rich in broad, green meadow lands. The great marshes and fens that formerly occupied their places, and which were long ago submerged beneath shallow lakes of stagnant water, were drained, it is believed, by the Romans, who intersected the country with canals, and guarded it from the hungry sea by huge embankments.

The quiet, pleasant city, "saturated with antiquity," now contains about twelve thousand inhabitants; but long before the discovery of America it was rich and populous, and in 1204 its merchants paid the most port duty of any place in the kingdom, except London, which was levied but fifty-six pounds more than Boston. Subsequently, and from various causes, the commerce of the latter declined. The drainage was erroneously managed; the river, which had formerly accommodated ships of heavy burden, could in 1751 scarcely float a sloop of forty or fifty tons to the town, unless at a Spring-tide. The fall of the Witham from Lincoln to the sea is very slight; and, without artificial aid, the stream can not be kept sufficiently wide and deep for navigation or drainage, on any large scale.

We have very often reason to be surprised at the immense influence of minor things and helps; and one prime cause of the partial destruction of the Boston harbor was supposed to lie in the diversion of the waters of the adja-cent fens, which had previously emptied into the Witham above the city. By act of Parliament, a canal for drainage, and a great sluice, were constructed. These works were completed in 1766, and materially assisted the river, and improved the haven. Now tall ships ride there;

*"Stately prows are rising and bowing,
Shouts of mariners winnow the air."*

The intellectual life of a woman is so intimately blent with her outward circumstances, and so often overborne by them, that I trust a somewhat minute account of this ancient town, the former residence of that poetess whose writings have attracted so deep an interest in our country, will not be considered tedious, or, at the least, useless. The surroundings of her daily life were long linked to the works and history of the remotest age of her father-land. This fact has its due influences in her poems. One of the best ballads in the language is "The High Tide on the coast of Lincolnshire;" and the heavy clang of the "awesome bells" from the old, old tower, fills the peaceful air in which the reader sits with burdens of woe from

"—long, aye, long ago."

So, also, of other poems; they glide out of the obscurity of early English time.

The Kyme Tower, situated two miles from Boston, and the Hussey Tower, within the town, with ancient turrets and crumbling walls, are among the remains of past days. There is also the old canal, or drain, called the *Car-dyke*, and generally attributed to the Romans weltering lazily through the country, and bearing within its strong banks, and on its sluggish waters, the most venerable memories.

Boston has, as is meet, its old church, and older yet, its traditions dating back to that disturbed period when Norman and Saxon strove for the mastery of the fair island; when priests dwelt in barricaded convents, and fiery templars, cased in armor, marshaled by thousands on English ground, at the call of the Hermit, for the rescue of the Holy Land. There are hazy reminiscences of a monastery, and of other religious houses, which probably stood within the limits of the present town; of Dominican, Franciscan, Carmelite, and Augustan friars, with all the numberless sensible, and otherwise, paraphernalia of the Romish Church. But the hall of the guild of the Blessed Mary has long been perverted to purely secular uses; and black friar, and gray friar, and Carmelite, and Augustine, have failed to keep their ancient holds. The first stone of the present parish church of St. Botolph was laid in 1309. It is without transepts, and is two hundred and forty-five feet in length. It contains a window, in memory of the Rev. John Cotton, contributed from our Boston, which, it will be recollected, was named from this same old town. The inscription is in Latin, and was written by Edward Everett. The noble tower, one of the best specimens of the perpendicular style, is three hundred feet high. It is crowned by an octagonal lantern,

visible for more than forty miles at sea, which directs the sailors on entering the Boston and Lynn Deepes. How the bells of this ancient tower rang out, almost three hundred years ago, when that high tide to which we have alluded swept in on the low coast of Lincolnshire, and its flow

"Strewed wrecks about the grass,"

and its

"Ebbe swept out the flocks to sea,"

the poetess tells us, in the quaint language of the old country side. She describes the Mayor, and the breathless ringers as they climbed the belfry-tower to "play uppe, play uppe," in hot haste, and with might and main, the warning air of "The Brides of Enderby." Not

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping down;"

nor for

"Shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,

But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
. . . ring 'The Brides of Enderby:'"

For, alas! the old sea-wall was down, boats were drifting up the market-place of the terrified town, and the swift waters were still sweeping on—bursting the narrow banks of the peaceful Lindis—drowning out the wide green meadows, and burying man and beast beneath their cruel surge.

"For lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then banks came down with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drove,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet;
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea."

In the accidents—if any such there be—of her birth-place, family connections, and surroundings, Jean Ingelow's early life was like a preparation for her high vocation as a poetess. She was one of eleven children. Her father was a banker, in comfortable circumstances, well educated, and of good ancestry. Her mother was a Scotch lady—from the hills of lovely Aberdeenshire. The bonny name of "Jean" is but one of the maternal heir-looms. In

certain poems we seem to be carried out on broad, purple moors, or among broken, picturesque highlands, where the air is odorous with heather-blossoms. The Scotch, as a people, are not great, but they have the best elements of scenic poetry in their surroundings, and we can imagine how easily occasional sojourns in the "fader-land," either by way of the mother's graphic descriptions, or in reality, would give us the very landscapes of some of these poems.

In the poetic temperament all of these outside and apparently adventitious things act with great force. This shy child had freedom, in so large a family, for the indulgence of her own fancies and leisure, as the years came for the cultivation of her mind and imagination. The mementos of a pagan but mighty people were before her; and legends of the chivalric age of Albion, when the "merry men" under Robin Hood ranged Sherwood Forest, and cowed monks feasted within the strong walls of a St. Botolph, more ancient than the one upon which her eyes gazed, doubtless reached her ear. And, better than all, her home was by the Great Deep. She has listened to all the voices of the sea, and has been baptized in its spray. She knows its humors in storm and in shine, and can sometimes word them in human speech. She is familiar with the ways of the fisher-folk. She has handled in childhood's, and with youth's studious fingers, the ragged, flaunting weeds growing by the salt marge, and plucked the fast clingers from the rocks, and measured with her eye the long "crimson leaf" of the dulse. So beneath our watch white-winged ships sail out on the "leaping main," leaving far behind

"The laughter of the land, the sweetness of the shore,"

and we follow them mentally, while they

"Rock, and rock, and rock,
Over the falling, rising, watery world."

Rivers, also,

"Broad, and white, and polished as silver,"

wend through her poems.

Great changes have, however, taken place in Miss Ingelow's life since the days when she dwelt by the sea. Her father is dead, and she now resides with her widowed mother in London. Her home is in a pleasant, quiet street. There she lives the life of a thoughtful, refined, and Christian woman. Three times a week she gives a dinner to poor patients, just discharged from hospitals, and yet too feeble to work. In one of her letters she says:

"We have about twelve to dinner three times a week, and hope to continue the plan. . . I find it one of the great pleasures of writing, that it gives me more command of money for

such purposes than falls to the lot of most women. I call this a copy-right dinner. . . We generally have six children as well as the grown-up people each time, and it is quite pleasant to see how the good food improves their health. We only have this dinner three times a week, and let each person dine either six or nine times as seems desirable."

It is understood that the Messrs. Roberts Brothers have paid Miss Ingelow thousands of dollars from the sale of her works in this country, although under no legal obligation to do so. Her noble charities have been largely assisted by this generous conduct, and let us hope that what Mrs. Hale calls "her dinner table for the poor" may be continued and enlarged.

The portrait given in this month's Repository will furnish an idea of the features of Miss Ingelow's face, and its open, truthful expression; but for the benefit of those who like to know more of the *personalis* of a favorite author, than the best engraving can convey, it may be proper to say that the poetess is described as "plain, rather stout, hair touched with gray; shy, yet cordial manners; a clear, straightforward glance, and a peculiarly musical voice." So much for the *tout ensemble*; let us turn to more important matters.

Miss Ingelow's first volume of poetry was reprinted in this country, from the London issue, late in the Autumn of 1863, by Roberts Brothers, Boston. A second book of poems, and three volumes of beautiful prose, "Studies for Stories," "Stories told to a Child," and "A Sister's Bye-Hours," have since added to her fame, and to our knowledge of her; and in all, about one hundred thousand copies of her works have been sold by her American publishers. Of the books in prose, "Studies for Stories" is, perhaps, the most known. It contains five stories, each complete, but capable of expansion—whence the propriety of the word "stories." The opening one entitled, "The Cumberers," gives some account of the five Misses Perkins, orphaned daughters of a clergyman, whose home was by the sea. The professed narrator is a young girl who boards with these ladies during a "season;" and their various characters and employments are delineated in a clear, sympathetic, lively style. Each had her "mission," save, of course, the Cumberer, and each liked it too. Miss Robina Perkins, the eldest, who could never keep still, was general manager about house, and did the family marketing; Miss Anne, a gentle, refined invalid, "who required to be much in the open air," took upon herself the care of the flower garden; Miss Sarah, who "would have thought it a great

hardship to go shopping, or tend flower-beds," did the sewing; after these three lovable, useful old maids, came Miss Amelia, who was the Cumberer. She sat in the drawing-room; played the piano; worked crochet and lamb's-wool patterns; talked of her high connections, and lamented her "straitsened circumstances."

"She never did any thing that she designed to be for the comfort or assistance of others. There were no duties that she habitually performed; there was no place that she occupied; no one looked to her, or depended on her for any thing; no one seemed to be the better for her; she seemed to have no more to do with the course of that stream of life on which she floated than the least little piece of weed may have, that, being detached from its stem, goes sailing down its native brook toward the sea." Miss Amelia Perkins "thought it unladylike even to bustle and be in a hurry, as her sisters sometimes were; she often said people could do what they had to do without that. Accordingly, she was never in a bustle; but then," continues Miss Ingelow, "she never had any thing particular to do."

Bessie Perkins, the youngest sister, "a remarkably happy person," but no beauty, which Miss Amelia thought herself, did the errands, wrote the letters, and read the newspapers to Miss Sarah while the latter sat at her sewing. The little incidents of these simple and everyday lives are related in a most interesting manner, and bring the reflection that so often occurs to our thoughtful moments, that there is no phase of human existence which is wholly undramatic, or without far-reaching and powerful results. But the *morale* of Miss Ingelow's stories is not offensively obtruded. Those brief asides, for which, in some authors, we look with such interest, are short, but worded in a certain clear-cut, diamond way, betokening that the writer is a sincere and earnest woman. In alluding to the marvelous slowness of Cumberers in self-applying "hints," and the facility with which the innocent blame themselves, she remarks, that "many a delicate invalid, who overtakes herself, thinks herself, notwithstanding, quite a burden, while she is teaching, by her example, the most improving lessons of patience, gentleness, and resignation; and many an awkward, yet warm-hearted and eager girl, weeping over her various mistakes, blunders, and short-comings, in her anxious attempts to be kind and to help others, and to do a great deal in a little time, has been willing enough to take to herself the appellation, false indeed in her case, of a Cumberer."

And again: "How beautiful is that saying

of Holy Writ, 'The desire of a man is his kindness!' . . . Thus I once heard a lady, who was a noble instance of a Cumberer, say, 'It is very unjust your saying that I do n't do any thing to help in the house, or to amuse the family; there's my music.' 'Yes,' replied the sister-in-law, to whom the remark had been addressed, 'but though you do play beautifully, and thus often happen to amuse us, you do n't play for our benefit or pleasure, but your own; if it were unpleasant to you to play you would not do it, for you very often play when it is very unpleasant to us, and at very inconvenient times, and I can not but think your happening to be fond of music, and thus happening to amuse us, does not prove what I said to be incorrect, that you seldom do any thing which you design to be useful or agreeable, and I wish it was otherwise.'"

In "My Great Aunt's Picture," the second story of the "studies," we have this thought on the great commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as *thyself*:"

"But can love be *learned*? Can it be fostered, cultivated, indulged? Can I make myself love my neighbor? Let us ask another question which may help us to the answer of this. Can hatred be learned? Can it be encouraged, cherished? Can I make myself hate my neighbor? Yes. How can I do this? I can do it by reflecting on the least agreeable parts of his character to the exclusion of his better qualities; I can impute bad motives to his indifferent actions; I can disparage his virtues, and fail to excuse his faults; I can decline, in his case, to admit the strength of temptation; I can treasure up and dwell on imaginary slights or little affronts that he may have shown me, till they exasperate me; I can tell others of his behavior, dwelling always on its darkest side, till it appears all the darker by frequent repetition. By an opposite course I can foster, cultivate, and encourage affection. This, it is granted, must be difficult at first, too difficult indeed for any but those who seek Divine assistance."

Such is the spirit and style of "Studies for Stories." Devoid of intricacy, and untrammelled with plots, as becomes their beautiful and quiet simplicity, each picture in a clear, perspicuous manner some sensible, and almost universal phasis of life.

The "Stories Told to a Child," consists of fourteen charming tales, with an illustration to each—forming a handsome book, uniform in size and binding with the "Studies," and "A Sister's Bye-Hours."

The last work is the latest volume of prose that Miss Ingelow has published. It contains

seven stories, and is marked by the same characteristics which belong to the books we have mentioned. There is something practical on almost every page. The first story gives what is, to our American eyes, an interesting view of the interior of an English boarding-school for girls and young ladies; and truly they manage these things better in the old country. "Muschachito Mio," with which the book closes, carries us, in company with half a dozen cheerful, breezy young naval officers of Her British Majesty's service, to the top of the convent-crowned mountain near Cumana, on the northern shore of South America. And a very "extraordinary shore" it is. When the tide goes out it exposes acres of trees, which "live and grow in the salt water;" and which have "great fleshy, flabby leaves, almost as thick as a person's hand." These disgusting "beasts" among trees, coated with slime, and steaming and drying in the warm air, when uncovered, are mangroves. They are among those things which make one wonder why the Lord made so many of them.

Miss Ingelow's prose works have been more widely read in England than her poems; but in this country she has, until recently, been quite exclusively known through the latter. Her poetical writings fill two 16mo volumes. Among the longest pieces are "Divided;" "The Star's Monument;" "The Letter L;" "Brothers and a Sermon;" "The Dreams that came True;" "Gladys and her Island;" "Laurance;" "Honors;" "The Four Bridges;" and "A Story of Doom." Bound up with these, between the gold and green, or delicate brown covers, are the "Songs of Seven," which are also published separately as an illustrated holiday volume. We quote "Seven times Six," in which the mother gives her daughter in marriage:

"To bear, to nurse, to rear,
To watch, and then to lose;
To see my bright ones disappear,
Drawn up like morning dews—
To bear, to nurse, to rear,
To watch, and then to lose;
This have I done when God drew near,
Among his own to choose.
To hear, to heed, to wed,
And with thy lord depart
In tears, that he, as soon as shed,
Will let no longer smart.
To hear, to heed, to wed,
This while thou didst I smiled,
For now it was not God who said,
"Mother, give me thy child."
O fond, O fool, and blind,
To God I gave with tears;
But when a man like grace would find,
My soul put by her fears—
O fond, O fool, and blind,
God guards in happier spheres;
That man will guard where he did bind
Is hope for unknown years.

To hear, to heed, to wed,
Fair lot that maidens choose,
Thy mother's tenderest words are said;
Thy face no more she views;
Thy mother's lot, my dear,
She doth in naught accuse:
Her lot to bear, to nurse, to rear,
To love—and then to lose."

"Gladys and her Island" is a very original and picturesque description of the joys and compensations of the poetical temperament. The heroine, Gladys, is a little schoolmistress; and although she can put aside her dull outward lot, and forget its round of leaden-hued duties in lovely dreams, in which she visits an isle fair as any belonging to the blessed, and over which bends a rose-tinted heaven, she is also as practical, as reasonable, and as faithful, in the school-room, as either of Dr. Holmes's charming favorites. "Laurance" is a love-story—snowy white—suggesting much concerning married life, and holding beautiful, though rather uncertain estimates of the

"Possible sum of its delight."

The poem entitled "Honors" is full of noble sentiments. How impressive is its termination, where, after long and weary striving for fame, and the praise of men, the toiler bows at the cross of Christ, and, recognizing submissively and distinctly the supreme end of human life, beseeches Jesus, by the efficacy and the sufferings of the atonement, to visit his soul!

"Come, lest this heart should, cold and cast away,
Die ere the guest adored she entertain—
Lest eyes which never saw Thine earthly day
Should miss Thy heavenly reign.

And deign, O Watcher, with the sleepless brow,
Pathetic in its yearning—deign reply:
Is there, O is there aught that such as thou
Wouldst take from such as I?

Are there no briers across Thy pathway thrust?
Are there no thorns that compass it about?
Nor any stones that Thou wilt deign to trust
My hands to gather out?

What though unmarked the happy workman toil,
And break unthanked of man the stubborn clod?
It is enough, for sacred is the soil,
Dear are the hills of God.

Far better in its place the lowliest bird
Should sing aright to Him the lowliest song,
Than that a seraph strayed should take the world
And sing His glory wrong."

Many of these poems afford excellent studies for the pencil; and the whole of the first volume, and also "Winstanley" in the second, is issued in a richly bound quarto, with one hundred pictures by British artists. A picture should be an interpretation. If it is a sketch of scenery it should embody more clearly than any ordinary aspect of nature the *idea* for which it

stands; if it is but an accompaniment to words, it should not only contain, but also elucidate the writer's thought. Hence, in one sense, the artist ought to express *more* than the author. "Divided," the opening poem in this edition, is illustrated by drawings from Dalziel. It is a sad, beautiful history of love, of separation, of the inexorableness of circumstances, of weariness and heart pain, and of final resignation. These several passages are clearly indicated in the ten drawings, while their outlines in the poem are traced as one would really tell such a story to a friend—indistinctly, vaguely, delicately.

The "Songs of Seven" are here, with their varying pictures of a woman's life, portrayed in the words of the singer, and in the sketch of the artist. The subject of the Songs is kept before us by both, from her childhood to the time when, having tested all the illusions, outlived all the dreams, struggled through the anguish of widowhood, given her children in marriage, lost them in death, and realized within herself the profoundest human experiences, she stands alone, at forty-nine years of age, on a wild and inexpressibly dreary coast, where the ocean waves break, gazing out over the "moonlit foam," and "longing for home," her Heavenly Father's home.

A charming Autumn scene by Wolf illustrates the first song of Jessie in the "Afternoon at a Parsonage." A river wends past; sunlit clouds brood above it; poplars on the further margin upturn their silvery leaves in the light breeze; merry wagtails skim over the water, dipping their wings in its surface; sociable little chaffinches sit on the full grain-sheaves in the foreground, and robins flit about over the fallen leaves. They are all bidding farewell to "bank and brae;" and we look and listen, while

"The falling waters utter
Something mournful on their way."

"Persephone" has a picture of Demeter's lovely daughter, soon to become the bride of awful Dis. She is represented as a dark-faced, Eastern woman, clad in shadowy garments, and is in the act of stooping to pluck the fateful daffodil. Alas!

"What ailed the meadow that it shook?
What ailed the air of Sicily?
She wondered by the brattling brook,
And trembled with the trembling lea.
'The coal-black horses rise—they rise;
O, mother, mother! I low she cries—
Persephone! Persephone!"

"O, light! light! light," she cries, "farewell,
The coal-black horses wait for me.
O, shade of shades, where I must dwell,
Demeter, mother, far from thee!
Ah, fated doom that I fulfill!

Ah, fateful flower beside the rill!
The daffodil! the daffodil!

She reigns upon her dusky throne,
'Mid shades of heroes dread to see;
Among the dead she breathes alone,
Persephone! Persephone!
Or, seated on the Elysian hill,
She dreams of earthly daylight still,
And murmurs of the daffodil."

"The Four Bridges," one of the most suggestive of Miss Ingelow's compositions, has thirteen illustrations. One of these is an evening scene, and represents the parting of the lovers, who stand on the steps of a vine-clad porch. The peaceful face of the maiden is brought out of shadow by the waxen taper which she holds in her hand. The picture accompanies an exquisite "word-painting" by the poetess. The bereaved lover speaks—

"Amber light
Shed like a glory on her angel face,
I can remember fully, and the sight
Of her fair forehead and her shining eyes,
And lips that smiled in sweet and girlish wise.

I can remember how the taper played
Over her small hands and her vesture white;
*How it struck up into the trees, and laid
Upon their under leaves unwooned light;*
And when she held it low how far it spread
O'er velvet pansies slumbering on their bed."

But we must leave this twin-book of the artist and poet and return wholly to the latter.

There is much about those creations of *live* poesy—flowers and birds—in Jean Ingelow's pages. She is a loving and appreciating florist. Nothing that blossoms comes amiss to her. We have glimpses of blooms of every hue and character; we are introduced to rare old gardens full of poppies, queen hollyhocks, and peonies, pinks and goldilocks. We see the Maytick throng, timid blue violets,

"Primrose flowers, and wild anemone,"

fast-dropping guelder-roses, and lilacs spreading "odorous essence." Anon, on a Summer's day, we wander in a far Orient land, and watch the

"Orange flower-bud bright,"

while it swiftly rounds to a golden cup; and in later hours, and a dearer country, while

"Flusheth the rise with her purple favor,
Gloweth the cleft with her golden ring,"

we gaze on landscapes pranked with heather, and adorned with the nodding foxglove and the yellow broom. The sunshine which filters through the trees is oft caught ere it reaches the ground

"In scarlet cups, and poured
From these on amber tufts of bloom, and dropped
Lower on azure stars."

Since we have touched upon a subject which is largely indebted to color for its beauty and impressiveness, we may be pardoned for introducing at this point a three-lined, fairy-like impainting of the wings of certain birds whom little Gladys saw on her island :

"Their hues were seen,
Tender as russet crimson dropt on snows,
Or, where they turned, flashing with gold, and dashed
With purple glooms."

And the birds which fly across welkin and wold in these poems! Bald eagles,

"With fell, fierce eyes,"

flap their broad wings at the chill twilight on the wild shores of Canada, and

"Mews and peewits pied
By millions, crouched on the old sea wall,"

twitter at the falling of the dusk, at ancient Boston. The poetess knows what they say. She can translate the

"Fantastic chatter, hasty, glad, and gay,"
of the little sooty-poled sand martins, and the

"Rock-dove's poetry of plaint,
Or the starling's courtship quaint,"

or the hoarse croak of the raven, or the notes of the silver-voiced nightingale, singing

"In a May-day hush,"

while

"The harps the heart makes answer with murmurous stirs,

And Echo makes sweet her lips with the utterance wise ;
And casts at our glad feet,
In a whisp of fancies fleet,
Life's fair, life's unfulfilled impassioned prophecies."

Besides the delicate arabasques, and pictures of imagery, there are other groupings affording views of homely, cheery peasant homes, where the brush is dipped in colors of broad and hearty tints. "Supper at the Mill" is one of these—fresh as a new gay tile from the hands of one of the wonderful old Dutch painters, and almost stirring with healthy, vigorous life.

But the longest and most elaborate of all Miss Ingelow's poems is the one entitled, "A Story of Doom." The time is fixed in the immediate antediluvian era, and the subjects principally treated are Noah and his family; their peculiar trials; the prophecies and the journeys of the patriarch; old Methuselah; the dragon, and the race of giants.

The poem opens with the return of Noah from one of those long wanderings necessitated by his painful mission to the unbelieving children of earth. His three sons are absent on the chase; but his lovely wife, Niloiya, has welcomed him to her lonely tent, where, echoing up the valley, they hear

"The steady rap
O' the shipwright's hammer"

busy about the huge vessel. Between the purple curtains of the door-place the father of our present world

"Looked, and beheld the hollow where the ark
Was a-preparing; where the dew distilled
All night from leaves of old lign-aloe trees
Upon the gliding river; where the palm,
The almug, and the gophir shot their heads
Into the crimson brede that dyed the world."

Yes, "under the crimson brede," rose the immense outline of that ship, which was the surprise—the jest, of Noah's taunting fellow-men. His be-landed leviathan was approaching completion;

"Unwieldy, dark, and huge—
His glory and his grief—too vast
For that still river's floating—building far
From mightier streams, amid the pastoral dells
Of shepherd kings."

Then calmly and tenderly the Prophet spake to Niloiya of some of the inward temptations which beset him when the mission of warning was first vaguely unfolded; he rehearsed the different times and manners in which a mysterious voice had called upon him to rise up from his ease, and go forth in troublous ways, preaching a future which none believed; proclaiming to the face of scorners the dire judgment that was to overwhelm a guilty world. He told her of the gradual strengthening of his convictions, until at last, he knew the voice of his God, and, forsaking all—wife, children, friends; braving all, wonder, dismay, contempt, threatenings—he obeyed the Divine command, and entered upon a life whose sorrows surpassed the bitterness of death. Hear him while he meekly but grandly says:

"Shall not the Fashioner command his work?
And who am I, that, if he whisper, 'Rise,
Go forth upon mine errand,' should reply,
'Lord God, I love the woman and her son—
I love not scorning: I beseech thee, God,
Have me excused.'"

What though I—like some goodly lama sunk
In meadow grass, eating her way at ease,
Unseen of them that pass, and asking not
A wider prospect than of yellow-flowers
That nod above her head—should lay me down,
And willingly forget the high behest,
There should be yet no tarrying.

Earth crieth louder, and she draws it down.

O! as for me, my life
Is bitter, looking onward, for I know
That in the fullness of the time shall dawn
That day: my preaching shall not bring forth fruit,
Though for its sake I leave thee. I shall float
Upon the abhorred sea, that mankind hate,
With thee and thine."

The gentle Niloiya shared with her husband the ancient terror of the sea. She answered,

"God forbid!
Better it were to die with you by hand
Of them that hate us, than to live, ah me!

Rolling among the furrows of the unquiet,
Unconsecrate, unfriendly, dreadful sea."

At the hour of the evening sacrifice the prophet was commanded to set forth on the morrow on a four days' journey into the wild desert, that he might there receive the counsel of the unrevealed. He departed at dawn, and at the noontide wearily neared the palace of his fathers, wherein dwelt old Methuselah. He also was a prophet, but an unwilling one, and, like all the world, at variance with him who troubled with evil tidings the pleasures of men. The rural mansion toward which Noah, invited by a messenger, now wended his way, forms a charming picture.

"First they walked beneath a lofty roof
Of living bough and tendril, woven on high
To let no drop of sunshine through, and hung
With gold and purple fruitage, and the white,
Thick cups of scented blossom. Underneath,
Soft grew the sward and delicate, and flocks
Of egrets, ay, and many cranes, stood up,
Fanning their wings, to agitate and cool
The noontide air, as men with heed and pains
Had taught them, marshaling and taming them
To bear the wind in, on their moving wings."

Soon "the world's great shipwright" stood before Methuselah, who was sitting in his awful age, not upon the ivory and golden settle, made comfortable with soft skins

"That striped and spotted creatures of the wood
Had worn,"

but upon the floor, which was swept by his white beard. The trance of prophecy was upon him. Wicked old man! He hated the truth which he was forced from time to time to utter. All about him fled when they heard his warning cry, "Behold, I prophesy!" and thus escaped hearing the words of doom. In this dwelling were also women whose

"Glorious beauty took away his words"
when Noah looked upon them;

"And being pure among the vile, he cast
In his thought a veil of snow-white purity
Over the beauteous throng."

Leaving Methuselah, Noah traveled on

"Into the waste to meet the voice of God."

Here we reach a second division of the story of doom. The beauty of the first is marred by Niloia's absurd habit of constantly addressing Noah as "sir," and by the graver fault of representing Methuselah, without any Scriptural authority, as a "wicked man." Would it not have been better to have spared the reputation of the oldest son of earth?

That evil spirit that wrought our fall is now introduced. He is described as still inhabiting the body of the dragon, whose scaly beauty he assumed at the temptation, and in whose form he was condemned to dwell, until its death.

Here centers the real power of the poem. No painting could be clearer in detail, or stronger in color, than this description of the "Old Serpent," and the stony cavern wherein he writhed and plotted.

"Now, the cave
Was marvelous for beauty, wrought with tools
Into the living rock, for there had worked
All cunning men, to cut on it with signs
And shows, yea, all the manner of mankind.
The fateful apple-tree was there, a bough
Bent with the weight of him that us beguiled;
And lilies of the field did seem to blow
And bud in the storied stone. There Tubal sat,
Who from his harp delivered music, sweet
As any in the spheres. Yea, more;
Earth's latest wonder on the walls appeared,
Unfinished, workmen clustering on its ribs;
And farther back, within the rock hewn out,
Angelic figures stood, that impious hands
Had fashioned; many golden lamps they held
By golden chains depending, and their eyes
All tended in a reverend quietude
Toward the couch whereon the dragon lay.
The floor was beaten gold; the curly lengths
Of his last coils lay on it, hid from sight
With a coverlet made stiff with crusting gems,
Fire opals shooting, rubies, fierce bright eyes
Of diamonds, or the pale green emerald,
That changed their luster when he breathed.

His head
Feathered with crimson combs, and all his neck,
And half-shut fans of his admired wings,
That in their scaly splendor put to shame
Or gold or stone, lay on his ivory couch
And shivered; for the dragon suffered pain:
He suffered and he feared."

We must hasten through the remainder of the poem. Of the three sons of Noah, Japhet alone revered him. The meeting of the prophet with Shem and Ham, their cold aversion, and their father's mental pain, is written with the pen of one who must know what it is to suffer keenly. The love passages between Japhet and the slave-girl, Amarant, are exquisitely outlined, and the long, mournful journey to the land of the wonderful giants, occupies some of the most graphic and life-like pages of the story. How beautiful is the sudden breaking of the moon in that tropical land! The beloved son has watched with "dark, despondent eyes" through the night, and is sitting by the smoldering fire near his sick father's tent.

"He lift
His eyes, and day had dawned. Right suddenly
The moon withheld her silver, and she hung
Frail as a cloud. The ruddy flame that played,
By night, on dim, dusk trees, and on the flood,
Crept red amongst the logs, and all the world
And all the water blushed and bloomed. The stars
Were gone, and golden shafts came up, and touched
The feathered heads of palms, and green was born
Under the rosy clouds, and purples flew
Like veils across the mountains; and he saw
Winding athwart them, bathed in blissful peace,
And sacredness of morn, the battlements
And outposts of the giants: and there ran
On th' other side the river, as it were,

White mounds of marble, tabernacles fair,
And towers below a line of inland cliff:
These were their fastnesses, and here their homes."

When the mission to the giants was accomplished, the father and son returned to their home, where Japhet placed upon Amarant the bridal robe,

"Wrought on with imagery of fruitful bough,
And graceful leaf, and birds with tender eyes."

"The prayer of Noah," in the last book, is sublime in its tenderness. He pleads with God for the multitude of the wicked; for

"Respite for the terrible,
The proud, yea, such as scorn;"

for their little ones; for the peaceful fields; for the woods making

"White their trees
With blossom;"

for the cattle, wild and tame, feeding in quiet. And he hears

"Another praying unremote, a Voice
Calm as the solitude between wide stars."

But Noah received no answer. Then

"He cried out in the darkness, 'Hear, O God,
Hear HIM: hear this one; through the gates of death,
If life be all past praying for, O give
To thy great multitude a way to peace;
Give them to HIM.'"

While the prophet prayed the morning dawned—the morning of the day of doom! The sun arose, but dark bars crossed its face. Noah and his family entered into the ship, and soon there went up

"A white, thick mist, that peacefully
Folded the fair earth in her funeral shroud."

Sounds of weeping and lamentation were heard; the fateful gloom grew apace: the door of the ark was shut.

At this point—in the fearful pause before the final breaking of the storm, and amid the ominous darkness—ends the Story of Doom.

LUCILLE CLIFF'S GIRLHOOD.

PART II.

THE Summer had flitted by, and the Autumn came with its chill mornings and evenings. Neston was returning to its olden quiet now that the few gay families at the "villas" and "cottages" had gone back to the city; and the staid, sober, country people, who knew nothing of such changing, but lived on in their old homes, until they were carried to "sleep with their fathers" in the little churchyard over the hill, were settling down for the Winter.

A fire was burning in the cozy, quaint old sitting-room of the Cliff farm-house, making it

bright and homelike within, though a cold rain was falling without. Lucille sat by the window, looking up now and then from her sewing, to mark the dreary falling of the wet and withered leaves on the garden walk, or note the steady beating of the drops against the window-pane. Countless wild dreams and vague fancies were weaving themselves into shape in her brain as her fingers flew busily on. Her unrest had not vanished with Summer. The unquiet spirit still haunted her with its thousand questions, suggestions, problems, and doubts. There were wrongs that looked so very like right; rights that were so stern and hard they seemed almost like cruel wrong; mysteries hard to solve, and longings that she could not understand. Life was not what she had thought it, but she did not know that yet; she thought it was only her own life that had disappointed her, and she was seeking something different and better. After all she was not so much dissatisfied as unsatisfied.

Good Mrs. Cliff, who had long ago left the swamps of "might have been" and "wherefore," with their miasma of discontent far behind her, and planted her prosaic feet firmly upon the solid ground of every-day life, was looking over drawers and closets, and bringing forth Winter garments to the light of day again, pausing now and then for a bit of consultation concerning them.

"Here's this old alpaca dress of mine, Cildy, is gettin' to look gray on the right side, but the other side is a good black yet. If we could only find time to rip it and turn it 't would look 'most as well as new."

"Better lay it away until I can do it for you," said the girl, rousing from her reverie to look; "black work is bad for your eyes."

"Well. And, Cildy," taking another garment from the number hung over her arm, "here's this old gray cloak; the bottom aint good for much, but I was just wondering whether you could n't cut a sack out of the top part? 'T would have to be pieced some, I s'pose; but if you could get one out it would do to wear with that delaine skirt that has n't any waist to it."

"But, mother, the skirt itself is n't fit to wear; it is wretchedly faded."

"Yes, but would n't it do to color? I've been thinking the last two or three days that I must send to town for dye stuffs."

Lucille laughed, and then, as her mother looked at her wonderingly over her spectacles, she said, "I was just thinking what an impossibility that little word 'new' is to us. It is always make over, mend up, and color—never

any thing new. One would almost imagine we were the direct descendants of the Israelites who journeyed through the wilderness, and did not know of such a thing as new garments."

"I think they knew better than any body else, for God kept theirs from ever growing old," said Mrs. Cliff, turning over the old cloak thoughtfully. Then she dropped it, and added with a little sigh, "I s'pose it is hard for you, Cildy, having to do without things this way, but I can't help it, dear; we'll have to be as saving as we can this Winter. Another year we will have finished paying off the debt on the farm, I hope, and then—"

"And then things will be a little better; but not very much for two or three years to come, at least; and there is no prospect of our ever having any thing but hard work on this little place," said the girl, finishing the sentence to herself. But she was not selfish, at least she did not mean to be, and audibly she answered quickly, "It is no harder for me than for the others; I did not mean that, you know, only it does seem rather forlorn this never having a dollar without having seventeen places in which to put it."

"O, well, there is always sixteen of 'em that can wait a little longer, that's one comfort," said the mother, 'going back to her closets again, "to hold a general review of the grand army of old duds," Lucille said, half laughingly, half bitterly, as the door closed behind her.

The girl took up her sewing again—a jacket of Tim's—and smiled to herself as she fancied for a moment Laura Morrison's delicate fingers busy with any such work. Laura had been to see her a number of times before she went home, and the two had arrived at a somewhat better understanding; yet Lucille could not feel toward her as in the olden days when they were children together, their paths were so diverse. With the Laura who came in daintiest of morning wrappers and sat beside her while she churned or washed the breakfast dishes, she had but little in common, even though she liked her; and when she went away she scarcely knew whether she were sorry at losing her companionship or glad that there was no longer one living in so entirely a different world to view the homely plainness of hers.

She had been thinking of something Laura had told her, and trying to fancy how it would seem to take all those pleasant trips and journeys which were Laura's at will—to visit the places she had dreamed of and longed to see all her life. It would be delightful, and long before she would tire of it; and yet she wondered vaguely whether it would quite satisfy

her—whether any thing of this unrest would creep in even then.

"I do n't know," she said at last, rising slowly as her mother's suggestion broke upon her thought—"Most time to be getting supper, Cildy."

Abram, who had been to the village, came in, shaking the raindrops from his hat.

"A letter for you, sis," he said, holding the little white envelope toward her.

She caught it eagerly.

"O, from cousin Jennie! It's been so long since I heard from her."

Mrs. Cliff, mother-like, interposed—"I'll finish settin' the table, Cildy; jest sit down and read it if you want to."

"Of course she does," said her brother, teasingly. "Who ever saw a girl that could contentedly wait five minutes with an unopened letter in her hand!"

But Lucille was too busy to heed him. She stirred the fire into a brighter glow, and, seating herself upon a low footstool near it, began to read by its light, quietly enough at first, but at length a sudden color flushed her cheek, her eye brightened, and she looked up quickly, as if about to speak, then hesitated.

"Well?" said Mrs. Cliff inquiringly.

"O, there is n't very much new. They are all well, and Jennie is still in the trimming-store. She says there is going to be a vacancy there soon, one of the girls going away, and if we only lived there she should coax me to take it; she is sure I could get it, and it would be so nice to be together. But as we are in the country she supposes it is not to be thought of."

She laughed a little in giving this item, and tried to speak carelessly, but her voice had a questioning tone that even her mother noticed, and bent a wondering look upon her face. Lucille caught the glance, smiled, and, slipping the letter into her pocket, went to her work again, though a little abstractedly. She was too busy with a new thought to be quite herself during the entire evening, and her brother, wearying at last of her unusual silence, said playfully, "Come, Cildy, you have had the subject all to yourself long enough. Speak out fairly now, and give the rest of us a chance to consider it. You want to go?"

"Go where?" said Mrs. Cliff, dropping her knitting, and looking up in astonishment. She had quite forgotten Jennie's letter.

"Into the store with Jennie. There, sis, the matter is before the house."

It was indeed, and in her secret heart his sister thanked him for the service. A long discussion followed. Mrs. Cliff had, perhaps,

exaggerated ideas of the evil of a city, but she had also great faith in her daughter, and Lucille favored the plan.

"It's easy work, and it is respectable," she said, coloring a little at the last word.

"Any thing is respectable that's honest, child," said the mother quickly.

"Well, yes, only there are some things that I would n't do unless I were obliged to. But this would be pleasant. It would n't be like going among strangers either; I could stay at aunt's, and Jennie would be with me all the time. Then, too, I could be doing something to help you. Of course, I could not expect at first as much as Jennie has, but it would be something, and you have said it will be a hard year for us. At least, it will not do any harm to write to Jennie and inquire more particularly about it," she urged.

"No, I do n't s'pose there would be any harm in that," Mrs. Cliff acquiesced a little reluctantly, and Lucille felt that the first step was gained.

The second letter, after giving the desired information, urged the matter with girlish enthusiasm. "Mrs. Marchant says that if my cousin will write at once that she will come, the place shall be reserved for her," Jennie wrote. There was also a note to Mr. Cliff from his sister, promising all kindness and care in her power should he consent to his daughter's coming.

"Ah, well," said the farmer, taking off his spectacles and slowly wiping them, when he had finished reading it, "ah, well; as you say, mother, we shall miss her here at home, but still, if she can do well there—an' I do n't see why she should n't, for Cildy is a smart girl—why, I do n't know as we ought to say any thing agin it." And so it was settled.

Lucille had been sincere in the reasons she had urged, but it was also true that the prospect of change, and a life so entirely different, possessed strong attractions for her. The two weeks before she left home were passed in feverish alternation of pleasure and regret; now entering with girlish animation into the arranging of her wardrobe—albeit, in her case, it was still mostly "make over" and but little "make new"—now feeling the tears come to her eyes, and a choking sensation to her throat, at any little sacrifice made for her, or at the sad look that would steal occasionally over her mother's face, and only holding to her resolution, at such times, by saying to herself, "It is best; they all think it is best." The old home and all within it had never seemed so dear to her as then, and many of earth's mighty have

listened with less emotion to the offer of a crown than she to the simple words—

"You must have a new bonnet before you go, Cildy. I can make my old shawl do very well yet this Winter, so you shall have the money."

"Do you think you will like it there?" Abram asked one evening.

"I do n't know. It will be a change, and I am a bit of a gypsy, you know, always restless where I am and wanting to move on; but I do n't expect to be quite satisfied there—how could I be, away from you all?"

"Do you ever expect that any where—to be 'quite satisfied?'"

"O yes, I suppose so—sometimes. I do not know quite how or where."

"I suspect not." He spoke the words a little sadly, and to himself as well as to her.

"Why, Abram," she said impetuously, speaking out the thought she had been cherishing, "it must be so—some way! Surely God never made an empty cup without having created somewhere a fountain at which it can be filled."

"No; but his universe is a domain vastly wider than this single world of ours, little sister."

"I know—but here, I mean. Why, every one does not carry this unrest; they seem quite satisfied"—

Little Tim, to whom the conversation was unintelligible, here broke in with a bit of his experience founded upon the two words that he did understand.

"Say, Cildy, when I go berrying and come back with an empty cup, I turn it upside down and drum on the bottom, and play I'm a soldier, and then nobody does n't know I've been after berries and could n't get none."

"What nonsense!" Lucille laughed and ran her fingers through the little speaker's curls.

"Not altogether nonsense, either," Abram answered, smiling. "After all, Cildy, how many of these that seem so happy may only have turned their empty cups upside down, and are drumming gayly to hide their disappointment from the world!"

The few remaining days flew swiftly, notwithstanding their freight of hopes and fears, and soon the little trunk—that would compare with one of the huge Saratoga affairs about as a canal boat would with a lake steamer—was carefully packed, locked, and ticketed; and Lucille, in the unwonted finery of a new hat and tasteful though inexpensive traveling-dress, looking very pretty despite a face saddened by the home-parting, was bidding Abram farewell at the depot. It seemed like leaving all the old life behind her, as she caught a last glimpse of that

bright, brave face through the car-window, and then was whirled rapidly away. She dropped her veil for a moment to hide the tears that were coming, and strengthen her suddenly sinking heart with the olden words repeated again, "It is right; it is best."

By and by she gathered courage to look about her at her fellow-passengers, with a strange feeling that she was now a part of the great world that she had hitherto been watching at a distance. Her busy brain began weaving its wonderful web of dreams and plans again; all she would do for those she had left behind, and the new life she would build up for herself. She was young enough to have all things seem possible to her, and the sober people around her journeyed not half as fast or as far as did she, that bright Autumn day.

The cars, however, bore her steadily forward to a terrestrial landing instead of one in dream-land, and Jennie met her with smiles, and kisses, and a host of questions, mingled with some wonderings that she should have succeeded in getting her there at all.

"Auntie has such a horror of our poor city!" she laughed. "I verily believe she thinks it all one great trap to catch the unwary, and I was all the time afraid she would n't let you come. You must try and get rested as fast as you can to-night, for I promised Mrs. Marchant you should be at the store to-morrow if possible!"

"Tell me about it," said Lucille, half frightened, now that her new vocation was so near.

"About the store? O, my dear, that is too vast a subject for my limited powers! It is all fuss and feathers, ribbons, buttons, and laces; poor humanity on one side of the counter putting things into order for rich humanity on the other side to tumble into disorder again; ladies floundering hopelessly in a sea of finery, without any idea of what they want, and saleswomen waiting patiently for them to make up their minds, when some of them—poor things! have n't any to make up; a regiment of girls in a uniform of scissors, putting up boxes and taking them down again, after the manner of the king of France, who,

*'With forty thousand men,
Marched up the hill, and marched down again.'*

One gets used to all sorts of martyrdom, you know."

"It does not seem to have worn upon you greatly," Lucille said, with a mischievous glance at her companion's rosy, sparkling face.

"O, I am one of those who can 'suffer and be strong!' Seriously, it has its agreeable and disagreeable side, as all other occupations in the world have, I suppose. There are two

pleasant things about this; one is watching the living panorama passing in and out through the store door, and the other getting your salary every month. When I was young and romantic," said little Miss Jennie, giving her face a comical twist, and merrily tossing back her hair, "I used to enjoy the first very much, but I'm getting mercenary as I grow older, and, really, pay-day has the greatest attraction for me. However, you will find out all about it for yourself."

"And you stay in the store all day?" Lucille asked, when, in the evening, Jennie had accompanied her to her room to assist in unpacking.

"Yes; there is n't much variety about it, except what the different customers furnish; it's rather stupid."

The gay, vivacious girl talked on merrily, and her cousin was not likely to remain long ignorant in regard to any thing pertaining to city life upon which she could inform her.

It was well for Lucille that Jennie was with her to assist her by word and example, and make her first days pleasant with her ceaseless flow of spirits, for all the strange faces and new duties seemed very bewildering. She wondered how Jennie could have called it stupid with so many constantly coming and going. She watched her cousin with admiration, and something of wonder, too, moving so quickly, winding and unwinding rolls of ribbon and lace so rapidly and skillfully; always pleasant, easy, and self-possessed, her merry ways and sunny temper making her a general favorite. She seemed to know, almost by intuition, Lucille thought, the place of every thing and its price.

"So will you, too, in time; do n't be uneasy, my dear, you will get used to it all fast enough," she said cheerily, when our heroine expressed some doubt concerning her own qualifications.

The stream of comers and goers had great interest for Lucille; she delighted in studying the faces, and conjecturing what their lives were. She saw represented the different classes that she had hitherto known only in books, and dreamed many a dream of the happiness of some who, in all the elegance of boundless wealth, stood before her for a few moments, and then rolled away in their carriages. Jennie, indeed, often swept away her visions with a mass of indisputable facts, when, as they walked homeward together, she appealed to her for information.

The Fall winds grew rougher and colder, and Winter reigned at last. The novelty of her new position had worn off, and she had grown accustomed to her round of duties. She held her place bravely and faithfully, glad to be helping those at home, yet she could not help some

backward glances and homesick thoughts, when a stormy day, bringing little business to the store, gave her time to think. The gray afternoons, in the crowded city fading so early into night, seemed dreary to her; and the long store, lighted only with gas, brought pictures of home where the sunlight had not yet faded. Fairer and dearer the old homestead looked in the distance, and yet she did not regret that she had left it. In those few months she had been learning other things than merely to be an expert saleswoman.

"We must hurry home for our supper," Jennie said, one evening. "Just now the 'respectable' are about taking their dinner."

"How many classes you have here, and how differently they live!" Lucille said. "I so often think about it, watching the persons come and go—so near, and yet so far apart."

"Yes; the poor factory girls look upon us of the store as living in a perfect paradise of ease and elegance, while many of the—well, I suppose I must call them ladies—regard 'only a shop girl' as almost beneath their notice." Jennie laughed.

"And you do not care?"

"Why should I? No, not often—sometimes it hurts a little. It is really wonderful how much we do care for the opinion of people for whose selves we care nothing."

There was a moment's pause, in which Jennie's laughing eyes grew serious, and then she turned toward her cousin.

"After all, I am usually content to be what I am, where I am—among the great army of God's workers. Life does not mean much but work."

Very nearly those same words Lucille had spoken only a few months before, so bitterly. Now, in Jennie's different tone they thrilled her—not an intolerable burden, but a grand truth! The contrasted tones struck her strangely, and she grew silent and thoughtful for the rest of the walk. On the steps Jennie turned with a questioning face—

"My friend, are you aware that I have performed the remarkable feat of walking all the way from Beach-street without speaking ever a word, hoping every minute your cogitating would come to an end? Do tell me what it is all about."

Lucille started a little, but smiled.

"I was just trying to settle in my own mind," she said, "whether our Declaration of Independence sweetmeats—'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness'—when boiled down, do really mean nothing but work."

"Did you ever think," queried Jennie, "what

a good thing it is that in naming our 'certain inalienable rights,' they put that 'pursuit of happiness' instead of 'enjoyment of happiness?' If it had been the last, there are some people, strongly believing in that document, who would always go about feeling as if they were robbed of their birthright. As it is, there is nothing to hinder their 'pursuing.'

"Nor its receding from them," Lucille replied with a little sigh that would not be repressed.

"That depends," said Jennie quickly; "if one's only idea of sunshine is to catch some of the beams in one's fingers, why, poor success in the undertaking is nothing very marvelous. There! they are coming to answer the door-bell at last! Let us exchange metaphysics and cold rain for muffins and hot coffee."

On one of those same gray Winter days, there flashed into the store a familiar vision. Lucille sprang forward with an exclamation of delight, and Laura Morrison's little hand was cordially extended.

"Why, Lucille Cliff! who would have dreamed of seeing you here?"

"Who would have dreamed of seeing you here?" Lucille gayly responded. "I thought you were beyond the mountains for this Winter, at least."

Laura laughed.

"I thought so too, but alas, for the uncertainty of human expectations! Father was obliged to return, and mother and I must needs follow, so here we are. But you? Aunt Morrison wrote me that you had left home, but I did not know where you were, or what you were doing." Her eyes wandered curiously up and down the long room, and back to Lucille again. "Do you like it? is it pleasant?" she asked, lowering her voice, then laughing a little. "It seems strange to meet you with such surroundings. I never saw you in the Winter before, and I had some way come to think of you as a part of Summer, and that dear, quiet, country life."

"Always swaying like a pendulum between the vegetable garden and the churn, you thought?" Lucille said—but not as she would have said it six months before—there was neither pain nor bitterness in her tone, it was simply amusement.

Laura colored a little, and looked half vexed.

"O, of course I only regarded you as a picturesque bit of the landscape," she said; "just the same as a well-sweep, or a haystack, for instance! I meant nothing of the kind, and you know I did not. Lucille Cliff, you are the proudest girl I ever saw!"

Lucille shook her head, smiling.

"You are," Laura persisted; "I have wanted to tell you so often, and I am going to do it now. Last Summer you were only just barely civil to me, in spite of every thing I could do; you insisted upon keeping me at a distance, for no better reason, that I could discover, than the fact that you had something to do while I had nothing, and that your dress was a dark calico, and mine a light muslin. Now this Winter you are going to do the same thing over again. If I come to see you you will secretly call it 'condescending,' or 'patronizing,' or some other pleasant little name that will fairly make your blood boil. If I ask you to come and see me, you will say, 'Thank you, Miss Morrison,' and never come. You mean to keep the counter always between us, and use that pretty little pair of scissors at your side both as a reason for, and a means of cutting all communication between us. Are you any thing more or less than a lady, Lucille Cliff?"

"No; but I am a lady."

"I have never questioned it by word or deed; and I have, moreover, given you credit for quite a fund of common sense, which is being far more charitable than you have been toward me—confess, now, if it is not?"

But Lucille neither confessed nor denied—only, after a moment, she said, thoughtfully, "Not many value wealth and its surroundings as lightly as do you—was I altogether to blame for not knowing how you might feel?"

"Nonsense!" said Laura impatiently. "If some well-dressed imbecile should fancy you were a German, would you, on that account, try to talk German to every respectable-looking person you might ever meet afterward, expecting them to be of the same opinion? or would n't you, out of charity to humanity, suppose that most people were more sensible? No, no, Lucille; you just decided beforehand what I would be, and then insisted that I was that, while I was all the time seeking your friendship as one lady might another's. I'd like to give you a shaking, if I were only big enough," she added with a playful pout. "Well, now that I am through scolding I must do my errand, I suppose. Some blue ribbon, please, if you have it—not very wide, and about the color of the harebells in your front yard, at home."

Lucille helped her to select it, smiling; it was pleasant to meet any one who knew about her home. Then Laura, girl-like, told her what the trimming was for, and they entered into a discussion as to what would be prettiest and most becoming; Lucille's faultless taste displaying itself in her suggestions until her companion was delighted. "It was so nice to have help in

selecting one's things," she said, "she should be sure to come again."

The purchases made, and done up at last, she lingered a moment to say, mischievously,

"O, I had a letter from cousin James a month or two ago. He says Neston seems unusually quiet and lonely this Winter, on account of some old friends being away; but really, on inquiry, I can't hear of but one that is missing."

She had the satisfaction of seeing the color mount to her companion's face, and then she tripped away laughing.

There was no one coming in just then to call her attention, and Lucille had time to think and wonder a little over this unexpected meeting. Laura had surprised her in more ways than one, and not least by what she had said. Lucille could not help feeling a little vexed and mortified, that her "proud humility," and its reason, should have been so easily read and so thoroughly understood; yet even then she should not have expected such a frank and daring statement of the case from the usually gentle Laura. Was she right, after all? Now that all had been said, there was no longer any excuse for refusing to accept Laura's offered friendship fully and freely, and enjoy her companionship as, she confessed to herself, she should have enjoyed it before but for her own pride.

There was another reason, too, though she was perhaps scarcely conscious of it, that had helped to break down barriers. She had seen more of human nature and of life, and learned some lessons since leaving home, and the world in which Laura lived no longer seemed quite like a fairy world, nor wealth the unmixed blessing she had once thought it.

So Laura, in pursuing her advantage, found the Lucille of the city much more frank and lovable than the Lucille of the country had been. A pleasant intimacy sprang up, in which the merry, winsome Jennie soon was a sharer—light-laughing yet deep-thinking Jennie, who cared infinitely more about what she really was, than what people thought of her—"too vain to suppose for a moment that her ladyhood was not patent to all observers," she said laughingly, and that happy impression saved her all trouble of suspiciously watching every body's manner toward her, to see what it was like.

PART III.

Nearly a year had gone, and the midsummer came again. Our country girl's eyes, wearying of city streets and sights, had been longing to look upon her home. The holidays, gay with gifts and rejoicings, grave with sweet and tender memories, awakened a yearning for the dear

home faces, that loving letters only deepened and in no wise stilled. "We should be so happy if we were all together again," she wrote. Her mother, with a pang of motherly fear, had said, "It will be such a change to you after your town life, Cildy, that I'm sometimes most afraid you won't like it here when you come back. You see so much grander folks and grander ways of living there, but I hope it won't make you dislike your home."

A little smile played about the girl's lips as she penned a reply to that.

"I do not know, mother mine," she wrote, "in how far the missing of wealth and luxury may make my life unhappy; but I do know that the possession of it does not seem to make many of these people, of whom you speak, happy. I see them so often, surrounded by every elegance and pleasure that gold can bring; some of them wear it carelessly, and some of them flaunt it proudly, but, in either case, scanning the faces closely, there is a lurking discontent, a something unsatisfied—as if for each one of them some inexorable Mordecai sat at the king's gate, and meanwhile all this availeth them nothing."

The Spring, with its soft air and bright sunshine, finding their way along the busy streets and in at windows opened gratefully to receive them, brought visions of quiet nooks where she knew the violets were opening, and the trailing arbutus lifting its delicate head; a homesick longing to be up and away filled the girl's heart. But it was a busy season—the opening of the Spring trade—and she could not be spared from her place. She must wait, and content herself with the pictured buds on the dainty Spring muslins, instead of the wild flowers she dreamed—with planning costumes for city streets, instead of rambling through woodland paths. Yet the bright days slipped away, one by one, though they seemed to go so slowly, and business grew duller with the many out of town. Laura was later than usual in making her visit to Neston, but when she went at last Lucille was ready to go with her, and so the midsummer found her at home again.

She had grown thinner and paler, her mother said, shaking her head doubtfully at the girl's declaration that she was perfectly well. "You must run about in the fresh air and see if you can't get to look like yourself again—at least get the color into your cheeks, I mean," she added slowly. "I do n't s'pose you will ever look just as you did before you went away—'taint natural you should."

No, it was not. Lucille felt as if she herself were more changed than any thing else about

her home; as if she had grown more than a year older in the year she had been gone.

"Indeed, Mrs. Cliff, she is a great deal more sensible than she used to be—thanks to the improving influence of my society!" Laura said merrily.

"Whatever finishing touches you may have to bestow upon her education, must be given while you are here this Summer, Miss Morrison," Abram answered, laughing; "we can't think of sparing her to go back again."

A frequent visitor was Laura, and her cousin also; and the old farm-house lost something of its quiet and air of staid sobriety, with all that fresh young life gathered within its walls. The long, bright days flew all too swiftly—the golden days, that ran away with laughing faces, but would not come again—and all unnoticed the shadows gathered.

"Yes, the last cent has been paid off now, and the farm is clear," Abram said one day when Lucille had been walking with him about the place noting improvements, and visiting old, familiar haunts, until a rising storm forced them to turn their faces homeward. "There will be hard work on it yet, but it is our own."

"I am very glad," then after a moment she said, "but does n't it seem a little dreary and hard to look forward to—those years of work, I mean?"

He smiled. "Are you still carrying that empty cup in search of the waters, Cildy?"

"Not searching for the waters," she replied, half sadly; "one has gained something, I suppose, when they have learned that no fountain of earth can fill it. But what made you think of that? You did not answer my question."

"About the work? No. It does not look to me as it once did; I think it never does seem quite the same after one has learned what life really is. Of many things that make up our happiness we say they are 'our very life'—and yet they are not. All earthly things may go from us and we live on, while our work remains."

She thought of Jennie, and half unconsciously repeated the words that had lingered in her memory—"Among the great army of God's workers."

Abram turned toward her, a sudden light in his eyes.

"That is it—the great army of God's workers! We do not struggle alone, even though it sometimes seems so. The brave and true-hearted have gone before us, and are coming after us. If we close our ears to the outer world we can hear the footfalls of those we do not see—a mighty host, gathered from every

rank and age, whose feet shall never rest until they stand before the Throne."

They had almost forgotten the approaching storm, but now a loud peal of thunder startled them.

"How very dark it is growing!" Lucille said, glancing up a little anxiously, and hastening her steps.

Then a flash of lightning almost blinded her, and her brother drew her arm within his and hurried her forward. The plashing rain-drops were already beginning to fall as they reached the house. Mrs. Cliff met them at the door.

"O, here you are, just in time!" she said.

"Yes, it's a good thing you're safe home," the farmer said, coming to the door and looking out over his wife's shoulder; "it's going to be a terrible storm, that's plain to be seen."

A prophecy scarcely uttered before its fulfillment followed. The rain came in torrents, and the heavy thunder seemed to shake the house. The mother hastened away to look after open windows, and Lucille passed into the old sitting-room, which seemed quite dark, save as the successive flashes of lightning lit it up. She sat down quietly, watching, through the window, the bending, swaying trees.

"There seems something almost human in the way they writhe and toss—like 'strong souls in agony,'" she said at last, half shuddering.

Her brother stood not far from her, and turned with a smile.

"Out of the darkness"—he said. A sudden blaze of light gleamed through the room and a terrible crash shook the building to its foundation. Lucille sank back half stunned, hearing faintly the fall of shivered glass, and dimly conscious of the smoke and sulphurous odor that were filling the apartment.

In a moment there came a sound of voices and hurrying feet from other parts of the house. The door was thrown open, and Mrs. Cliff's voice, trembling with fear and dread, called—

"Cildy! Cildy!"

The rushing in of fresh air revived the girl. "I am here—safe," she said.

But the words were scarcely heard, for the mother sprang forward with a wild, bitter cry—"O my boy! my boy!" and then for the first time Lucille saw that her brother had fallen.

Others came in; there was rushing here and there, and a confused murmur of voices. The house had been on fire near the chimney, but the dashing rain had extinguished it, and no great injury had been done except—alas, what were houses or lands to this!

"Not dead! no, no, he is not dead!" the father said—it was the voice of one who would

not, durst not, believe—"Carry him into the air."

They bore him out, and a physician was sent for; then, as the storm abated, neighbors gathered in with kindly hearts and willing hands to work. Two hours, fearfully long, passed away. All that human skill or power could suggest was done to bring back life to that motionless form. There were those who would have given years of their own heart-beats to have felt his throb again; have given their own life-blood if so they could have sent the color back to that pale brow; but it availed nothing. The lips, grown suddenly silent, left the sentence they had begun forever unfinished—"out of the darkness"—he had indeed passed, and into the life eternal. The unresting feet had suddenly paused before the Throne.

The doctor labored long, even after he felt that it was all in vain, because he could not nerve himself to stop and meet the mother's eye. But he turned away at last, and there was no more hope.

The long, strange day, that did not seem to be measured by minutes or hours, wore to its close. The storm had passed; the setting sun flung its good-night beams brightly over the earth, and then, dropping lower, was veiled from sight by curtains of crimson, and gold, and fleecy white. Earth and sky were beautiful—only hearts were shadowed.

How suddenly common things grow sacred in this changing world of ours! The old familiar room, through which careless feet and merry voices had passed countless times daily, thoughtless and unquestioned, none entered now save with hushed tones and low footfall; and many, who yesterday would have passed the one lying there with slightest nod of recognition, came into his presence with uncovered heads, now that death had crowned him. The strong man was sleeping as peacefully as a little child. The lightning's fatal track had been across the body, and the face was left untouched. The heavy lashes rested quietly upon the cheek; the rare, sweet smile lingered still about his lips, and the high, broad brow was marvelously beautiful with that marble whiteness upon it.

Lucille had longed to see him, yet waited—she wanted to go unnoticed and alone. At last the room was quite still; she listened a moment at the door, then pushed it open noiselessly and entered. The shadows were gathering there, but through the western window the last light of the fading day fell upon what she sought. She crossed the room and stood beside it.

"Abram!" she whispered—even already the

name was beginning to have a strange sound, it was growing hard to speak—"brother!"

There came no answer. She pressed her lips to the cold forehead and shrank back trembling—so near, and yet so far away! Only at noon those eyes looked lovingly into hers, and now the long centuries that might pass before the resurrection morning lay before her and their light. Only at noon that hand had held hers playfully, and now nations and kingdoms must pass away, the sun burn dim in the heavens, and earth and time be ended ere those fingers clasped her own again!

There was a slight sound from one of the shaded corners of the room, and a figure Lucille had not before noticed arose and came forward, a little, old, bent figure—the village seamstress, who had known and loved the sleeper from his boyhood. She stood beside him now with fast-falling tears.

"O, he looks like an angel, poor dear!" she said. "And he is an angel now," and she went out sobbing.

"An angel excelling in strength!" murmured the sister's white lips as she recalled the past.

A step light but slow came to the door, and Laura Morrison entered and stood beside her—stood for a moment silent and motionless, and then her little trembling hand placed in the folded ones some choice passion flowers, and a snowy magnolia blossom.

"It was all that seemed fit to lay over that princely heart," she whispered, half to herself; "these seemed a little like him—so rare, so pure, so high! He was the noblest man I ever knew, Lucille," and the sorrow in her eyes was not altogether born of sympathy.

Night fell upon the old home, holding but the one peaceful sleeper; the long hours dragged by, and morning came with sunshine that had no power to dispel the terrible vision that had haunted the darkness. Very brightly the day dawned, bearing in its beauty no memory of cloud or tempest. The birds never sang more sweetly than then. Brighter sunlight never gladdened the earth than that which gleamed through the old church-yard trees and fell into the open grave where they laid the dead, speaking solemnly those old, grand words that have been spoken over such a countless host in the long generations that earth has been receiving her children back to her bosom—"In hope of a glorious resurrection."

It was all over, and there was left for them only the turning away and taking up of life again. In the days that followed, when olden cares and duties pressed upon her still, claiming the attention of the sore heart, and busying the

hands that would fain have dropped idly, Lucille thought often of the words that her brother had spoken: "All earthly things can go from us, and we live on, while our work remains." Hers awaited her still. Even by his death life seemed to her a grander, nobler, though more solemn thing than she had ever before thought it. To those who have come from the ocean-side, with eyes that have grown accustomed to its boundless expanse, any inland nook must seem narrow and circumscribed; and so to her, upon whose shore of time the waves of eternity had broken, did many of her olden thoughts and dreams, bounded as they were by earth, grow petty and ignoble; they could have place in her heart no longer.

With the falling leaves Laura bade a tearful farewell and went back to the city, but Lucille remained. They needed her at home, and her work was there—only the old cares and labors, indeed, but they no longer seemed to her low, poor, and unworthy the doing. Perhaps Peter's message had come to her also—"What God hath cleansed that call not thou common." No sorrow leaves us quite as it found us, and as the months passed on she was growing braver, stronger, and more true, with a kinder heart, a readier hand, and a firmer step on life's journey. Her father and mother grew to lean upon her more and more, and to rely upon her judgment.

"When Cildy went away to town," the mother said one day, as she watched her flitting here and there—"when Cildy went away to town I could n't help feelin' afraid it would make her gay, giddy, and discontented, but I do n't believe it ever made her love home a bit less."

Lucille caught a part of the words, and looked up with a smile, to answer quickly, "Ah, no; indeed it did not."

It never could seem homely and plain to her again; every place had precious memories clinging to it that made it almost sacred. As she passed from the room her father's eyes followed her.

"There's not many like her," he said fondly.

Another there was whose heart echoed the words—her dead brother's friend, who, when at home, came not less often now than in the olden days, and who had grown very near to them all. He followed her out to the vine-shaded portico.

"Every time I have been at home for the last year I have been watching you wonderingly," he said; "now that I am going away to-morrow I want you to tell me a secret. How is it that you contrive to accomplish so much?"

"I do n't accomplish much," she answered. "I can only do as others—one thing at a time."

I can't do even that if you hold my hands fast," she added playfully, drawing away the one he had taken.

"It has seemed to me that you were doing a great deal, Lucille."

"Perhaps trying to take advantage of circumstances has something to do with it then," she replied, still lightly. "For instance, those grapes up there are a little above my head, and you are taller than I am; I might get you to pick them for me. Here is the basket—will you?"

He took it, and climbed up on the railing, but shook his head at her as he did so.

"You are evading my question," he said.

"I know what she tells me is the way to work, if we want to do it right, and do a good deal," remarked Tim, looking up from the piece of willow that he was trying to fashion into a whistle. "It's a Bible verse, and she taught it to me—'Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as unto the Lord, and not unto men.'"

The young man looked thoughtfully down into the girl's face. "Why did n't you tell me so?" he asked.

"O, James! I thought you knew all that so much better than I," she answered almost tearfully.

"But I have not lived it as well," he said gravely. "Lucille, you must try to help me."

The place free from debt, matters became more prosperous at the old farm-house, and Lucille's life grew less toilsome. When the old pastor of the Church at Neston slept with many of his flock in the little church-yard, and James Morrison was called to his place, he asked Lucille for his wife.

"Two to the world, for the world's work's sake,
But each unto each, as in God's sight, one."

"Ah, well, James," the father said, "you have been almost like a son to us this long time—ever since Abram died"—the old man's voice faltered a little there—"almost a son, you've been, and we sha'n't be sorry to have you quite one."

So our little Lucille settled down into a country minister's wife, and never became any thing very rich, or great, or wonderful—only "common folks" to the last. But after the one year in her life that name would not have troubled her any; she would have it to-day with a smile. A simple, quiet life is hers, but neither time nor eternity bounds it, and One only knows how she is "sowing beside all waters."

THE triumph of women is not to wear out and conquer their persecutors, but to soften them and make them lay down their arms.

PROMISE.

Do you know, sweetheart, that under the snow
A million roses lie?
That over the clouds that hang below,
The stars are in the sky?

That a rainbow shone, ere the day was gone,
Over the darkest place?

That the pretty new moon goes rounding on
To the fullness of her face?

That our garden-brook, so small and slow,
Is widening away to the river?

That under the ice its restless flow
Makes music, sweet as ever?

That the naked trees are all a-throb
With the quick blood in their veins?
And blindly reaching, yearn and sob
For the blessed April rains?

That the precious seeds of life are pressed
Under the frozen sod,
Till the great earth warms, through her fruitful breast,
With the spirit of her God?

That the beautiful dead that we laid away,
With a breaking of the heart,
Was only to us the cast in clay
Of a deathless counterpart?

THE LOVED NOT LOST.

How strange it seems with so much gone
Of life and love, to still go on!
Ah, brother, only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now,
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that heaven are still;
Look where we may the wide earth o'er
Those lighted faces shine no more.

We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear like them the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,

Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet love will dream, and faith will trust,
Since He who knows our need is just,
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!

Who hath not learned in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever Lord of Death,
And love can never lose its own.

OVERLAND IN WINTER.

WASHING the pebbly sands of its last great, broad reach to the sea, the crystalline floods of the calm, placid Columbia roll eternally onward by the foot of the small though beautiful city of Vancouver, Washington Territory. The great ocean heart sends its throb upward far beyond the city, to meet the oncoming waters which have trickled from springlets on mountain heights thousands of miles away. In full view of that ever-rolling flood, flashing in sun blaze, silvered by the moonbeam, or sweeping darkly through the storm, stands the dear place, home. That, reader, is in the West. Beyond it, to Americans, there is no west. Away down under the dark sea lies Asia. But Asia is "the East." The time has not come to reverse our thoughts. After sixteen years of pioneer life, nearly always within sound of the beating surf of the Pacific, the time had come for me to revisit the scenes of my boyhood, and renew the fellowships of my youth. But nearly four thousand miles of weary travel were between me and them. Winter was advancing. The sun swept but a short arc through the southern sky. The mountains—and my way led through them, over them, and beyond them—were whitening, as though a bridal veil had suddenly been dropped over their countenances. December had reached its meridian.

There was a drop of relenting in my heart as my lips touched the trembling lips of the wife whose heart had beat only for me and ours for nearly seventeen years, or the laughing ones of the pet of four bright Summers, which threatened to rise to a flood and overflow from my eyes. It was not weakness; it was strength; the strength of a love which had matured while the winds of adversity were kindling mournful and weeping cadences, sweeping up through dear and precious dust lying sweetly and sorrowfully low. These memories are *souvenirs* dearer and sweeter that they can not be seen. They are precious mementos, vernal with the joys, ay, the sorrows, too, of other years.

But these—these are sanctuaries into which stranger steps can not be led. Let me draw the veil. It can not, must not be lifted.

It was six o'clock in the morning, of the twelfth day of December last, when the lights of the advancing steamer, on which I was to take passage westward, gleamed suddenly out over the river, as she rounded a dark point of fir-trees a few rods below. In a moment I was aboard and off. The prow of the steamer was pointed directly toward the great cascade range of mountains, whose massive shadows were

already creeping out of the darkness into the gray twilight. Above them all rose the great glittering dome of Mount Hood, with our steamer headed directly for it. Thirty miles from the point of embarkation the river debouches from its sixty miles of mountain gorge upon its lower plain. Advancing within this gorge the mountains on either hand rise higher and higher until, at that place in the river known as the cascades, they stand six thousand feet high. They are mostly bold, bare precipices of rock, relieved here and there by groves of evergreens, or by tiny cascades which rush over beetling cliffs hundreds of feet high, and dissolve in feathery spray long before they reach the bottom. The cascades proper are formed by the river rushing over a sunken ledge of rocks ages since detached from the overhanging mountains, and by some mighty convulsion cast into the river. Within a distance of five miles the river falls thirty feet, mostly within eighty rods. The rapids are fearful. Eternal power seems rushing by in the floods. Here is a portage of six miles made by cars, the only railroad in Washington Territory. Above this point, for forty miles, the river is deep and lake-like, made so by the obstructions at the cascades. This brings the traveler through the mountain range out upon the high mountain prairies which stretch away eastward a hundred and fifty miles, until interrupted by the pine, fir, and tamarisk forests of the Blue Mountains. At the upper end of this forty miles' reach of river occurs one of the greatest wonders of river scenery in the world—the Dalles of the Columbia. "It is such a sight," to use the language of a lady tourist who had come from Boston expressly to view it, "as is granted by the Almighty to us, to show us how infinitesimally small and weak we are." The river, for fifteen miles, is a succession of magnificent rapids, low cataracts, and narrow, sinuous channels. From the latter came the name, "Dales" or "Troughs," of the old French *voyageurs*, with our very natural corruption of "Dalls." At the lower extremity of this series of rapids Dalles City is located on the south side of the river; at the upper, the little town of Celilo. About half-way between these two points the entire Columbia—and it is one of the mightiest rivers on the globe—is crowded over to the southern shore through a passage not more than fifty yards in width, between perfectly naked and perpendicular walls of basalt. Just beyond, in olive and green, smoothly and resistlessly, is gliding the grand flow a mile in width, then plunging over a rugged wall of trap blocks reaching from shore to shore. Higher up the stream is always fretted and tormented by the

obstructions of its bed. Not even Niagara has such an expression of power, and only the Columbia can round such lines of grace as are made by these waters, rasped to spray, reposing in languid sheets, or shot up in misty fountains edged with rainbows, as they strike some basaltic hexagon rising in midstream to oppose their flow. These rapids, too, are passed by a railroad sixteen miles in length, the only one in the State of Oregon.

At Wallula, the site of old Fort Walla Walla, a classic ground in the history of Columbia River adventure, the traveler leaves the steamer and takes the stage for an eight hundred mile ride to Salt Lake City. He is now in the midst of that great belt of pastoral country extending through the State of Oregon and Territory of Washington for a length of six hundred miles, and a breadth of two hundred, and lying between the Cascade and Blue Mountain ranges. This whole country is covered with a luxuriant growth of bunch grass, and is, without doubt, the finest pastoral portion of our continent. Only in the immediate valleys of the streams has the emigrant yet broken the solitude of centuries. Millions upon millions of acres of meadow are reaped only by the frosts and the fire. The climate, too, is most salubrious. From April to December a sky of clearest, deepest blue bends over mountain, vale, and river. The eye never tires of gazing on the near landscape of rolling prairie lawns, or the distant one of ever green mountains, relieved at intervals by summits covered with unwasting snows.

From Wallula the stage road winds eastward along the valley of Walla Walla River for a distance of thirty miles, passing the spot made sacredly historic by the massacre of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman on the 29th day of November, 1847. A low mound, without a monument, only marks their resting-place. We have told your readers the story of "Waiiletpu," and may not repeat it. A few miles further on stands Walla Walla, a city of perhaps fifteen hundred inhabitants, yet doing a vast business in gold and mining supplies with the miners of the far interior. A place more delightful in scenery, or enjoying a finer climate, or having more of the conditions of healthfulness, perhaps can not be found. The stars, shining out of a clear December sky, had told two o'clock, when I seated myself with the driver on the outer seat of the stage, and was rapidly whirling along the western base of the Blue Mountains southward. A ride of five hours brought us to where the road turns directly up the face of the mountains to seek a way through their wild peaks to the valleys eastward. The sun had reached merid-

ian when the driver paused a moment on the summit to give us a view of the scenery west, north, and south. More features of loveliness, of grandeur, of sublimity, melting and blending together, forming a whole of unutterable magnificence, reside not among alpine heights or Italian vales. The bronzed meadow-mountains, rivers flashing in and out among the hills, the distant Sierras, standing a dark, green, shadowy background, all overspread with the soft and mellow light of a December sun, formed a scene to be borne on the memory forever.

The Blue Mountains are the only timbered belt between the Cascades and the Mississippi River, a distance of two thousand miles, and consequently are much more valuable to the country than the same extent of the finest agricultural lands would be. Besides, without them the surrounding country would be a barren, desolate waste. They are the fountains of the numerous streams which irrigate and fertilize the beautiful valleys which radiate from them as from a common center of life, lying in their midst, though nearer their eastern than western border, in the valley of Grand Rondé. This is a fine agricultural valley of about eight hundred square miles, its borders already occupied two or three farms deep, and dotted here and there with villages, presenting from the adjacent mountain slopes a most picturesque view. Leaving Grand Rondé the road winds up a serpentine gorge to pass over the eastern summit of the Blue Mountains, a distance of thirty miles, to Powder River; thence up the valley of that stream thirty miles further, to where it breaks from the eastern border of the same range of mountains; then up a lateral eastern valley and over a sharp divide twenty-five miles to Burnt River; and then down the narrow broken cañon of that river fifty miles to Snake River, at what is known to all "emigrants" as "farewell bend." Here crossing Snake, the great southern branch of the Columbia, to the northern side, we pass up the settled valleys of the Weiser and Payette, and then over successive rolls of hills covered with a heavy growth of *artemisia tridentata*, or wild desert sage, strike the finest valley of the interior, Boisé, about thirty-five miles below its debouch from the Salmon River Mountains. Near the head of this valley is Boisé city, the center of the mining trade of Idaho Territory. Southward, seventy miles, the bold snow-capped summits of War Eagle Mountain, among which are situated the Owyhee mines, break up from the border of the great Snake River plain. Northward "alps on alps arise," their snowy vesture goldened by the rays of the declining sun.

Though late December, yet even in this high latitude the mellow haze of an Indian Summer wraps the vale. Nearly sixteen years before, an emigrant, I had passed through the same valley. Then it was the home of the wild savage only. Their deeds of savage prowess, or of murderous cruelty, have written here a history of blood. Perhaps the first time the Gospel was ever preached in this valley was at setting sun of the 16th day of August, 1853, when, near the spot where Boisé City now stands, my brother and myself preached to a company of emigrants, "Christ and him crucified."

From Boisé to Salt Lake City, a distance of near five hundred miles, is a country of fearful, rugged sterility. The stage rolled wearily over the long sage plains, across the deep gorges where mighty convulsions had rent the black basalt, or up and down the precipitous Goose Creek and Bear River Mountains for four days and nights without rest to accomplish the distance. The sharp December gales swept the mountain sides and summits, and, added to our warm clothing, we were compelled to wrap our thick blankets around us from head to foot to ward off the arctic cold. Passing over the dividing range that separates the waters of Snake River from those of the great interior basin, the softened and balmy atmosphere soon began to testify to the presence of a large body of salt water. So the Great Salt Lake was soon before us, stretching away to the south and west like a vast sea. Passing southward, between it and the snowy Wasatch Mountains for many hours, at four o'clock in the afternoon of the twenty-fifth of December we drove into that prodigy of cities, Salt Lake.

We have called this city a prodigy. On more than one account it is so. But however interesting a description of the city and its people might be, want of space will confine what we say of them to the limit of a few sentences. We stand on a point of hill in the north-eastern suburbs of the city facing south-west, and the city is before us and under our feet. Its broad avenue-like streets cut each other at right angles, inclosing in each square ten acres of land. Along each of these streets flows a sparkling stream of pure spring water, breathing sweetness and health around. Away over the city the bright waters of Utah Lake are flashing in an unclouded sun, seeming to rest, on their thither side, against the rocky foot of giant mountains which sweep in a semicircle, thirty or forty miles across its chord, away to the south, and then back again east and north, every-where bold, snowy, and precipitous. To

approach the valley in which the city is located without piercing this range is impossible except from the north. Here, guarded by almost impassable mountains, a few bold, bad men have led a multitude of ignorant, deluded followers, and organized a system of barbaric civilization which is one of the marvels of the age. It is a system of terrible power for evil, and utterly worthless for good. Still, one can not help commiserating the state of the deceived and cheated multitude, while his very soul throbs with indignation against their infamous deceivers. The bitter fruits that are to be gathered at length from this great wrong are already seen in the low, depraved order of physical and mental life every-where apparent, especially among the children. Cripples and deformed persons are crossing one's way at every step. Gathered from the lower orders of European life, and accustomed to forms of tyranny all their life, they bow a willing neck to the yoke which their leaders have fastened upon them. If you see a bright, honest, intellectual American countenance in Salt Lake City, it is safe to address its owner as a "gentile." Many women are met whose eyes seem used to tears, and whose cheeks are furrowed deeply by sorrow. Their presence casts a somber veil over all there is of beauty in and around Salt Lake, and the traveler turns gladly away from a place where there is so little of that real beauty, the beauty of heart and life.

Leaving the city the road still continues southward, gradually drawing near to the Wasatch Mountains, which tower up on the left. In about seven miles it turns abruptly into the mouth of a cañon, where there is barely room for the road between perpendicular precipices of a red granitic rock several hundred feet high. Up this cañon it continues for twenty miles, at times in most dangerous proximity to the precipitous banks of the small river that flows through it. When we left Salt Lake the sun was shining bright and clear, but soon after entering the gorge of the mountains we were wrapped in clouds of snow. The wind howled around the rocky summits, and whirled the keen, frosty crystals full in our faces. As, for the space of four hours, we crawled up the snow-impeded way toward the summit of the range we found the climate more and more hyperborean. At length, simultaneous with our reaching the summit, the full moon sailed out through the clouds that trooped away westward, and lit that wilderness of snow-clad pinnacles with a soft and mellowed glory.

Though I had retained a seat with the driver, I forgot the cold and snow; the ice that clotted

beard, and hair, and garments; and thought only of the scene. The summit reached, about the same distance downward, through a wider and less dangerous cañon, brought us to Weber River and city, and there we turned up "Echo Cañon." This was a perilous ascent. The road was glittering with ice. The river ran deep below us, and we were in constant danger of plunging down into the icy flood. A little carelessness, or too great carefulness, and we were gone. In the dangerous places our only safety was in driving at the utmost speed of the horses. Our driver had the nerve, and rolled us along the edge of sheer icy precipices at a tremendous pace. The moon was yet hanging in the south-western sky when we suddenly rushed out of a world of stillness and desolation into a world of activity, and noise, and work. The shout, "The railroad!" echoed from every lip. Never did voyager over the storm-tossed sea hail more gladly the haven and shore. Over eight hundred miles of weary staging over mountains and deserts were done. Here, more than nine hundred miles from Omaha, stood a fiery steed impatient to bear us on toward the rising sun, over mountain, flood, and field.

How fast the improbable prophecies of the world's great dreams are becoming realizations! When in 1838 Lewis Gaylord Clark said, "the man is now living who will make a railroad trip across this vast continent," how few considered it other than the ideal hope of a visionary mind! From 1838 to 1869, thirty short years, and it is prophecy no longer. One can but feel proud of his America, proud of the noble though untitled blood that shoots through his veins, when he stands amid the triumphs of philanthropy and genius with which she has glorified the last decade. She has girded with bands of arms, and bands of law, and bands of iron a vast continent into one brotherhood of freedom, equality, and peace.

"Then comes the statelier Eden back to man,
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm,
Then springs the crowning race of human kind:
May these things be!"

From the point where the railroad was reached the idea of distance seems annihilated. Though we were far west of the summit that divides the eastern from the western waters, yet it seemed already that our journey was done. In passing, too, the Wasatch and Bear River Mountains we had left behind us all semblance of Winter. Over the high planes of the summit plateau the ground was dry and dusty, and the pure blue of an unclouded sky looked constantly down. We sped rapidly on over Bear River, Green River,

the Platte, Big Laramie plains, the Black Hills, down the beautiful valley of Lodge Pole, and then again the North Platte, and down its fertile valley until, as we approached Omaha, we found Winter again reigning with its dominion of snow and ice. Like a rapidly moving panorama, the whole scene of mountain, and river, and plain had rushed by. In thirteen days and nights of travel, two hundred and fifty miles by steamer, nine hundred by stage, and one thousand by rail had been completed. Fifteen years before I had been five weary months performing the same journey. Then these were the realms of night. The roar of the wild beast startled the echoes, and the war-cry of the savage pealed along the hills. The reign of night is past. The wild beast is hushing his roar. The war-cry of the last savage will soon slumber in silence. Genius and peace are winning their proudest trophies over lands, and continents, and peoples.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

LE MASQUE DE FER.

IN the records of the Church of Saint Paul, in Paris, is found this simple statement of the death of one of the prisoners of the Bastille: "In the year 1703, Nov. 19th, Marchialy, aged about forty-five years, died in the Bastille. His body was interred in the cemetery of Saint Paul—his parish—on the 20th of said month, in presence of M. Rosarges, major, and of M. Reilhe, surgeon-major of the Bastille, whose names follow."

Historians affirm that this same Marchialy is no less a personage than the Man in the Iron Mask, concerning whom so little was said till after his decease, but who, since that event, has been the subject of much learned wonder and futile research.

It was in 1680 or 1681—for the precise date of his entrée we can not tell—that the Man in the Iron Mask appeared at Pignerol, or Pignerolo, a city situated in Italy, but at that time a strongly fortified French possession. M. de Saint Mars, the governor of this fortress, being soon after appointed to the command of the fortress d'Exilles, took the unknown prisoner with him; and finally, in 1687, they removed to the islands of St. Marguerite, in the Mediterranean, this unfortunate captive and his keeper, who was doomed to become his life-long shadow. A letter exists, written by Saint Mars to M. de Louvois, bearing date Jan. 20, 1687, in which these words occur—indicating plainly how great importance was attached to the preservation of

the prisoner—"I shall give such orders for the keeping of my charge that I can answer to you for his entire safety. Accordingly he caused a model prison to be constructed after his own mind. This prison, says Piganiol de la Force, was lighted only by a single window, overlooking the sea, fifteen feet above the round of the officers. This window was guarded with three iron-gratings outside the usual prison bars.

M. de Saint Mars rarely entered the room of his prisoner. He feared to remain there with the door closed, lest some one might listen to their words; so he usually stood on the threshold, and, as they talked, watched the corridor on both sides, and closed the door instantly if any one approached. It happened one morning that the son of a friend, who had come to pass several days on the island, was seeking M. de Saint Mars to request permission to take a boat to go to the main-land. The young man ran up into the corridor, and, seeing the governor in the distance at the door of a room, hastened toward him. Doubtless the conversation between the prisoner and his keeper was very animated and absorbing just then; for M. de Saint Mars failed to hear the young man's steps till he was quite near. Then, perceiving him, he started quickly back, closed the door, and, with a pale face, asked the indiscreet visitor if he had heard their words or seen the inmate of that room. For reply, the young man showed him that it would have been utterly impossible, from the place where he stood; and not till he was convinced of this, did the governor recover. Even then he insisted that the young man must immediately leave the island. He wrote to the father, telling him the cause of his son's return, and adding: "This adventure came nigh costing your son dear, and fearing some new imprudence I hasten to send him to you."

It will be easy to believe that the prisoner's desire to escape was at least equal to M. de Saint Mars' fears lest he should succeed in doing so. Various attempts were made by the captive to free himself from his living death, and the details of some of them have been transmitted to us. One day the Iron Mask, whose food was brought to him on a silver plate, wrote several lines with a nail upon this plate and succeeded in throwing it through the gratings of his window. A fisherman found it on the sea-shore, and, thinking correctly that it could belong only to the silver-plate at the castle, brought it to the governor. M. de Saint Mars examined the dish, and saw with terror the inscription which was graven upon it.

"Have you read what is written here?" he asked, showing the inscription to the fisherman.

"I do not know how to read," was the reply.

"Has this plate been in any other hands than yours?" again asked M. de Saint Mars.

"No, for I have only just found it, and I brought it to your Excellence, concealed under my vest, for fear people would think me a thief."

M. de Saint Mars remained a moment in thought, then motioned to the fisherman to retire.

"Go," he said to him, "and be thankful that you can not read."

Some time after this event a surgeon's boy while bathing, saw something white floating on the water. He swam toward it, and, bringing it to the shore, found that it was a very fine linen shirt. By means of a mixture of soot and water, in the place of ink, and with a chicken bone, cut like a pen, the prisoner had written upon it his whole history. He hastened to carry this linen to the governor. M. de Saint Mars asked him the same question he had addressed to the fisherman:

"Have you read what is written here?"

The apprentice responded that he knew how to read, but that, thinking the lines traced upon the cloth might contain some *State secret*, he had been careful not even to glance at it. M. de Saint Mars sent him away without any orders, but the next day he was found dead in his bed.

The Iron Mask had a servant who waited upon him. This man was a prisoner like himself, and as carefully guarded. He died. A poor woman presented herself to take his place, but M. de Saint Mars foresaw that, if she desired this position, she must always share the prison of her master, and must renounce forever her husband and children. She refused to subscribe to such painful conditions and at once withdrew.

In 1698, M. de Saint Mars was ordered to transfer his prisoner to the Bastille. For a journey of 720 miles precautions must be redoubled. The Iron Mask was placed in a litter, which was preceded by the governor's carriage, and surrounded by horsemen, who were ordered to shoot the prisoner if he should make the least attempt to speak or to escape. Passing near an estate called Palteau, which belonged to him, M. de Saint Mars halted a day and a night. They dined in a low hall, whose windows opened upon the court. Through these windows the governor and the prisoner could be seen taking their repast. The Iron Mask sat with his back

to the windows. His figure was noble; he was dressed in brown, and, even while he ate, he wore that black mask, from beneath which escaped locks of snowy hair. M. de Saint Mars sat facing him, with a pistol on each side of his plate. A single valet served them, and closed the double doors every time he entered or left the hall. When night came M. de Saint Mars had a camp-bed prepared in his prisoner's room and slept in front of the door. In the early dawn they resumed their journey, taking the same precautions as before, in order to avoid discovery.

At last, in the afternoon of Sept. 28, 1698, the travelers reached the Bastille. The Iron Mask was then conducted immediately into the tower of the Basiniere, where he waited till night. When darkness came, M. Dujonca, then governor of that fortress, led him into the third room of the tower of the Bertandiere. This room had been furnished with every thing necessary for the accommodation of the prisoner. M. de Rosarges, one of the suite of M. de Saint Mars, was to serve the captive and to care for him. He ate at the governor's table. Remembering the plate and the linen found on the sea-shore, the governor himself would wait upon him at table, and, when the meal was finished, take his napkin. The unhappy captive had received express orders not to speak to any one, nor to open before any person the lock which secured his mask. Should he break either of these commands, the sentinels were ordered to fire upon him.

And so this mysterious man remained shut up in the Bastille until November 19, 1703. In the prison-journal of that date the following note occurs: "The unknown prisoner, always masked, was slightly ill yesterday on coming from mass, and died this day at 10 o'clock in the evening, without severe sickness." But neither the journal of the Bastille nor the register of St. Paul's Church tells us that the precautions which surrounded the unfortunate during his sad life pursued him even after his death. His face was disfigured with vitriol, so that in case of exhumation he might not be recognized. Then they burned all the furniture, they broke up the ceiling, they excavated every nook and corner; they even took up all the paving brick, one by one, for fear that he might have concealed some note or left some mark which could disclose his true name. From this moment all is doubt and obscurity. The reigning kings preserved the secret, and even Louis XVI, when questioned on this subject by Marie Antoinette, is said to have replied, "We guard the honor of our ancestor, Louis XIV."

Think of it! twenty-three years of exquisite torture; unknown, unloved in life, which to him was always death; unknown, unwept in the welcome death, which was his only hope of life! Those white locks of which curious spectators tell us, are eloquent witnesses of the grief, the madness, the struggles, the despair of the nameless young Man in the Iron Mask. It is a thousand times sadder than Byron's thrilling tale of Bonnivard, "The Prisoner of Chillon."

Who was this man around whose life and death the shadows of perpetual mystery hang? Many theories are offered by politicians, statesmen, and historians, but no one of them can claim a solid foundation on which to rest. The Man in the Iron Mask will be forever a strange political secret, like the authorship of the "Letters of Junius," in England, or the execution of Charles I.

One theory, however, appears to us more plausible than any other. Alexander Dumas, from whose account this chapter has been largely drawn, inclines to the opinion that this wonderful prisoner was none other than an older brother of Louis XIV, the reigning monarch. He sagely asks, after mentioning Richelieu's pretensions, "Would it not be still more probable to believe him an elder brother of the King, born in some of those mysterious rooms, of which Mazarin kept the secret key?" In the appendix to his work M. Dumas gives us a letter containing curious details in confirmation of this solution. We will read a part of the old man's letter in English:

"YSSENGRAUX, (HAUTE-LOIRE,) MARCH 4, 1843.

"*Champanhat, Aged Captain of Artillery, to Monsieur Alexander Dumas:*

"Sir,—You will be quite surprised to receive a letter bearing the post-mark of Haute-Loire; but your surprise will cease when I tell you that the opinion you have given concerning the Iron Mask is confirmed by the unhappy prisoner himself, by his engravings upon the stones which I have seen in his prison, and about which I am glad to tell you. . . . In 1794 I was in garrison at Cannes fronting the Marguerite Islands. I went frequently to visit the officers who occupied this post, and who were my comrades. They urged me to visit the prison of the Man in the Iron Mask, which was usually closed, and I went there several times. On entering we saw instantly the effigy of the prisoner. The head is of about natural size; it is in profile, and presents the right cheek, the neck, and the top of the shoulder. The black color of the mask is extremely striking, and immediately fixes the attention. The effigy is graven upon the stone. On the wall to the left—as well as I

remember—we read this Latin inscription, also carved upon the stone:

*'Hic dolor,
Hic luctus perpetuus.'*

Finally—and this is the principal object of interest—upon a third wall is engraved a balance, whose scales are seven or eight inches in diameter. The beam is nearly perpendicular, so that one of the scales is down and the other up. The one is pierced by a sword with a heavy hilt, and lifts up the other scale, on which rests a crown, well designed and engraven. This crown is light, and seems to be fleeing away.

"On my second visit to the prison, I said to my companions, 'The prisoner, by these pictures, tells us his origin and the cause of his disgrace. He is a prince to whom force and violence have raised a crown and he weeps 'perpetual tears.' This solution seemed perfectly natural to my friends and, as we were not well versed in history nor in literature, we rested there. Since that day I have read different articles of literature and criticism concerning this strange captive, and, noticing last of all the *feuilleton* that you have given concerning him, I remain convinced with you that this unhappy prince was an elder brother of Louis XIV."

SUMMER IN LABRADOR.

LABRADOR, geologists tell us, is the oldest portion of the American continent. It was also, and aside from the visits of the Scandinavians, the first to be discovered by Europeans—the Cabots having come to land here more than a year before Columbus found the tropic main-land on his third voyage. And to-day it is that part of the continent which has been least explored. No one has ever crossed it; perhaps no one could do so. I am not aware that any European has penetrated it deeply. The coast, for some four hundred miles in extent, is visited annually by hosts of fishermen; but twenty miles from tide-water it is as little known to them as to the Bedouins. The interior is all one immense elevated plateau. It is a table-land "varying from five to twenty-five hundred feet in height." Here not a tree grows, not a blade of grass, only lichens and moss. What a vast and terrible waste it must be! Where else upon the earth are all the elements of desolation so combined?

Within some one hundred and fifty miles of the coast this terrible table-land breaks up into wild hills, separated by valleys that plunge down suddenly, in rocky steep, from the heights, more gorges than valleys. These hills are all

fearfully scarred. One sees in them abundant record of the Titanic old-time warfare between rock and ice.

A Labrador Summer has commonly a brief season, during which the heat seems to Englishmen "intense." An old pilot told me that he had been at Indian Harbor—far to the north—when for three weeks an awning over the deck was absolutely necessary, and when a fish left in the sun an hour would be spoiled.

The best day of a Labrador Summer is the best day of all Summers whatsoever. Herodotus says that Ionia was allowed to possess the finest climate of all the world; and in Smyrna I believed him, for there were May days when each breath seemed worth one's being born to enjoy. But all days yield to those of Labrador when the better genius of its climate prevails. Then one feels the serenity of power, then all his blood is exalted and pure, and the globules sail through his veins like rich argosies before trade-winds. Then an irritable haste and a weak lassitude are alike impossible; one's nerves are made of a metal finer than steel, and he becomes truly a lord in nature.

It was on such a day that we ran some fifty miles through a passage, resembling a river, between islands and the main. The wind blew warm and vigorous from the land—sometimes, when it came to us without passing over considerable spaces of water, seeming positively hot, as if it came from an oven; yet in such an atmosphere one felt that he could live forever, either in an oven or in the case of an iceberg, and wish only to live there forever! A great fleet of schooners was pushing swiftly along this passage, on its way to fishing-grounds in the North; and as we flew past one and another, while the astonished crews gathered at the side to stare at our speed, our schooner seemed the very genius of victory, and our wishes to be supreme powers. I have never elsewhere experienced so cool and perfect an exhilaration—physical exhilaration, that is.

In the early afternoon a dense haze filled the sky. The sun, seen through this, became a globe of glowing ruby, and its glade on the sea looked as if the water had been strewn, almost enough to conceal it, with a crystalline ruby dust, or with fine mineral *spicula* of vermilion bordering upon crimson. The peculiarity of this ruddy dust was that it seemed to possess body, and, while it glowed, did not in the smallest degree dazzle—as if the brilliancy of each ruby particle came from the heart of it rather than from the surface. The effect was in truth indescribable. It was beautiful beyond expression—any expression, at least, which is at my command.

Such a spectacle, I suppose, one might chance to see any where, though the chance certainly never occurred to me before. It could scarcely have escaped me through want of attention, for I could well believe myself a child of the sun, so deep an appeal to my feelings is made by effects of light and color: light before all.

But the atmosphere of Labrador has its own secret of beauty, and charms the eye with aspects which one may be pardoned for believing incomparable in their way. The blue of distant hills and mountains, when observed in clear sunshine, is subtle and luminous to a degree that surpasses admiration. They look like frozen sky. Or one might fancy that a vast heart or core of amethyst was deeply overlaid with colorless crystal, and shone through with a softened, lucent ray. Such transparency, such intense delicacy, such refinement of hue! Sometimes, too, there is seen in the deep hollows, between the lofty billows of blue, a purple that were fit to clothe the royalty of immortal kings, while the blue itself is flecked as it were with a spray of white light, which one might guess to be a precipitate of sunshine.

This was wonderful; but more wonderful and most wonderful was to come. It was given me once and once again to look on a vision, an enchantment, a miracle of all but impossible beauty, incredible until seen, and even when seen scarcely to be credited, save by an act of faith. We had sailed up a deep bay, and cast anchor in a fine, large harbor of the exactest horseshoe shape. It was bordered immediately by a gentle ridge some three hundred feet high, which was densely wooded with spruce, fir, and larch. Beyond this ridge, to the west, rose mountainous hills, while to the south, where was the head of the harbor, it was overlooked by a broad, noble mountain. It had been one of those white-skied days, when the heavens are covered by a uniform filmy fleece, and the light comes as if it had been filtered through milk. But just before sunset this fleece was rent, and a river of sunshine streamed across the ridge at the head of the harbor, leaving the mountain beyond, and the harbor itself, with its wooded sides, still in shadow. And where that shine fell, the foliage changed from green to a glowing, luminous red-brown, expressed with astonishing force—not a trace, not a hint of green remaining! Beyond it, the mountain preserved its whited gray; nearer, on either side, the woods stood out in clear green; and separated from these by the sharpest line rose this ridge of enchanted forest. You will incline to think this an illusion that one might have seen through by trying hard enough. But never

were the colors in a paint-pot more definite and determined.

This was but the beginning. I had turned away, and was debating with myself whether some such color, seen on the Scotch and English hills, had not given the hint for those uniform browns which Turner in his youth copied from his earlier masters. When I looked back the sunshine had flooded the mountain, and was bathing it all in the purest rose-red. Bathing it? No, the mountain was solidly converted, transformed to that hue!—The power, the simplicity, the translucent, shining depth of the color were all that you can imagine, if you make no abatements, and task your imagination to the utmost. This roseate hue no rose in the garden of Orient or Occident ever surpassed. Small spaces were seen where the color became a pure ruby, which could not have been more lustrous and intense had it proceeded from a polished ruby gem ten rods in dimension. Color could go no farther. Yet if the eye lost these for a moment, it was compelled somewhat to search for them—so powerful, so brilliant was the rose-setting in which they were embosomed.

One must remember how near at hand all this was—not more than a mile or two away. Rock, cavern, cliff, all the details of rounded swell, rising peak, and long-descending slope, could be seen with entire distinctness. The mountain rose close upon us, broad, massive, real—but all in this glorious, this truly ineffable transformation. It was not distance that lent enchantment here. It was not lent; it was real as rock, as nature; it confronted, outfaced, overwhelmed you; for enchantment so immediate and on such a scale of grandeur and gorgeousness—who could stand up before it?

In sailing out of the bay, next day, we saw this and the neighbor mountain under noon sunshine. They were the handsomest we saw, apparently composed in part of some fine mineral, perhaps pure Labradorite. In the full light of day these spaces shone like polished silver. My first impression was that they must be patches of snow, but a glance at real spots of snow corrected me. These last, though more distinctly white, had not the high, soft, silver shine of the mineral. Doubtless it was these mountain gems which, under the magic touch of sunset light, had the evening before appeared like vast rubies, blazing amid the rose which surrounded them.

And this evening the spectacle of the preceding one was repeated, though more distantly and on a larger scale. Far away the mountain height towered, a marvel of aerial blue, while broad spurs reaching out on either side were

clothed, the one in shiny rose-red, the other in ethereal roseate tints superimposed upon azure; and farther away, to the south-east, a mountain range lay all in solid carmine along the horizon, as if the earth blushed at the touch of heaven.

All the wildness and waste, all the sternest desolations of the whole earth, brought together to wed and enhance each other, and then relieved by Summer splendor without equal, perhaps, in the world—that is Labrador.

YOUNG WOMEN.

THE true woman is gentle; a child of Jesus ripened into womanhood. I know of nothing so repulsive to our better self as a forward, coarse, unwomanly woman—a woman whose heart has never felt the gentle impulses of a womanly heart—a woman who apes the ways of men in dress, in speech, in act and deed. A woman who unsexes herself to gain the homage of a crowd, such can never have a woman's place in pure, manly hearts. It is a woman's nature to be gentle; to love the peaceful quietude of home; to find her trysting place where the sunlight from heaven falls on earth; to find her woman's work in angel ministries—in that rare gentleness which is learned of Jesus, and which makes her out of weakness, strong. And so it always happens that she guides stronger wills by gentleness, and controls sturdier natures by love. It would be a gain to us if that old Saxon word gentlewoman were as common as the word gentleman.

The true woman is faithful. Nothing so surely opens avenues for Satan to enter human hearts as a lack of truth. It bodes no good to us that we are changing the old-fashioned purity of our plain Saxon speech for the imposture of words, which put evil for good, and darkness for light. There is an atmosphere of imposture and deceit in many words of slang which are growing sadly frequent in our day. They familiarize the mind with apologies for sin. It is Satan's way to plant flowers on paths that are slimy with the serpent's trail. There is a coarse vulgarity in such words which defiles a woman's lips. These coarse impostures do violence to her womanly heart. Be truthful—speak only words you are willing God should hear. I have known many wayward girls. I have watched over many wandering men. I never gave up hope where child or man was truthful.

The true woman is kind. We often forget the beauty of that homely word. It comes from kin, kinned, kindred. It speaks of ties of relationship. It is a true woman's work to be kind;

to be kind to all God's suffering ones; to seek with love to reunite bonds which sin has parted. Your hand will never have such cunning as when it gently ministers to sorrow. Your voice will never have such sweetness as when it speaks of love. Your power, it was purchased on the cross; it is the power to do woman's work for God. There is not only sweetness in kind thoughts, and words, and deeds—we reap exactly what we sow. A kind greeting, a loving word, a gentle act of love to a troubled friend, will bear blessed fruit in kindly offices of love. The harvest is always of our own sowing; hard words bring hard words; unkindness in the seed brings unkindness in the harvest. Life is too short, eternity too long, to lose one friend by an uncourteous or unkind word or deed.

The true woman is a scholar. It is a fashion of foolish folks to draw pictures of a scholarly woman as unloving, unlovely, a prude, a blue, a bore; and such would have her either a domestic drudge or a slave of fashion and of dress. There is a love of truth in pure young hearts which makes the scholar's way a way of roses. Some mistake a smattering of books for learning. It is not scholarship to say words as parrots speak by rote. Scholarship is acquaintancé with the truth. The scholar's way is plain. It leads where principles and laws are settled. A truth once gained is a life estate. Some people have eyes and see not. In vain the world of beauty; in vain the marvels of earth, and air, and heaven; in vain all God's lessons. They never advance beyond the ox or ass who uses this fair world as a place to eat, and drink, and sleep. Remember that a thing worth learning is worth learning well; a lesson to be gained must be treasured in the heart. That which you really know is a life estate. It need not be learned to-morrow, and you will build safely and surely if the foundation be broad and deep. You can not build without it. Learn, then, to be patient, thorough, earnest, and remember that the onward step will win the goal, while nobler minds are sleeping by the way. Perseverance is better than talent.

The true woman is pure in heart. No thought of evil, no impure word should ever be found in a woman's heart. If friends shall ever dare to speak it, shun it as a pestilence. If it lodge there to-day, be sure in after years it may come back to plague you. It will be a cankered spot which will spread like leprosy. It will not come alone, it will open the door of your young hearts for other hated company, and you may never know the harm till you wake up to find all a woman holds dear for time and eternity gone forever.

BIRTHNIGHT GUESTS.

THE long dead leaves come hurtling on the panes
 Like bat-wings, flying wildly to the light ;
 The Winter moonshine streaks the barren lanes
 Where Summer sowed her daisies, left and right,
 And under the fence-rows, the pansy anchorite,
 Where the cricket whistled shrilly out of sight ;
 Alas, the tiny piper lieth mute,
 And the pansy long since trampled under foot,
 With the snows above them drifting all the night.

The winds are shrieking 'round the icy eaves,
 They shake a bird's-nest from the locust-tree—
 A worthless thing, half-full of withered leaves,
 Like the poor life the years throw down to me,
 For my hopes, like the birds, have flown across the
 sea !

O years, sad years, unbidden guests are ye !
 I count you, as ye gather, one by one ;
 Ye held me up against the springtime sun,
 Till I laughed and danced like a flower on a breezy lea.

Thou broughtest me some childish tears and sighs,
 A thorn on the bush, at the rose's heart a bee ;
 But the earth was so great, and the sun so full in my
 eyes,

It seemed but a tuneful rain that dript in the grass
 at my knee ;

And I sang with the thrush, and cried with the
 quail, in my glee.

Of thee, I learned to haunt a shady bank
 Where snow-ball blossoms drifted on my book ;
 Beside a pool, where lilies swam and shook
 When doves between them shyly stooped and drank.

While thou wert here, I reared me wondrous shrines,
 Whose gleaming spires ran whitely to the sky ;
 Where thought was too deep for a voice, like the wind
 in the pines,

And the glimmering feet of the angels seemed so
 nigh

When I heard no sound but the kildeer's wailing
 cry.

Thou camest, cruel year, with wild despair,
 With the sweet death-smile, on a face too early hid
 From long, long love beneath the coffin-lid ;
 And the spade of the sexton crunched through the
 daisies fair.

Then thou, and thou, and thou, camest pressing fast,
 My life went on toward its Summer's noon ;
 Thou gavest a friend, whose love, I hoped, would last,
 And thou didst take again so dear a boon,
 And, thereby, plucked the sunlight from my June !
 Thou camest last, thou dim as daybreak ghost ;
 Hast thou cool fruits, for souls that suffer thirst ?
 What germs of good hast thou to blossom nurst ?
 Alas, thy empty garner grieves me most !

Pass on, pass on, O bitter, twoscore years,
 Your sister, waiting on the threshold, stands,
 I welcome her with slowly dropping tears,
 I lay my web of life upon her hands—
 A web so crossed and seamed with knotted strands !

Who cometh else ?—an angel, fair, upright,
 Whose wings in two effulgent rainbows bend ;
 O holy Faith ! thine eyes the shadows rend,
 And all the hill-tops bloom with morning light !

LOOK TO THE CROSS.

LOOK to the Cross, look to the Cross,
 O fix thine earnest eyes
 With changeless, trusting gaze upon
 The tree of sacrifice.
 It standeth high, its gracious arms
 Outstretched to you and me,
 To every far and lonely land
 And islands of the sea.

Look to the Cross, look to the Cross
 From Hinnom's vale of woe ;
 No need that for thy shrinking soul
 A Moloch's breast should glow ;
 And lo ! the Temple's rites are vain,
 Dim are its altar-fires ;
 Like stars that pale at morning's dawn,
 Its holy flame expires.

Look to the Cross, look to the Cross ;
 Tear not thy heart with pain ;
 Ascend from sad Gethsemane ;
 Thy tears of blood are vain ;
 Thy blood, thy tears, a path of fire,
 For sin can not atone ;
 Look to the Cross, look to the Cross,
 Thy hope is there alone.

Look to the Cross—to Jesus' cross,
 Not to the twain which stand
 Uprearing guilt, and agony,
 And shame, on either hand.
 Look ye to Jesus—not the woes
 From which he came to save,
 Remember ye the risen Lord,
 And not the empty grave.

Look to His cross, not to the one
 'T is given thee to bear,
 Nor to thy brother's, which may seem
 To thee more sin than care.
 Behold no guilt but thine, and know
 For this the Savior died ;
 And cast thy sin, thy care, thy woe,
 Upon the Crucified.

Look to the Cross, look to the Cross
 With such a steady eye,
 That all who look to thee shall turn
 A thoughtful gaze on high ;
 Thus shall thy life be hid in Christ,
 Thy death be life in him,
 While earthly crosses fall to dust—
 When earthly crowns are dim.

How poor are they who have not patience !
 What wound did ever heal, but by degrees ?

COMPANY MANNERS.

ALMOST all of us know what it is to have best things. In dress, furniture, rooms, and personal belongings generally, there are almost always an upper and an under crust, and a division into two classes—one for show, and the other for use. But it is not merely our persons and our rooms that we put into company dress for high days and holidays; we put our minds, our tempers, and our manners as well. Only the most marvelously amiable people have no company tempers at all, but are as sweet and placid on workdays as on Sundays; and only the very highest state of artificial good breeding, combined with this natural perfection of temper, makes us uniformly courteous to every one, irrespective of station or of degrees of intimacy.

Nothing is more rare than this unvarying good breeding; for just as fine ladies wear their court plumes only on court days, and as queens lay aside their crowns and go about in caps and bonnets like ordinary folk, so the gala dress of minds and manners, which is adopted for society, is dropped for the slipshod undress of home; and the people who have just now been the very pink of politeness in a neighbor's drawing-room, become nothing better than bores at the family fireside, where there is no one to dazzle or to win.

The perfection of manner alone, even if it go no deeper than the outside, is a charm beyond that of mere beauty. The one is the result of education—that is, intellectual and spiritual; the other is only the raw material—a natural gift, not won but bestowed, and, though attracting personal love, reflecting no honor. What we mean by a thorough gentleman or a high-bred lady is one who has no veneer of company manners, but whose whole nature is so penetrated with the self-respect of courtesy that nothing coarser can be shown under any provocation. This is an immense power in those who possess it. Nothing weakens a righteous cause so much as intemperate language in supporting it; and nothing tells more against a good principle than bad manners in those who uphold it. When men swear and fume, and use hard names, and make themselves generally disagreeable and insulting, it does not signify to the aggrieved in what cause or in whose service they are so comporting themselves. Human nature is but a weak vessel for holding justice at the best, and we may be sure that the natural inclination of most people would be against the cause advocated by such unpleasant adherents.

Speaking broadly, and from the widest stand-

point of national characteristics, we would say that the Italians, of all European nations, have most of this solid courtesy throughout; not a stately, but a good-tempered courtesy—by no means chivalrous in the way of the stronger protecting the weaker, and for self-respect keeping watch and ward over the fiercer enemies within the soul, but rather deferential, as assuming that every one is better than themselves. When an Italian does give way to passion he is dangerous; but when in a good fair-sailing humor nothing can well exceed the almost feminine sweetness of his courteous demeanor. The French have a coarser core, that comes through the veneer on occasions when you touch their self-love or their jealousy; and the core of French discourtesy is very coarse indeed when really got at. We English have not a very fine veneer at any time, and the rougher grain below even that not overpolished surface rubs up without much trouble. But then we pride ourselves on this rough grain of ours, and think it a mark of honesty to let it ruffle up at the lightest touch. Indeed, we despise any thing else, and have hard names for a courtesy that is even what the Americans call "clear grit" throughout; while as for that which is only veneer, stout or slender, there is no word of contempt too harsh for the expression of our opinion thereanent.

We are so far right, in that company manners put on for show and not integral to the character, nor worn in daily life, are an abomination to souls understanding the beauty of truth. But we need not be so frightfully severe against all kinds of surface smoothness as we are, and condemn the polish of material and the seeming of veneer as sins identical with each other. In this confusion of cases we are wholly wrong and unjustifiable; the one being a virtue attained only as an ultimate grace and by immense labor—the fruitage of a long and well-cultivated garden; the other being just so much poonah-painting, or potichomania, or wax-fruit show—got at with no trouble at all—pretense and pre-tentiousness, and nothing more.

What can be more detestable than the things we see and hear at times from gentlefolks, whose gentlehood is in name, and appearance, and style of living, and the banker's book, rather than in any thing more substantial? Take the woman who rates her children and flouts her husband when they are alone, but who is all smiles and suavity to the people next door, whom she despises—the girls, who are snappish and peevish to each other, but who put on their sweetest graces for the benefit of young Corydon and his sisters, diligently ironing down those

rugged seams of theirs while turning the smooth side outermost, that young Corydon may think the stuff all of a piece throughout, with no jagged joinings anywhere—papa, who comes home “as cross as the cats,” as the Irish say, letting the home life go shabby and slipshod for want of a little of the courtesy he bestows so lavishly on his guests, not a man of whom he likes, nor a woman of whom he fancies—“the boys,” who make their sisters feel the full weight of masculine insolence and neglect, while to their sisters’ friends they are every thing that is chivalrous and devoted, as “boys” should be—can any thing be less of the substance of gentleness than these? And yet how often we meet with them in the world! Each of these represents a distinct section of the coarse core veneered—just so much plausible hypocrisy covering up an inner sin, as a silken coat hides ragged linen—just so much domestic misery that might be avoided if folks cared more for reality than for show, and thought the solid pudding of happiness better worth having than the frothed cream of praise. The fiddle is hung up behind the house door in too many homes, and suavity is laid aside with the dress suit. And yet it would seem by the merest common-sense calculation that as home is the place where we live and where nine-tenths of our days are passed, home happiness and family peace are far in advance of any outside pleasures or barren social reputation, and should be the possessions we ought most to cultivate. But common-sense calculations have very little to do with the arrangement of our affairs. We lay aside our company manners with our company coats, and make ourselves what we call “comfortable” at home; that is, we give way to any natural peevishness of temper we may have, and suffer ourselves to go slipshod and unpleasant, both in mind and body, for the benefit of those who are nearest and dearest to us.

The cause of this lies in the kind of home we of the middle classes make for ourselves; in the excessive exclusiveness and isolation which we think the only safe or decent mode of life; in the belief each man has that the four walls of his titular castle are built of better brick than any other man’s four walls, and inclose pearls of price that would be spoilt if allowed to be set beside other pearls of as great price. No check of public opinion reaches the home circle of the middle classes, save on those rare holiday occasions which call forth company manners. Even a “lodger,” though becoming by time part of the family, necessitates a little self-control, wanting in the ordinary conditions of a home life; for no one likes to show the

worst of himself, or herself, to a person not connected with him, or her, by blood or marriage. To people who can take up their hats and umbrellas and walk out of the house at their own sweet wills we are considerate and courteous. We lavish on strangers and we starve our own.

There is no greater education into vulgarity than home carelessness. A man or woman brought up under such a system is ruined for all the reality of refinement in after years. The surliness too often allowed at home, where children are permitted to be snappish to each other, disoblighing and discourteous, ruins the manners as much as it hurts the mind. Hence we come to company manners, to a sickly sweetness put on simply for the occasion, to a formality of speech and an oppressiveness of attentions, to an exaggerated politeness that is so terribly afraid of transgressing into liberties as to be absolute bondage, and to all the silly little affectations belonging to the condition.

We never know any one whom we have not lived with, and even then not always. To be admitted into the Temple does not include entrance into the adytum; and we may remain for weeks in a house where master and mistress and maids are all reticent alike, and may know nothing of the reality underlying the surface. People of whom I once knew something, and who were notoriously ill-matched but marvelously polite, could keep their house full of company, and yet allow none of their guests to find out that the husband and wife were not on speaking terms. All the communication between them, that was absolutely necessary, was carried on by writing. Personally, these two, dispensing smiles and civilities to all around, held no direct intercourse. Yet they managed so well that no one saw through the screen.

With company manners and company dress, there is also a company voice. Who does not know that false voice of society? Mincing or thrown boldly forward, flung into the chest or pitched up into the head, it is all the same—the company voice, accent, choice of words, and register—all artificial alike. And there are company gestures. People sit and stand and walk, and use their hands according to the different degrees of familiarity in which they stand toward their society. There is a vast deal of company make-believe among us; and if we would only give half the time we now bestow on “looking pretty” and “behaving pretty” in society, to being sweet tempered, and amiable, and careful of pleasing, at home, it would be all the better for ourselves and our families, and a gain in the way of true civilization.

THE CHILDREN'S REPOSITORY.

AMONG THE FAIRIES.

THE sunshine lay in little patches on the sheltered lawn, illumined with golden glory the large flower garden, till, by contrast with its heat, the cool, shaded arbor at one end looked a nicer retreat than usual. To Lilly's eyes, at least, it was very inviting, for, coming from school hot and tired, she came through the walks to it without going first to the house to leave her books. Instead she threw herself down on the cool grass, letting books and hat roll where they would. But first she took from the pile, not a school-book—it was too hot to study, she thought—but the most delicious book of fairy tales you ever heard of—full of fairy queens and princesses, and midnight dances, and little girls who pleased the queen, and were given all sorts of pretty things, and bad girls who displeased her, and had troubles, till their good sisters interceded for them, and had them pardoned. When at length the book was finished, Lilly closed it with a long sigh, and, looking up at the white clouds and blue sky above her, fell into a dream: "I wish I were a cloud! It would be so nice to sail over the world and see every thing I wanted to, and never have to learn lessons or mind the baby—just to sail on and on, and enjoy myself! I wish I was n't a little girl, and things were not so stupid. I wish there were fairies now, and they would hold court among the flowers, and I could see them. How splendid that would be!"

Her mother's voice calling her roused her from her beautiful day-dream. She was not among the fairies, and the queen had n't just promised her that all the flowers she should pick should be made of pearls and diamonds, or something equally nice. It was all in the book, and she was only a little girl who had forgotten her lessons, and must go in and rock brother Fred. With a very dissatisfied expression on her face, Lilly got up, wishing harder than ever that fairies and story books were real and common things. The treasured fairy tales she hid under a tall catalpa, not being sure that her mother would approve of such things.

So she went in; and her mother told her she was naughty not to come straight home from school; and Fred was cross from having lost his day's nap, and screamed so when Lilly tried to rock him that her mother had to take him.

Then she sent Lilly to set the tea-table, and Lilly—among the fairies again while she laid plates and knives—hit her head against a door and bruised herself and broke a saucer, and had another reproof from her mother. Altogether real life was very unsatisfactory; and, as she lay down to sleep, she wished more than ever that there were fairies, and that she might live with them.

She was deep in her dreams when something suddenly woke her. She remembered that the book—the precious fairy book—had been left under the catalpa. A dew-bath would not improve its appearance; and, besides, it might rain—it had looked like it when she came to bed—and what would Jenny Barnes say to her if the book was hurt while in her hands? She must go and get it, she thought, drowsily. So she slipped out of bed, put on her dress wrong-side out, thrust her feet into some slippers she found on the floor, tied a stocking round her head to keep her from taking cold, wrapped a shawl round her, and then softly stole down stairs, through the sitting-room and kitchen, and out of the back door. The house had seemed very still, but it was more silent where she was now. A shiver ran through her as she stood there, dreading to go on, and wondering vaguely how late it was. With no thought of the solemn beauty every-where around her, no glance at the glorious moon-lit sky, she hurried along, her feet getting out of the slippers every other step, and the stones of the gravel walk hurting her feet. And suddenly the great town-clock began striking, and she stopped and counted the strokes, feeling not a little frightened. Midnight!

She was n't thinking of fairies just then, and perhaps that was the reason she saw one; for the first rule in such things is not to be looking out for them. Under the catalpa, on her book, stood a something, at sight of which Lilly stopped suddenly. Just the height of her mother's Cologne bottle, clad from top to toe in bottle-green, and with a queer little cap on its head, that looked like nothing so much as her own silver thimble, there stood the something bowing low to her, with the greatest politeness, and looking out of its eyes at her with a peculiarly mocking, unpleasant expression.

"What do you want of me?" Lilly asked, as the little man, after a great many bows, became upright and stood stiff and still before her. She

trembled very much, you may be sure, and heartily wished herself back in bed, and all the fairies a hundred miles away.

"To show you the fairies, Princess Lilly," said the little man; and Lilly forgot half her fear of him on his calling her princess.

"You expressed the wish this afternoon to see us and live with us, and our gracious queen has granted your desires."

"If you please I'd rather not leave mamma," Lilly began; but it was too late. In an instant the malicious sprite had sprung from the book to her shoulder, and given her a stunning box on the ear—so hard a box that she felt herself turning round, and round, and round; and, just as she was wondering if she would ever stop, something touched her, and she came to herself.

And there were the fairies. Before her very eyes she saw one just rising from the heart of a cabbage rose, where he had doubtless slept soundly all day, rubbing his eyes drowsily, as if he had not yet had enough. And far in the distance a chime of fairy bells began to ring. Far off, and faint and sweet the music came to her at first, but growing every moment nearer and clearer. As if it were the signal for waking, fairy fingers parted the curtains of flower after flower, and fairies trooped out on the grass. The music grew into a kind of march, and they came in a circle at one end of the garden round a large calla lily—the queen of all the garden flowers. And while she watched, the folded lily leaves parted, and the queen seated herself on the golden throne, and all the fairies bowed low to her, and sang something that sounded very faint and elfish in her ears. Lilly forgot that she was cold, forgot every thing for a moment in the delight of watching the fairies. Would the queen speak to her, and ask her what gift she would choose from her? And O! what should she select? She was not as pretty as Lilly had expected, and looked very airy indeed in a dress of rose-leaf satin and a spider's web-veil, that covered her from head to foot, and trailed over the satin carpet of her throne. Below her stood four maids of honor, a little larger, but no prettier than she, and in just as airy dresses.

"How do you like them?" said a voice at her ear, and, turning her head, she saw that queer little man in green seated comfortably on her shoulder.

"Would you like to be presented to the queen, Princess Lilly?"

"Yes," said Lilly, plucking up all her courage, and wondering if she really were a princess.

At that moment the fairy music began again, this time ringing a waltz, and every fairy, save

the queen and her maids, began whirling round, as if mad. The queen watched them, nodding her small head and smiling on her subjects as they danced round her. She looked not a little surprised when the little man, who happened to be her prime minister, approached her and introduced Lilly.

"She is so large!" she cried, in a small, shrill voice. "Half my troop could ride on her! Are the people of your land all so large? However," she went on, without giving Lilly a chance to answer, "you are welcome. We expected you to-night, my prime minister having begged permission for you. It is our gala night—the greatest of the year—you are welcome."

And the little queen made two low bows; and Lilly, not to be outdone, made half a dozen, and came up from the last rather dizzy. The fairies were whirling as madly as at first, and the queen, watching them, seemed to have entirely forgotten her.

The music ceased at last, and the fairies were all in place again, bowing low to their queen. And now came the feast; and, watching their dainty eating, Lilly began to be hungry herself, and to wonder, if she lived with the fairies, on what they would feed her.

"Our guest is not served," cried the queen suddenly turning to her, and the prime minister, begging a thousand pardons for his forgetfulness, brought her on a leaf tray half a butterfly's wing with a dressing of crushed poppy seeds, and some lily-dew wine. It looked very pretty for fairies, but it was rather a small meal for a little girl, and besides she had no faith in fairy cookery.

"What's the matter?" the little man asked sharply, as she did not touch the food. "When you live with the fairies you must eat fairies' food."

"It is not hearty enough for her, perhaps," interposed the queen. "I have heard that the barbarians of real world eat more than we, and so," with a proud glance at her own figure, "grow so large. But you shall not go hungry."

At a word from the queen a dozen fairies tripped off, and very shortly they came back with a sumptuous repast—a grasshopper's leg stuffed with rose-pollen, a salad of rose leaves, a hollyhock cake, and rose wine. Could a fairy have asked a better meal? And as here was enough to satisfy a dozen fairies, it was surely enough for Lilly.

Poor Lilly could eat that no better than the other. She was beginning to feel tired and cold, and to wonder if she would ever get home again—to dread the idea of living with the fairies as much as she had desired it—when the

fairy chimes began again, and she saw the fairies preparing to go.

"To the river gardens," said the voice at her ear, "where all the fairies of the kingdom meet to-night. Follow." And Lilly found herself carried along with the train.

Now came fresh troubles. Thorns never hurt fairy feet; briars are no hinderance to them. They flit from stem to stem of the grass, and when they come to water so wide that a bridge of grass strong enough for their feet can not be thrown across, they have but to twist an oak leaf and sail over in a boat. But the little girl had not fairy powers. The briars through which her guides stepped unhurt pierced her, the thorns hurt her bare arms, and the rough grass her feet. Her slippers and shawl had gone in some strange way, and the night air was cold. But she could not complain, even if she had dared, for they went so fast that her breath was quite taken away. Through bush, and brier, and little pools of water that made her scream, they were so cold, on they went, till the whole troop paused on the bank of the river. She was cold, and tired, and hurt, and, sweet and near as the music sounded now, she looked with dread at the broad, deep river, and wished herself safely at home.

The fairies had gone back to the woods to make them leaf-boats. The queen looked at her with an anxious air. "The largest leaf in the forest would not hold you, but how shall I get you off my hands?"

"If your majesty will allow me," interposed the prime minister, "a cloud voyage will atone for the loss of the fairy revel, no doubt. I can easily get that white cloud near the moon, if your majesty will but bid your subjects whistle for a wind."

The queen's brow cleared as she ordered every fairy in her troop to whistle with all their might. And under the chorus of whistling the wind soon came, the little man brought down the cloud, and, wishing them a happy journey, the queen and her followers sailed off.

Very soft and dainty looked the cloud ship; very gracefully it rocked in the wind; but Lilly, despite her wish in the afternoon for a cloud voyage, had not the slightest wish to enter, being morally sure that it could not uphold her. There was no refusing the little man, however, and with fear and trembling Lilly got in, and he, taking the helm, steered where he would. Above the forest, only stooping down once to get tangled in the tallest tree there; over the water, the waves running high now in the great wind; over the city; over her own dear, lost home, nearly wrecking themselves against the

church steeple—for Lilly's weight dragged the cloud down, you may be sure, and but for the wind they would never have got along—away, away, faster and faster, farther and farther from home. And the sky every moment grew darker, and her ship began to grow gray, and Lilly was more and more frightened. It was in vain that she implored the little man to stop; in vain that she said she had had enough of the fairies, and was quite willing to be satisfied with common people, and common things. Still the little man steered straight away from home, and on sailed the ship, and now they were nearing the sea. She burst into tears seeing that, and as her tears fell on the soft cloud it grew darker and heavier, and slowly, slowly it sank into the sea.

There was a flash of lightning, a loud thunderclap, a patter of rain drops, and the dream was ended. Sobbing bitterly she woke in her mother's arms, and was only too glad to find that it was not true; that she was still on the earth with mamma, and papa, and Fred, for friends and playfellows, instead of the fairies.

THE ANGELS.

WHENEVER a good child dies, an angel from heaven comes down to the earth and takes the dead child in his arms, spreads out his great white wings, and flies away over all the places the child has loved, and picks quite a handful of flowers, which he carries up to the Almighty that they may bloom more brightly than on earth, and the Father presses all the flowers to His heart; but he kisses the flower that pleases him best, and the flower is then endowed with a voice, and can join in the great chorus of praise!

"See." This is what an angel said, as he carried a dead child up to heaven, and the child heard, as if in a dream; and they went on over the regions of home where the little child had played, and came through gardens with beautiful flowers. "Which of all these shall we take with us to plant in heaven?" asked the angel.

Now, there stood near them a slender, beautiful rose bush; but a wicked hand had broken off the stem, so that all the branches, covered with half-opened buds, were hanging around, quite withered.

"The poor rose bush!" said the child. "Take it, that it may bloom up yonder."

And the angel took it, and kissed the child, and the little one half-opened his eyes. They plucked some of the rich flowers, but also took

with them the wild pansy and the despised butter cup.

"Now we have flowers," said the child.

And the angel nodded, but he did not fly upward to heaven. It was night and quite silent. They remained in the great city; they floated about there in a small street, where lay whole heaps of straw, ashes and sweepings, for it had been removal day. There lay fragments of plates, bits of plaster, rags and old hats, and all this did not look well. And the angel pointed, amid all this confusion, to a few fragments of a flower-pot, and to a lump of earth which had fallen out, and which was kept together by the roots of a great dried field flower, which was of no use, and had therefore been thrown out into the streets.

"We will take that with us," said the angel. "I will tell you why as we fly onward."

"Down yonder, in the narrow lane, lived a poor sick boy; from his childhood he had been bed-ridden. When he was at his best he could go up and down the room a few times, leaning on crutches; that was the utmost he could do. For a few days in Summer the sunbeams would penetrate a few hours to the floor of his room, and when the boy sat there, and the sun shone upon him, and he looked at the red blood in his thin fingers, he would say, 'Yes, to-day he has been out!' He knew the forest with its beautiful vernal green only from the fact that the neighbor's son brought him the first green branch of a beech tree, and he held that over his head and dreamed that he was in the beech wood, where the sun shone and the birds sang. On a Spring day the neighbor's boy brought him, also, field flowers, and among them was, by chance, one to which the root was still hanging; and so it was planted in a flower-pot, and placed by the bed, close to the window. And the flower had been planted by a fortunate hand, and it grew, threw out new shoots, and bore flowers every year. It became a splendid flower-garden to the sickly boy—his little treasure here on earth. He watered it, and tended it, and took good care that it had the benefit of every ray of sunlight, down to the latest that struggled in through the narrow window; and the flower itself was woven into dreams, for it grew for him and gladdened his eyes, and spread its fragrance about him; and toward it he turned in death, when the Father called him. He has now been with the Almighty for a year; for a year the flower has stood forgotten in the window, and is withered; and thus, at the removal, it has been thrown out into the dust of the street. And this is the poor flower which we have taken into our nosegay; for this flower

has given more joy than the richest in the Queen's garden."

"But how do you know all this?" asked the child.

"I know it," said the angel, "for I, myself, was that boy who walked on crutches! I know my flower well."

And the child opened his eyes and looked into the glorious, happy face of the angel, and at the same moment they entered the regions where there is peace and joy. And the father pressed the dead child to his bosom, and then it received wings like the angel, and flew hand in hand with him. And the Almighty kissed the dry, withered field flower, and it received a voice and sang with all the angels hovering around—some near and some in wider circles, and some in infinite distance, but all equally happy. And they all sang—little and great, the good and happy child, and the poor field-flower that had lain there withered, thrown among the dust, in the rubbish of the removal, in the dark, narrow lane.

EVERY LITTLE HELPS.

SUPPOSE a little twinkling star,
Away in yonder sky,
Should say, "What light can reach so far
From such a star as I?
Not many rays of mine so far
As yonder earth can fall:
The others so much brighter are,
I will not shine at all."

Suppose a bright, green-leaf, that grows
Upon the rose-bush near,
Should say, "Because I'm not a rose,
I will not linger here;"
Or that a dew-drop, fresh and bright,
Upon that fragrant flower,
Should say, "I'll vanish out of sight
Because I'm not a shower."

Suppose a little child should say,
"Because I'm not a man,
I will not try, in word or play,
To do what good I can."
Dear child, each star some light can give,
Though gleaming faintly there;
Each rose-leaf helps the plant to live,
Each dew-drop keeps it fair.

And our good Father who's in heaven,
And doth all creatures view,
To every little child has given
Some needful work to do.
Kind deeds toward those with whom you live,
Kind words and actions right,
Shall, 'midst the world's deep darkness, give
A precious little light.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

LOST LITTLE ONES.—Looking at each other across the river, across the valley are the white stones that mark the sleeping-places of our dead. The little brown mounds grow more frequent in the village cemeteries, and sad processions have of late, with mournful frequency, wound up the path to the resting-place where the cradles, now without rockers, lie silent and dumb.

The tiny soul-buds, just softening and swelling in the sunshine of paternal love, just throwing the dimpled tendrils around our necks, and tumbling sweet, broken syllables in our ears, are, with one gust of snow, swept away and hidden in the ground. There are the empty chair, the silent playthings, the little dress, limp for the want of the little form, and the crumpled shoes that will be dented no more with pattering feet, all wreathed with sad remembrances of the happy hours when the closed eyes danced with wonder and delight at each fresh sight of the new creation.

Love for the little ones is all the world round the same. The sparrow croons just as tenderly over her "brownies" as the oriole over hers, clothed in velvet and gold. Hearts are inside of us all, and no costly weaving makes love the less or more. Brown hands can build castles in the air as deftly as white fingers, and all wring with equal sorrow at the wreck.

But think how full of pleasantness the little lives have been; the unfinished ring of their tiny years has been plaited all around with love and blossoms, the scent of the lilacs and the lilies. The memory of caressing that in after years we forget, the dear ones carry with them to heaven. Banished from one paradise to another—from this, where shadows sometimes drive away smiles, to where there are no shadows any more. Sad it is to die young. Is it not sadder to die old?

How many there are that have babies that never grow up, that live life-long in the memory as the little ones that never wandered till we laid them down beneath that green coverlet that needeth smoothing and softening no more.

Upon that mysterious, unknown sea that rolls all around the world, how many little souls daily drift out! Mothers are crying on the shore, of their great loss, in anguish and in tears. But yonder invisible hands welcome the little earth-orphans, and celestial voices shout in glad delight that another angel is born in heaven!

HONOR TO THE HOUSEKEEPER.—The woman who is able to systematize and carry on smoothly the work of an ordinary family, illustrates higher sagacity than is called for by seven-eighths of the tasks done by man. Men take one trade and work at it; a mother's and a housekeeper's work requires a touch from all trades. A woman has her work at all hours and incessant confusion of tasks. Let any man do a woman's work for a single day; wash and dress the children, having provided their clothes the night before; see that breakfast is under way to suit a fault-finding husband; the wash-boiler on with water for the wash, and the clothes assorted ready for washing; the dish water heated and a luncheon thought out for the school-girls; a nice dinner in the good man's dinner-pail; the beds made after proper airing, and the bugs fought off and kept down; the father's convenience exactly hit for family prayers; the systematic sweeping of the house at least once a week, and of living rooms once or three times a day, according to the number of men to bring in mud; the actual washing and out-hanging of clothes; the drying, sprinkling, and folding, and to-morrow the ironing of the same; the assorting and mending of them, and the provision of the new ere the old give out; making of bread three times a week, with cakes and pies intercalated judiciously; pickles, preserves, and cellar stores to be laid in and not forgotten in their season; children's manners to be attended to; company to be entertained; her own person to be tidied to please his eye; the tired him to be welcomed and waited on by the no less tired her, and the home made cheerful; his trowsers to be patched after he goes to bed, so he can put them on in the morning; the children to be helped about their lessons and reminded not to forget their Sunday school lesson; the shopping and marketing to be done for the household; house repairs attended to and matters in general kept straight around home. Meanwhile "papa must not be troubled or hindered about his work," because his work brings in the money. Yes, but man's work does not so tax the head, heart, and hands as woman's work does.

Besides all this, man is helped by many strong relishes and incentives to labor. He comes and goes and is refreshed in spirit. But she works alone and almost unknown. To please her husband and her God is possibly her only motive; and, alas! how many wives there be who sob in secret before their

God, because they fail to win one smile or word of praise from their husbands. It is stupid and brutal for any ordinary man to be finding fault with a woman, and equally so to treat a wife with the neglect which implies indifference. She has yielded up herself, her life, her all, to him. Let him appreciate her love, and show such appreciation. Let him manifest his love in return.

LIVING FOR AN OBJECT.—What can be more craven or insipid than an aimless, vacant life? Even the gay pleasure lovers have an object, and labor to attain it; the followers of fashion and show live for an apparent purpose, and spend their time and means in a way which, at least, gives employment and remuneration to others; the miser gathers his gold—its pursuit stimulates his endeavors, and it is an accumulation which may bless the world after he has gone.

But, occasionally, there are in the community individuals, and sometimes families, whose lives seem utterly objectless. By the accumulations of earlier years, or by inheritance, they have a competence to live in—well—a state of nothingness. As citizens, they are well enough, orderly, civil, social even, when brought by circumstances into communication with others. But they are linked to no enterprise, no public interest, no Church, no idea. They seem to have no enemies, no special friends; doing nothing to benefit the world, but merely, like the door on its hinges, turn with the current of every-day life, leaving no impress upon society, no tracks that will show that they have ever been, and

“When they die,
The best of them that can be said
Is, that they have eaten all their bread,
Drank all their drink, and gone to bed.”

This objectless way of living subverts all the good purposes and ends of our being. It should be avoided and guarded against. Two or three generations of such living would result in a state of barbarism. Then begin with the children, educate and train them to a purpose in life; something outside of themselves; something beyond the little circle that radiates around self and self's immediate kin.—*Mother's Journal.*

THE CONTRAST.—If we are cheerful and contented, all nature smiles with us; the air seems more balmy, the sky more clear, the ground has a brighter green, the trees have a richer foliage, the flowers a more fragrant smell, the birds sing more sweetly, and the sun, moon, and stars all appear more beautiful. We take our food with relish, and whatever it may be it pleases us. We feel better for it—stronger and livelier, and fit for exertion. Now what happens to us if we are all ill tempered and discontented? Why, there is not any thing which can please us. We quarrel with our food, with our dress, with our amusements, with our companions, and with ourselves. Nothing comes right for us; the weather is either too hot or too cold, too dry or too damp. Neither sun, nor moon, nor stars have any beauty; the fields are barren, the flowers lusterless, and the

birds silent. We move about like some evil spirit, neither loving nor beloved by any body.

THE FOOT.—It may be doubted whether there exists throughout the whole civilized world a well-formed foot. Many exquisites of both sexes claim admiration for their pedal extremities, but it is the boots and shoes which cover them which we are called on to admire. Their feet, if bared, would present a very great divergence from the classical idea of beauty. The firmly planted foot, neither too large nor too small, but justly proportioned to the height and weight it sustains, the smooth surface and regularly curved lines, the distinctness of the divisions and the perfect formation of each toe, with its well-marked separateness, and its gradation of size and regularity of detail, to the very tip of the nail, are now to be seen only in art. In Greek nature they were found, for the ancient sandal, which left the foot unfettered, gave freedom to the development of its natural grace and proportions. The modern boot or shoe, with the prevalent notion that every thing must be sacrificed to smallness, has squeezed the foot into a lump as knotty and irregular as a bit of pudding-stone, where the distorted toes are so imbedded in the mass and mutilated by the pressure, that it is impossible to pick them out in the individuality and completeness of their original forms. As our coarse climate forbids the sandal and renders the shoe necessary, care should be taken to adapt it as perfectly as possible to the natural conformation of the foot. It should be long and wide enough to admit a free play of the toes; the space between the heel and toe of the shoe should be firm and of a curve the same height as the natural arch of the foot, while no part of the artificial covering should be so binding as to prevent the free action of the muscles and the circulation of the blood.

HOW WOMEN CAN BECOME INDEPENDENT.—Let every woman that sees the first need to be that woman should be so taught, so educated, that she can be independent of father, brother, or husband, first strive to be independent herself, and then teach it to all other women and girls about her. Let every woman who wants to be any thing particular, and feels within her the capacity, determine to be that thing. But let her faithfully submit to the condition of her imposed task. If she has taken a desk in the counting-room, let her do her duty as a man would do his. She has no right to expect to be excused when a man would not be; no right to stay at home when it rains; no right to go away earlier than her hour, because she can't cross the ferry after dark; no right to expect not to be blown up when she makes a wrong entry. It is simply because women will not submit to the conditions that men have to submit to, because their uncertain future makes them careless of their work, and because they are without training, that they do not so readily find employment, and that they are always paid less wages than men. Once let women confront fate and not flirt with it, and the woman question would begin to emerge from its present muddle.

EXCITEMENT AND SHORT LIFE.—The following by an unknown writer accords with our observation: "The deadliest foe to a man's longevity is an unnatural and unreasonable excitement. Every man is born with a certain stock of vitality, which can not be increased, but which may be husbanded or expended rapidly, as he deems best. Within certain limits he has his choice, to live fast or slow, to live abstemiously or intensely, to draw his little amount of life over a large space, or condense it into a narrow one; but when his stock is exhausted, he has no more. He who lives abstemiously, who avoids all stimulants, takes light exercise, never overtakes himself, indulges no exhausting passions, feeds his mind and heart on no exciting material, has no debilitating pleasures, lets nothing ruffle his temper, keeps his "accounts with God and man squared up," is sure, barring accidents, to spin out his life to the longest limit which it is possible to attain; while he who lives intensely, who feeds on high-seasoned food, whether material or mental, fatigues his body or brain by hard labor, exposes himself to inflammatory disease, seeks continual excitement, gives loose rein to his passion, frets at every trouble, and enjoys little repose, is burning the candle at both ends, and is sure to shorten his days."

BLESSEDNESS OF DOING GOOD.—Whoever has learned to find delight in doing good, and in nothing inconsistent therewith—to do whatever good is within his reach, and not repine that his opportunities are such only as Heaven has been pleased to vouchsafe him—can not esteem his life a failure. Should sickness or casualty confine him for years to a bed of suffering and dependence, he will thenceforth radiate a glow of heart-felt resignation, of benign humility, of grateful piety, whereof the influence will be diffused more widely and enduringly than he could have imagined. In the ever-proceeding warfare of good against evil, right against wrong, truth against error, there can be no real defeat, no absolute discomfiture—only postponement, repulse, and the ill-success of a misdirected attack—an unwisely planned maneuver. In that great contest, whoever plants himself on the side of good is allied with all the moral forces of the universe, and is certain of ultimate triumph. The evil and the base, the selfish and the sycophantic, may seem to flourish for a season, but their verdure soon passes away and is forgotten, leaving the good to stand forth like the evergreens of the forest in Winter, when the Summer foliage, which dwarfed and obscured them, lies shriveled at their feet. Happy they who learn in childhood, and treasure through after trials and temptations the grand lesson of the age—the philosophy of living to noble ends.—*Packard's Monthly*.

ALLEGORICAL.—The following eloquent passage is from Arno: "I have seen a heavy piece of iron hanging to another—not welded, not linked, not glued to the spot—and yet it cleaved with such tenacity as to bear not only its own weight but mine too if I chose to seize it and hang upon it. A wire charged with an electric current is in contact with the mass, and hence its adhesion. Cut that wire through, or remove it by a hair's breadth, and the piece of iron drops dead to

the ground, like any other unsupported weight. A stream of life from the Lord, brought in contact with a human spirit, keeps the spirit cleaving to the Lord so firmly that no power on earth or in hell can wrench the two asunder. From Christ the mysterious life-stream flows, through the being of a disciple it spreads and to the Lord it returns again. In that circle the feeblest Christian is held safely; but if the circle be broken, the dependent spirit instantly drops off."

A GOOD WIFE.—In the eighty-fourth year of his age, Dr. Calvin Chapin wrote of his wife: "My domestic enjoyments have been perhaps as near perfection as the human condition permits. She's made my home to me the pleasantest place on earth. And now that she is gone, my worldly loss is perfect." How many poor fellows would be saved from suicide, the penitentiary, and the gallows every year had they been blessed with such a wife! "She made my home to me the pleasantest place on earth." What a grand tribute to that woman's love, and piety, and common sense! Rather different was the testimony of an old man, a few years ago, just before he was hung in the Tombs yard, in New York: "I did n't mean to kill my wife, but she was a very aggravating woman." Let each wife inquire, "What am I?"

The above is excellent. We indorse every word. A true wife, pure, patient, trusting, able to weep or smile, as the occasion may require tears, or joy, is indeed an angel. And we are sure that the light of many a home has been put out forever by a wife whose brow was covered over with darkness, and whose lips were blistered over with tart words and waspish spitefulness.

But then let us look on the other side. A little counsel to men is not out of place. The woman has long enough been made the pack-mule. Let husbands inquire, too, "What am I?" It is no wonder that some women are sharp and querulous. How many husbands are coarse and brutish, and see nothing in a wife but a slave to wash linen, mend shirts, and subserve the ends of carnal appetite! No wonder that a woman of sentiment and beautiful texture should revolt from contact with such a brute.

PRIVATE PRAYER.—The root that produces the beautiful and flourishing tree with all its spreading branches, verdant leaves, and refreshing fruit—that which gains for it sap, life, vigor, and fruitfulness—is all unseen; and the farther and the deeper the root spreads beneath, the more the tree expands above. Christians, if you wish to prosper, if you wish to bring forth all the fruit of the Spirit, strike your roots deep and wide in private prayer. That faith and support, that strength and grace, which you seek of God in secret, that it may be exercised in the hour of need, God will in that hour give it you before men.—*Bickersteth*.

THE number of difficulties make the Christian's conquest the more illustrious. A gracious man should be made up all of fire, overcoming and consuming all opposition, as fire does the stubble. All difficulties should be but whetstones to this fortitude.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

JESUS CHRIST: *His Times, Life, and Works.* By E. De Pressensé, D. D. 12mo. Pp. 496. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

This is the second English edition of the work of M. Pressensé, carefully compared with the latest issue from the French press. It is a London print, and issued in this country under the imprint of our own publishing house, and also that of Messrs. Scribner, of New York. We noticed two months ago the author's "Religion and the Reign of Terror," and expressed our opinion of the ability of the eminent author. We have also frequently spoken of the attempts in recent times to produce a Life of Christ, written under the advantages of modern criticism, and adapted to the character and necessities of modern inquiry. Of all these attempts we think this work of M. de Pressensé is, in many respects, the most successful one. It is not the result of any particular circumstances; it is not hastily called forth as an answer to some popular contemporary work. It is part of a plan, falling naturally into the series of the author's works on primitive Christianity, and always intended by the writer as a part of his plan, and, therefore, prepared for during the years of study devoted to gathering the materials for this series. While it appears promptly after the issue of M. Renan's "Vie de Jésus," and is a masterly refutation of the brilliant guesses and concealed sophisms of that work, it is not born of Renan's work, but, like the shepherd stripling, leaps the more suddenly into manhood to slay the defiant Goliath. It is, therefore, not simply a reply to Renan and Strauss, but is an original study of the subject, the author thoroughly acquainting himself on the one hand with the aspects and tendencies of the most recent treatment of the problem of the wonderful life of Christ, and on the other sparing no researches into original and primitive sources of information. "I have journeyed," says the author, "through Judea and Galilee—not that I might garnish my work with lavish descriptions of nature, and merge in the dazzling radiance of the East, that calm and quiet beauty of the Gospel, which belongs not to this world—but that I might engrave, as deeply as possible, that seal of reality which is the token of every true history. The reader will find in my book at least entire sincerity; I have not cloaked any of the difficulties I have met; I have faithfully given my thought, and my whole thought, without bending to the bias of any school. I am more and more convinced of the necessity of coming into closer contact with the great fact of Christianity."

The author very appropriately and beautifully answers the question, "What end is to be gained by a new history of Christ?" and thus shows why able Christian writers should produce these histories, and

why earnest Christians and honest inquirers should read them. "In the first place," says the author, "the attacks made on Christianity vary from time to time; and we are therefore constrained to reconquer, again and again, the disputed ground from the enemy. The Gospel history has been one of the points most strongly assailed, especially since the rise of criticism. Then, we must not forget that the first historians of Jesus addressed themselves to readers who were their contemporaries, and who were perfectly acquainted with the scenes and circumstances amidst which Christ lived, with the condition of his country and the character of his age. It is evident that what was then understood intuitively can now be grasped only by a vigorous effort of mind. Knowledge is indispensable to restore color to the past, because it alone enables us to reascend the stream of time, and make ourselves, in a manner, witnesses of the events. Lastly, as Christ is above all the ages, no single century can exhaust the riches of truth which are in him. Every period discloses some new motive for love and adoration. It is not that any age can go beyond the Gospel, for it contains all that we can ever know of Jesus; but it is like the treasury in the parable, from which the householder brings forth new things after the old." It is an able and scholarly work, beautiful in style and admirable in arrangement, and will abundantly repay a careful reading and study.

THE CLOSING SCENES OF THE LIFE OF CHRIST. By D. D. Buck, D. D. With an Introductory Essay, by W. D. Wilson, D. D., LL. D. 12mo. Pp. 293. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This is a "harmonized combination of the four Gospel histories of the last year of our Savior's life," and is intended to furnish, for all classes of readers, a convenient aid to a better understanding of that part of the life of Jesus embraced in the last few months of his earthly mission. "During this period," says the author, "there was a wonderful increase and crowding together of such doings and sayings as had a manifest relation to his final rejection, sufferings, and death, and which should, therefore, be associated together in this particular history." In this volume the author undertakes to gather up and trace toward the cross these innumerable threads of this divine history. His researches are original; and following no previously constructed harmony as a rule, but critically investigating the history and relying on his own judgment, he furnishes an original harmony, differing in several instances from some, and in some instances from all the harmonists. The arrangement, too, is excellent, being not simply a parallelism of paragraphs and verses, but a combination of all the

distinct ideas, expressed in a continuous, convenient, and readable form. Nothing, however, is added to the original records, and nothing is omitted that any one of the Gospels has preserved, and the language of the Scriptures is retained. It is a valuable contribution to the study of this most interesting part of our Lord's life, and will at once meet the more critical wants of the student, and be of great value and interest to the mere reader.

THE LETTERS OF MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ TO HER DAUGHTER AND FRIENDS. Edited by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. Revised edition. 12mo. Pp. 438. \$2. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co.

Madame de Sévigné is the queen of letter writers; she lived in what the French consider their Augustan age. Great men in arts, in arms, in literature gave glory to the most splendid monarch that ever sat on the throne of France. At the same time the position of women was both active and brilliant. The social existence of the women of the higher classes was one that gave scope to talent, and opportunity to energy. "In those days the great dame was occupied with the administration of her property and the exaltation of her family. Far from being absorbed in a narrow routine of personality, she considered the sacrifice of private feelings to family greatness a positive duty, and the sacrifice of family greatness to the king—that is, the State—a still more imperative obligation." Foremost among the brilliant women of this period was the writer of these letters, and for nearly two centuries they have been the admiration of all lovers of elegant literature. This admiration springs from the remarkable grace of style, the artist-like pictures of manners, the lively accounts of contemporaneous incidents with which the letters abound, and more than all, we think, from the exhibition these letters give us of an almost boundless maternal affection, and of a tenderness and refinement that are exquisitely beautiful. "Here," says the editress, "is a beautiful existence centered in home and friends; here are thoughts occupied by love for the dear ones around, and by sympathy with their joys and sorrows. The tumult of the outer world is heard faintly. The writer's mind is busied in a calmer sphere, and the exquisite tenderness of her heart gives that transparent grace to her style that has been the wonder and the despair of two centuries."

THE LETTERS OF LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU. Edited by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. 12mo. Pp. 408. \$2. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This is a companion volume for the preceding, in mechanical finish similar, and in its contents eminently worthy of a place beside it. The life of the author was more varied than that of Madame de Sévigné, and her letters present to us a much greater variety of life and incident. Those written from Constantinople while her husband was ambassador to the Porte, and those written to her husband and daughter during her long separation from them in Venice as an

invalid, are the most valuable in their contents, while those addressed to her friends, and especially those to Addison, her intimate friend, and those to Pope, at first her friend and profound admirer, but in later life her bitter and even malicious enemy, are the most interesting and illustrative of her life and the manners of her age. In genius Lady Montagu was the peer of Madame de Sévigné, in varied scholarship she was her superior, and in her English life and style she more closely touches our American feelings. She was a true woman, simple and sincere in character, and pure in life, though injured by the malignant shafts of Pope, who libeled her almost by name in his poems, and then denied in his letters that his satire was intended for her. Her letters to her daughter, Lady Bute, give a graphic description of her travels, and living pictures of the scenes and persons she met and observed. They also show her tender care for her daughter, and that the ties of domestic life were the sweetest to her heart. There is, however, one sad defect in the writings of Lady Montagu, namely, her lack of religious feeling, and this defect is more apparent now than when she lived. Her lot was cast in an age of practical unbelief, when rank had the privilege of low sensuality and sin, and public morality was derided as foolishness. She felt the influence of her age, and walked in the darkness instead of seeking the true light. Valuable as are these letters, we can easily see how greatly they would have been improved if the diamond sparkle of her wit had been softened by the tenderness and forgiveness which piety would have added to her genius.

WATCHWORDS FOR THE WARFARE OF LIFE. From Dr. Martin Luther. Translated and Arranged by the Author of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family." 12mo. Pp. 330. New York: M. W. Dodd. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

This is a volume of extracts from the writings of Luther, chiefly from his letters, and the Tischreden, freshly translated from the German or Latin by the author. The book is well-named, for many of its sayings are like battle-axes, and others like arrows in the quiver, ready to be used on every foe.

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE IN THE TERRITORY OF ALASKA. By Frederick Whymper. With Map and Illustrations. 12mo. Pp. 353. \$2.50. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This is an English reprint, and is opportune for the wants of American readers. The cession of this territory to the United States by Russia has awakened a new interest in these high northern latitudes, and the few items that hasty visitors have been able to give us have only been sufficient to create a desire for more, and to indicate that these regions are capable of furnishing a new and valuable field for study in many respects. The journey was made by Mr. Whymper in 1862, and embraces a large portion of Russian America, a visit to California, and visits to the eastern coasts of Siberia and Kamtchatka. The opening chapters contain some earlier reminiscences

of British Columbia and Vancouver Island. An excellent map precedes the work, and it is abundantly illustrated with original sketches taken on the spot. It is a very entertaining and instructive volume.

CHINA AND THE CHINESE. *By the Rev. John L. Nevins, ten years a missionary in China. With a Map and Illustrations.* 12mo. Pp. 456. \$1.75. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

The volume contains a general description of the country and its inhabitants, its civilization and form of government, its religious and social institutions, its intercourse with other nations, and its present condition and prospects. It has been the aim of the author to give a general description of China and the Chinese, rather than detailed information on particular subjects, having special reference to the religious conditions and wants of the people, and the character and results of the labors of missionaries. Notwithstanding the many books that have been published on China, we evidently need more, or at least need more reading of those we have, for the ignorance of our own people with regard to the Chinese is but little less remarkable than that which exists among these Celestials with regard to western nations. Now that China—which we have hitherto thought of as situated in the extreme East, and shut off from us by the intervening nations of Europe and Asia—has become our next neighbor on the west, it is very important that we become better acquainted with its inhabitants, and that we and they should cultivate that mutual respect and sympathy which ought to characterize two great nations whose interests and destinies are in the future to be so closely united.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF CHARLES G. HALPINE, (MILES O'REILLY.) *With a Biographical Sketch and Explanatory Notes. Edited by Robert B. Roosevelt.* 8vo. Pp. 352. \$2.50. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

A glance at the portrait adorning the frontispiece of this volume reveals to us a genial, sprightly, intelligent face, a bright, quick eye, that could flash with genius and sparkle with ready wit, and a broad, deep brow, the temple of a large and active brain. The portrait gives promise of richness, sprightliness, sentiment, and thought in the poems; and the poems verify the promise. General Halpine was a genius, a brilliant one; he possessed an uncommon intellect, intensely active, uncontrolled by the soberer and more reflective faculties; hence he lived too fast, and died terribly and too soon. The present volume is not a complete collection of his poems; indeed, his pen was so busy, his brain so fertile, and hence, his poems so numerous, that he actually could not remember them all himself. Yet it contains more than two hundred and fifty of his poems, scarcely any of which have appeared before in a collected form. They consist of odes, poems, sonnets, epics, and lyrical effusions, grave and gay, sober and facetious, sentimental and witty; but alas, none of them religious, or scarcely giving the slightest intimation that there

is such a thing on earth, or that man has any relations whatever but the mere earthly and temporal.

AFRANIUS, AND THE IDUMEAN TRAGEDIES, WITH THE ROMAN MARTYRS, AND OTHER POEMS. *By the Rev. Prof. John M. Leavitt.* 16mo. Pp. 255. New York: By the Author. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This little volume contains Afranius and the Idumean in dramatic form, The Roman Martyrs as an epic, Faith, The Deluge, The Bible, and The Periods, as large poems, and a large number of miscellaneous shorter pieces. Some of the poems manifest poetic power, and the tragedies are well handled.

ROSAMOND DAYTON. *By Mrs. H. C. Gardner, Author of "Rosedale," etc.* 16mo. Pp. 234. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

Mrs. Gardner is well known to our readers, and needs no commendation from us. We wish only to say that this little volume, we think, is the best that has come from her pen. It is addressed to young people, and teaches this one truth—that accountable human beings have no right to live just for themselves.

STELLA ASHTON; or, Conquered Faults. *By Mrs. C. Y. Barlow, Author of "Helen MacGregor."* 24mo. Pp. 264. Philadelphia: J. C. Garrigues & Co. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

A charming little book for little people.

THE SEA-SHORE. *What Charley Saw and Did There. By Uncle Jesse. With Illustrations.* 24mo. Pp. 96. Cincinnati: Western Tract and Book Society.

STORIES OF CHRIST THE LORD. *By Harriet Cave. With Illustrations.* Square 12mo. Pp. 114. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

Beautifully printed on tinted paper and nicely illustrated.

SCHOOL LYRICS; A Collection of Sacred Hymns for Devotional Exercises in Schools. 40 cents. New York: Harper & Bros.

MISCELLANEOUS.

REPORTS.—Indiana Institution for the Blind. Ohio Penitentiary. Institution for Feeble-Minded Children, Barre, Mass. Indiana Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. Illinois Institution for Deaf and Dumb.

CATALOGUES.—Genesee Wesleyan Seminary. Illinois Female College.

MINUTES.—Tennessee Conference.

PAMPHLETS, ETC.—American Ecclesiastical and Educational Almanac. Dynamics, Principles, and Philosophy of Organic Life. By Z. C. McElroy, M. D., Zanesville, O. The Manufacturer and Builder, New York: Monthly Magazine. \$1.50 per annum. Dipping not Baptism. By Rev. W. Thorn. Tract No. 584, Carlton & Lanahan. Vick's Floral Guide for 1869. Register of Rural Affairs for 1869. Prairie Farmer Annual.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE CHRISTIAN QUARTERLY.—On our table lies the first number of a new venture in the line of quarterlies, a fine, broad octavo, of 144 pages, in mechanical finish fully equal to any of the class and superior to most of them. It is under the editorial care of Rev. W. T. Moore, pastor of the Church of Christ, Cincinnati, with a corps of associate editors, such as Presidents W. K. Pendleton, of Bethany College; Isaac Errett, of Alliance College; Robert Graham, of the College of Arts of the Kentucky University; Dr. S. E. Shepard, of Hiram College, etc. It is published by R. W. Carroll & Co., of this city.

The announcement informs us that it "will be devoted to the advocacy of primitive Christianity, as distinguished from the religious sects." That is to say, it will be devoted to the advocacy of the faith and forms of Christianity as believed and practiced by the sect known under the popular titles of "the Church of Christ," "Campbellites," "Disciples," "Christians," etc., "as distinguished from the religious sects." The following declaration of purpose means just the same thing—"it is the purpose of all connected with the editorial department to make the Quarterly a high-toned, able, and earnest advocate of the religion of the New Testament, in opposition to all human systems and traditions of men." That is, of the religion of the New Testament as interpreted and believed by this sect of Christians. It means this or it means nothing. The New Testament is of divine origin—a truth, however, only accepted with qualifications by this sect—but it is of human interpretation, or else it is a useless and impracticable book. Bodies of men who agree in their general interpretation of this divine book can efficiently associate together to worship God, according to their understanding of the revealed modes and spirit of that worship, and to labor for the propagation of the religion of the New Testament, as they understand and believe it. Without this common interpretation and this bond of unity and sympathy, the Church as a whole, and the denominations as sects, would be but ropes of sand. History has long ago demonstrated that creedless Churches are impossible, and that men can not believe without having something addressed to their understanding which they are to believe, and that all effort, individual or combined, must be incoherent and unsuccessful, which is not directed toward the accomplishment of objects, and through modes of operation, which are definitely accepted in the faith and love of the workers.

The simple fact is, that the specious declamation which is popular among some parties against what they call creeds and sects, is mere *ad captandum* sophistry, and the declaimers themselves are as devoted to the maintenance of their own beliefs, or non-beliefs, as are the denominations who openly express

their faith in formal creeds. The first number of this fine-looking and really ably conducted quarterly, furnishes in itself ample evidence that the men "connected with the editorial department," notwithstanding their "opposition to all human systems and traditions of men," and their "advocacy of Christianity as distinguished from the religion of sects," have a form of faith, and methods of Church organization and administration, and modes of service, to which they are as devoutly attached, and which they as earnestly defend as any other religious people. To claim that their faith only is drawn from the New Testament, and that their system only is "primitive Christianity," is rather presumptuous, and certainly the very quintessence of sectarianism. Why not usher your handsome Quarterly into the world like men, and say it is to be devoted to the advocacy of Christianity as it is understood by the disciples of Alexander Campbell, or whatever other distinctive title the denomination chooses to adopt?

Abating this pretentiousness, which is characteristic of the denomination under whose patronage the Quarterly appears, the first number exhibits ability, variety, fearlessness, and earnestness, and gives promise of a magazine that will do good service in the battle against many forms of error, if it does not do damage, and eventually work into the hands of the enemies of Christianity by its sectarian unsectarianism.

A VOICE FROM TEXAS.—A lady reader and friend of the Repository writes from what really seems to us far-off Texas. Why does Texas seem to be farther away than even California or Oregon? Is it not because she has hitherto failed to make herself one with us, to enter into full sympathy with our Government and institutions, and under the influence of designing leaders, has been holding herself and us at arm's length? Texas is ours, and we, the United States, belong to Texas. Away with your fears and suspicions, your hatreds and your jealousies, and come and be one with us, and we will love you and do you good. In the mean time we will read this letter which makes Texas seem nearer, and her people more as of us:

Would you like to hear from a Texan in her Texan home? You are away off in Cincinnati amid the bustle and confusion of a city—perhaps you would like to hear a few words from country folks: it seems to me it would be so home-like, something cheering to live, if only in imagination, with country folks and around country fires. Well, I'll tell you a few things about my country home in Texas, though I imagine you smile at the idea of a comfortable home in the wilds of Texas—perhaps associate Texas homes with Indian wigwams amid the high grass of Texas prairies; but no such thing exists here now, for, though we have the high rolling prairies, and fresh, pure air, we have good comfortable homes and sociable log fires. Yes, I now sit comfortably by my warm fire. Though the cold blue "norther" blows keenly, yet our domicile gives no entrance

to the piping guest without. We have plenty of good, sociable talks and readings, too, of which the good old Repository forms a part.

If, Mr. Editor, you are of a censorious disposition, you will never forgive me for writing such a "hurly-burly" letter to you, but I dare presume you are to the contrary, or you should never have occupied the chair as editor of a ladies' magazine, for I know your patience has been tried no little by the misspelled undecipherings that the ladies have imposed upon you.

As for my country home, you may imagine a town of some seven or eight hundred inhabitants, situated on a high hill, in a vast prairie, and, as a Yankee graphically described one of our country towns, "a town in a lane." So our town has a lane running through it, which lane, by the way, becomes quite muddy, and wonderfully impedes the progress of ox-wagons which constantly travel through on their way to the nearest depot—for you must know we have depots and railways too. These ox-wagons are queer things to visitors to our State, or, as we Texans would have it, those who are "green from the States." What would you think were you, accustomed to your locomotive speed as you are, to see twenty or thirty of these slow animals chained to a wagon, with eight or ten bales of cotton on it, going under whip and lash at the rate of a mile an hour, through mud and water up to the wagon hubs? Would you not again thank Fulton for the invention of steam power?

But I am not disparaging Texas. We have many things here to cheer man's heart, and many things that you have not, neither can have. This is a new country, and, like all other newly settled countries, we have to endure privations that are not known in those more improved. But I weary you with this long, perhaps uninteresting letter, and if you wish to hear from me again you will let it be known. So I'll wait to see if you want to know any thing more from a

TEXAN.

A MOTHER'S SORROW.—The following lines from a bleeding heart will touch tender chords in many other hearts:

"My dead dove lay in a coffin before the pulpit. It was Ella, my sweet Ella—the bird of my wilderness, the earth star of my darkness, the only sunshine on my stormy path—God had taken.

"As the traveler, who finds himself suddenly overtaken by tempest and enveloped in blackness, the thunder rolling, the wind and rain dashing over him, and can only see by the lightning's glances, so overwhelming was this sorrow to me that only flashes of Divine truth pierced the darkness for twenty-four hours after Ella slept in death. 'Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him,' in this my heart found refuge. The anguish of this grief is unutterable. How missed! her smile of greeting; her kiss at parting—missed in the orchard, among the flowers, her step upon the stair, her voice in the hall, her head upon my arm at prayer-time, her place in the Sabbath school, in the carriage, at the table—then her questions and the 'good nights.' The mold which lies on Ella's breast is heavily pressing mine.

"Dead! young, glad child as she, while I, crushed and panting, live on. She was fit for the kingdom, but the furnace had to be heated again to purify my earthliness. 'All the days of my appointed time shall I wait till my change come,' then shall I see her in the glory of the ransomed—shall walk with her in the beautiful city and weep no more."

E. L. B.

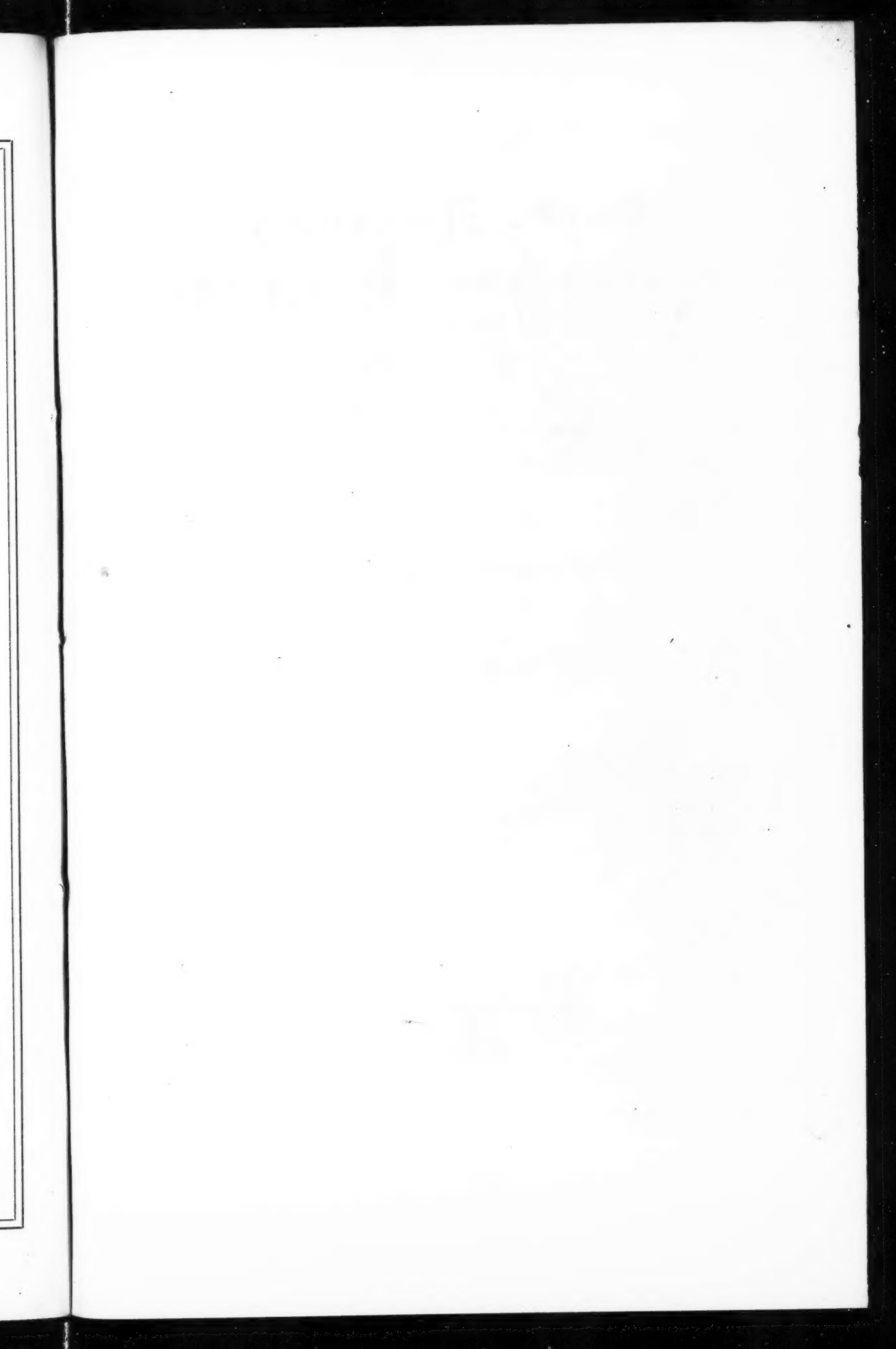
GOD IN OUR BUSINESS.—Our Christian business men, who think that making money and the liberal use of it sum up their duty, may take a lesson of

Henry Varley, of London, a lay preacher of great success, of whom an English exchange says:

"He is one of our modern mysteries. He is a living commentary upon those words: 'Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.' He has done what many would have considered a good day's work in the market and in his shop before breakfast, and here he was at noon as fresh and blooming as if he had but recently left his bed. How he does his work, it may be worth his while some day to tell. He does not neglect his business, yet he preaches sometimes every day in the week; preaches twice on Sunday to his own people, and looks after the Sunday school; attends his usual week-night services; superintends his missionary, and does something of pastoral visitation. When men of business ask him how goes the ledger under such circumstances, he is apt to reply in the words not of a canon, but of a Christian Scotch merchant who appeared to be devoting more of his time to doing good than to his counting-house: 'Why, since I took the Lord a partner into the concern, I find he manages the business so much better than myself that I have intrusted every thing to his care.' Without ostentation, but with a great deal of earnestness and believing prayer, our friend has gathered round him an immense congregation who might otherwise have been like sheep without a shepherd. Hundreds of these, by God's blessing, now 'owe him their own selves,' and by a consistent walk and conversation are adorning the Gospel of God their Savior in all things."

HOW TO RETAIN A GOOD FACE.—A correspondent has some good ideas on the importance of mental activity in retaining a good face. He says: "We were speaking of handsome men the other evening, and I was wondering why K. had so lost the beauty for which, five years ago, he was so famous. 'O, it's because he never did any thing,' said B.; 'he never worked, thought, or suffered. You must have the mind chiseling away at the features if you want handsome middle-aged men.' Since hearing that remark I have been on the watch to see whether it is generally true, and it is. A handsome man who does nothing but eat and drink grows flabby, and the fine lines of his features are lost, but the hard thinker has an admirable sculptor at work, keeping his fine lines in repair, and constantly going over his face to improve the original design."

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—"Jean Ingelow" and "The Watering Place" are our steel-plate adornings for the present month. The former is from an accurate photograph, specially furnished us for the purpose by the Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of Boston, who have so elegantly brought out the writings of Miss Ingelow for our American readers. All lovers of genuine poetry will be glad to have this portrait. "The Watering Place" is from a painting by Mrs. Juna Beers, a sister of the Hart brothers, who is one of those noble women who are quietly and successfully demonstrating woman's capabilities, by showing them in actual achievement. The painting is a superb one, and Mr. Hinshelwood has beautifully translated it.





NEW YORK, N. Y. A. 1840.



WAITING AT THE SPRING

From a painting by the late Mr. J. M. W. Turner, R.S.A.